

DELL

EXCLUSIVE

JAN - 5 1959

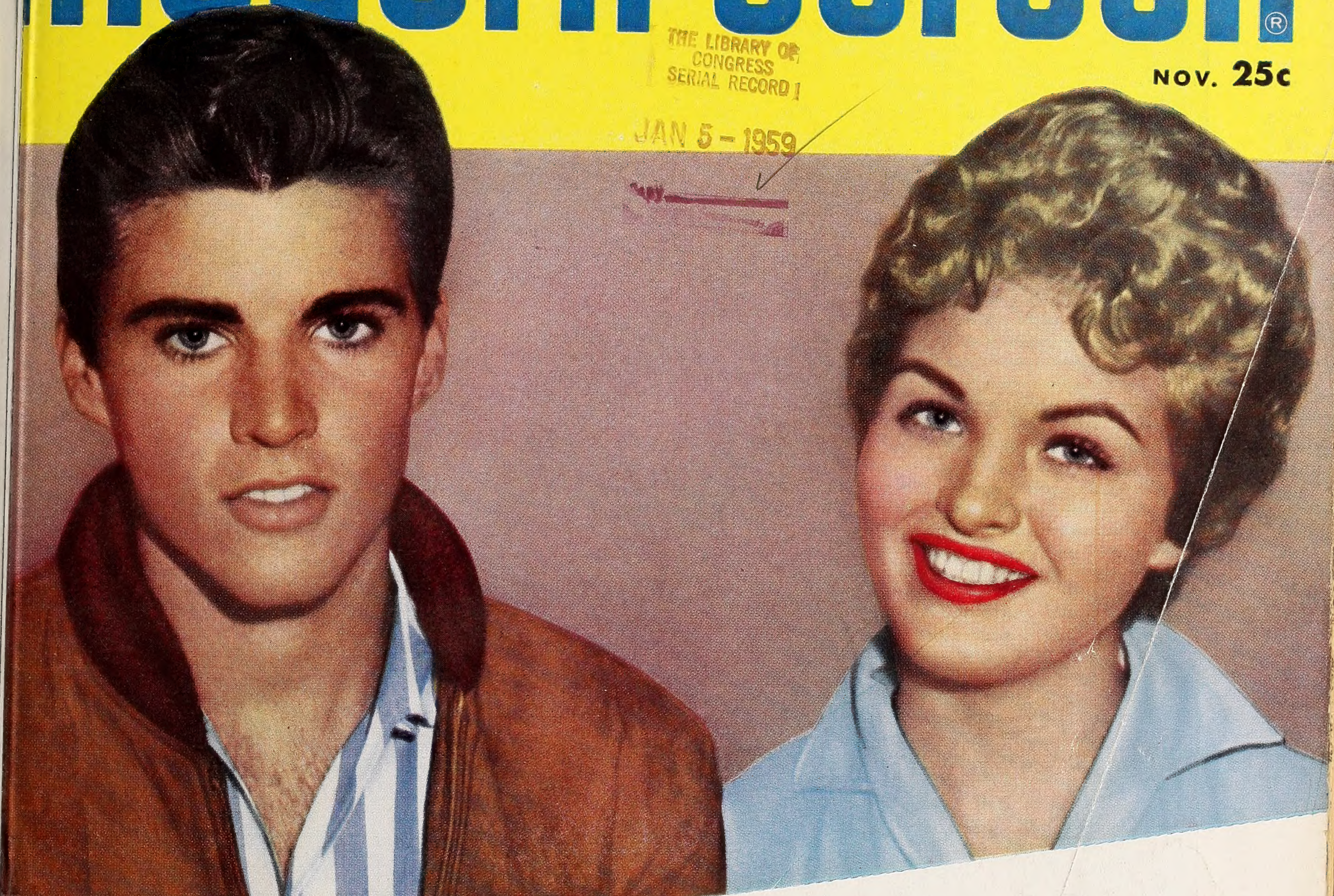
LIZ TAYLOR'S NEXT HUSBAND!

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ON RICKY NELSON!**

Give your complexion the glow of candlelight...the elegant look!



For women who don't want that over-made-up look . . .

this liquid make-up enhances your own skin tone

You can smooth it on in seconds . . . like a lotion. You can blend it so perfectly that no one sees where make-up ends and you begin. 'Touch-and-Glow' never streaks . . . never looks obvious. And only the color genius of Revlon can give you such natural skin tone shades . . . *nine* of them in all . . . each one with a 'Touch-and-Glow' Pressed Powder that matches it exactly.

Revlon *'Touch-and-Glow'*



LIQUID MAKE-UP AND PRESSED POWDER IN NINE SHADES

JAN -5 1959

THAT WONDERFUL GUY FROM "NO TIME FOR SERGEANTS" IS GOOFIN'-UP THE COAST GUARD NOW!



ANDY GRIFFITH

Laughs and more laughs—Andy as the ship's cook who has the whole Coast Guard in a stew!



It even out-funnies the best-seller!



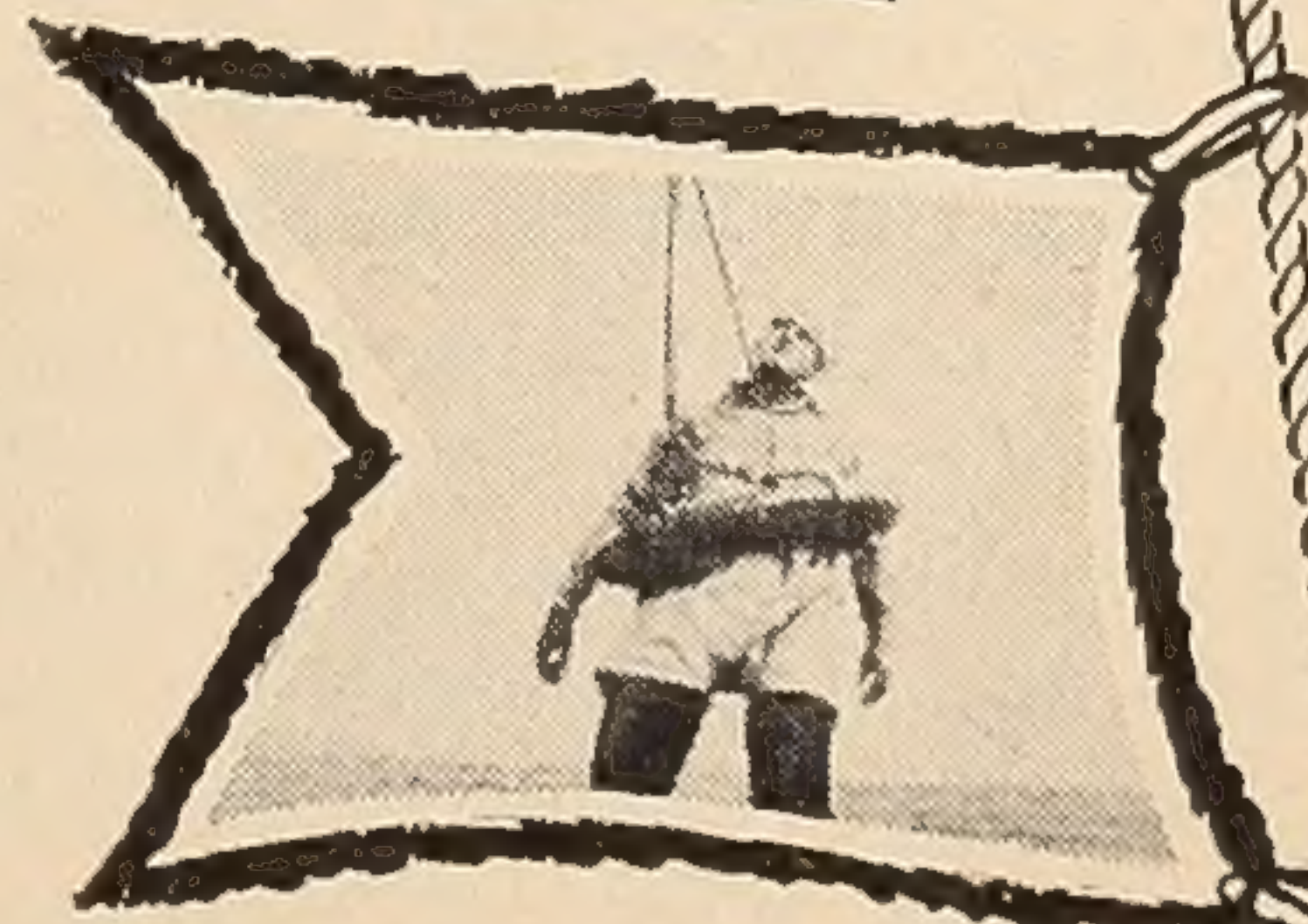
IN WARNER BROS.

Onionhead

ALSO CO-STARRING
WALTER MATTHAU
ERIN O'BRIEN · JOE MANTELL

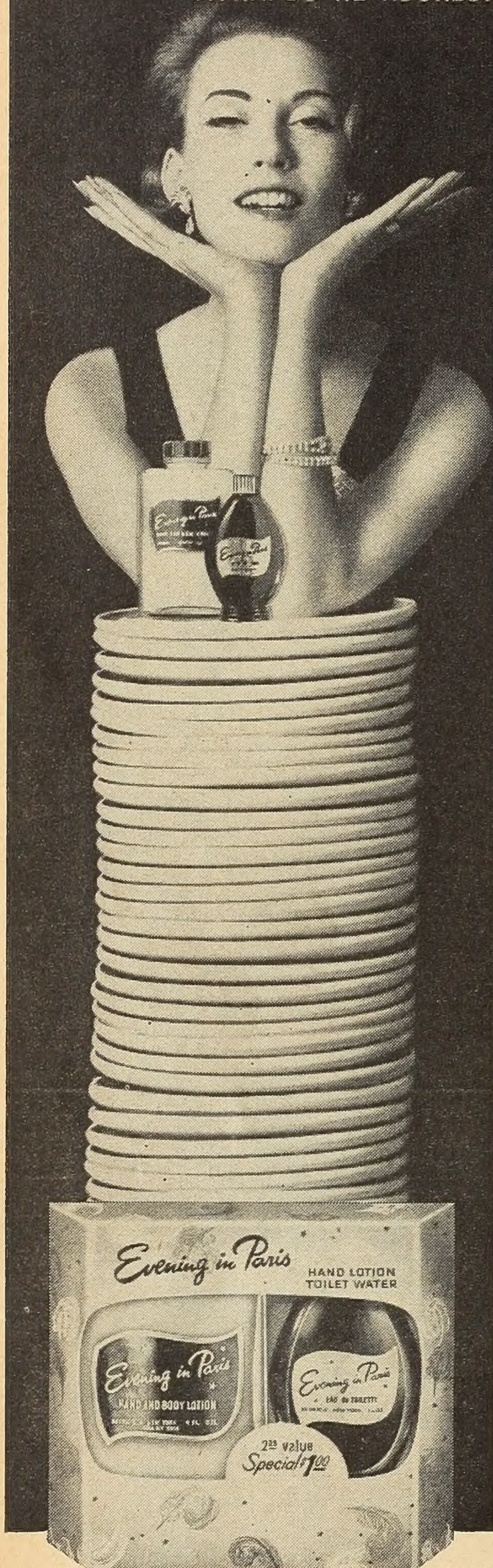
CO-STARRING
FELICIA FARR

with Ray Danton · James Gregory · Joey Bishop
Roscoe Karns · Screenplay by NELSON GIDDING
Produced by JULES SCHERMER
Directed by NORMAN TAUROG



CHORES GALORE

...HANDS HE ADORES!



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**HAND & BODY LOTION
AND EAU DE TOILETTE
BOTH FOR \$1.00**

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Surround yourself, even to your fingertips, with the fabulous fragrance the French adore. Use this new "waterproofing" lotion *before* and *after* household chores... it makes detergent-damaged hands look so lovely—so fast! Why not treat yourself *today* to this double helping of glamour!

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NOVEMBER, 1958

AMERICA'S GREATEST MOVIE MAGAZINE

modern screen

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WITH THE TOUGHEST GUYS IN TOWN! JUST CALL HER...

PARTY GIRL

This is the story of Chicago's wildest days...when the fast buck and sudden death sometimes danced cheek to cheek...the mood, the music, the menace of the era!

Starring

ROBERT TAYLOR
CYD CHARISSE
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PRESENTED BY **M-G-M**
IN **CINEMASCOPE** AND **METROCOLOR**

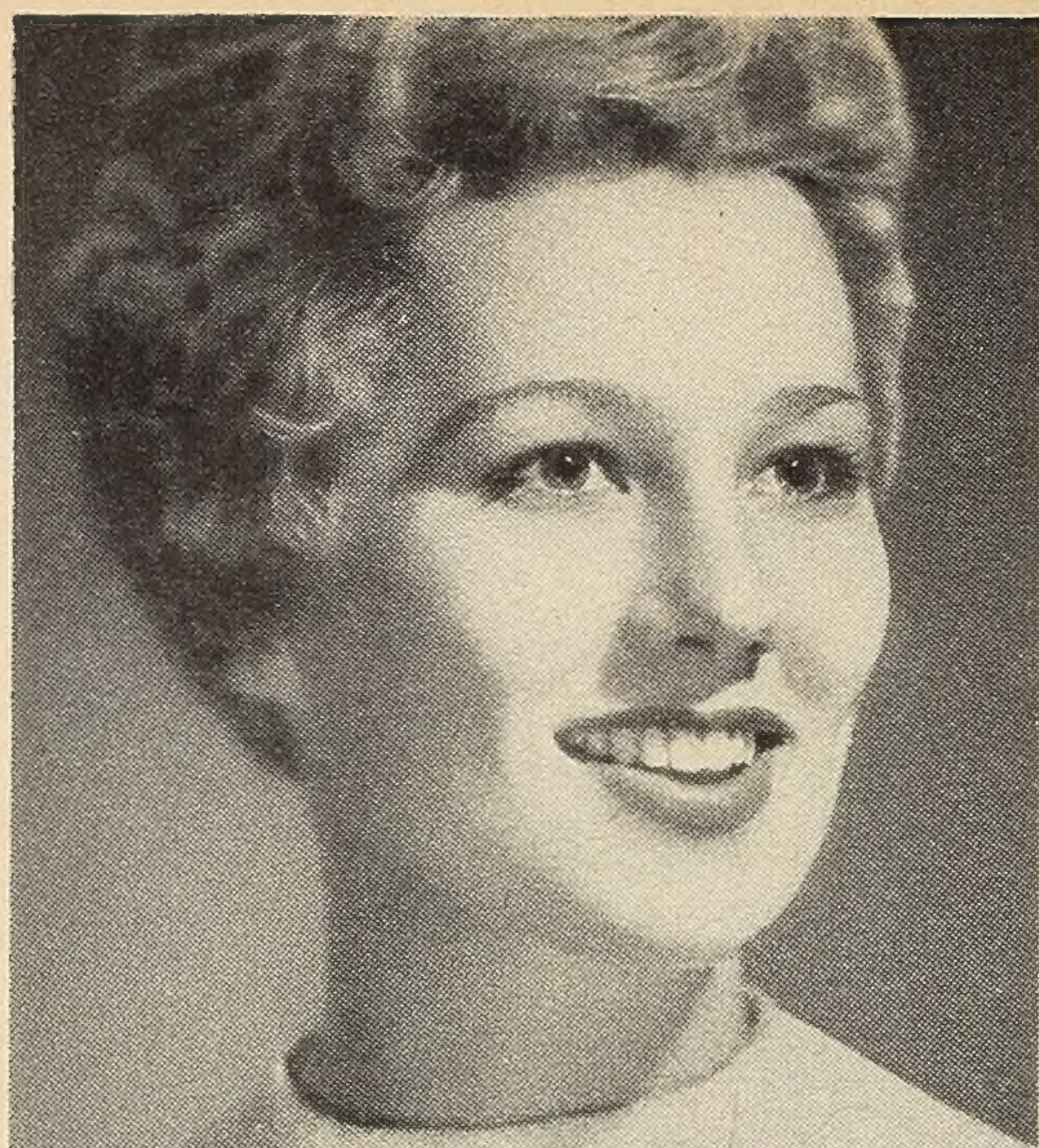
JOHN IRELAND

with

KENT SMITH • CLAIRE KELLY

COREY ALLEN • BARBARA LANG • MYRNA HANSEN • Screen Play by **GEORGE WELLS**

Based on a story by **LEO KATCHER** • **A EUTERPE PRODUCTION** • Directed by **NICHOLAS RAY** • Produced by **JOE PASTERNAK**



Clearasil Personality of the Month

LINDA WADDELL, Popular Junior College Student, Belmont, Mass., says:

"A few months ago my face broke out and I really felt awful. I bought several products but didn't see any improvement until I used Clearasil. With Clearasil my skin was soon as clear as ever."

Linda Waddell

SCIENTIFIC CLEARASIL MEDICATION

'STARVES' PIMPLES

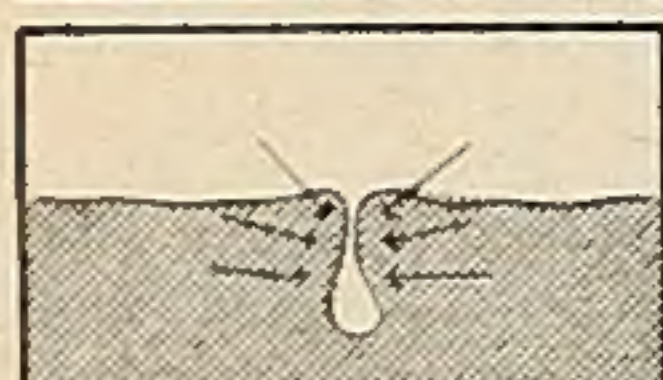
SKIN-COLORED, Hides pimples while it works

CLEARASIL is the new-type scientific medication especially for pimples. In tubes or new squeeze-bottle lotion, CLEARASIL gives you the effective medications prescribed by leading Skin Specialists, and clinical tests prove it really works.

HOW CLEARASIL WORKS FAST



1. **Penetrates pimples.** 'Keratolytic' action softens, dissolves affected skin tissue so medications can penetrate. Encourages quick growth of healthy, smooth skin!



2. **Stops bacteria.** Antiseptic action stops growth of the bacteria that can cause and spread pimples . . . helps prevent further pimple outbreaks!



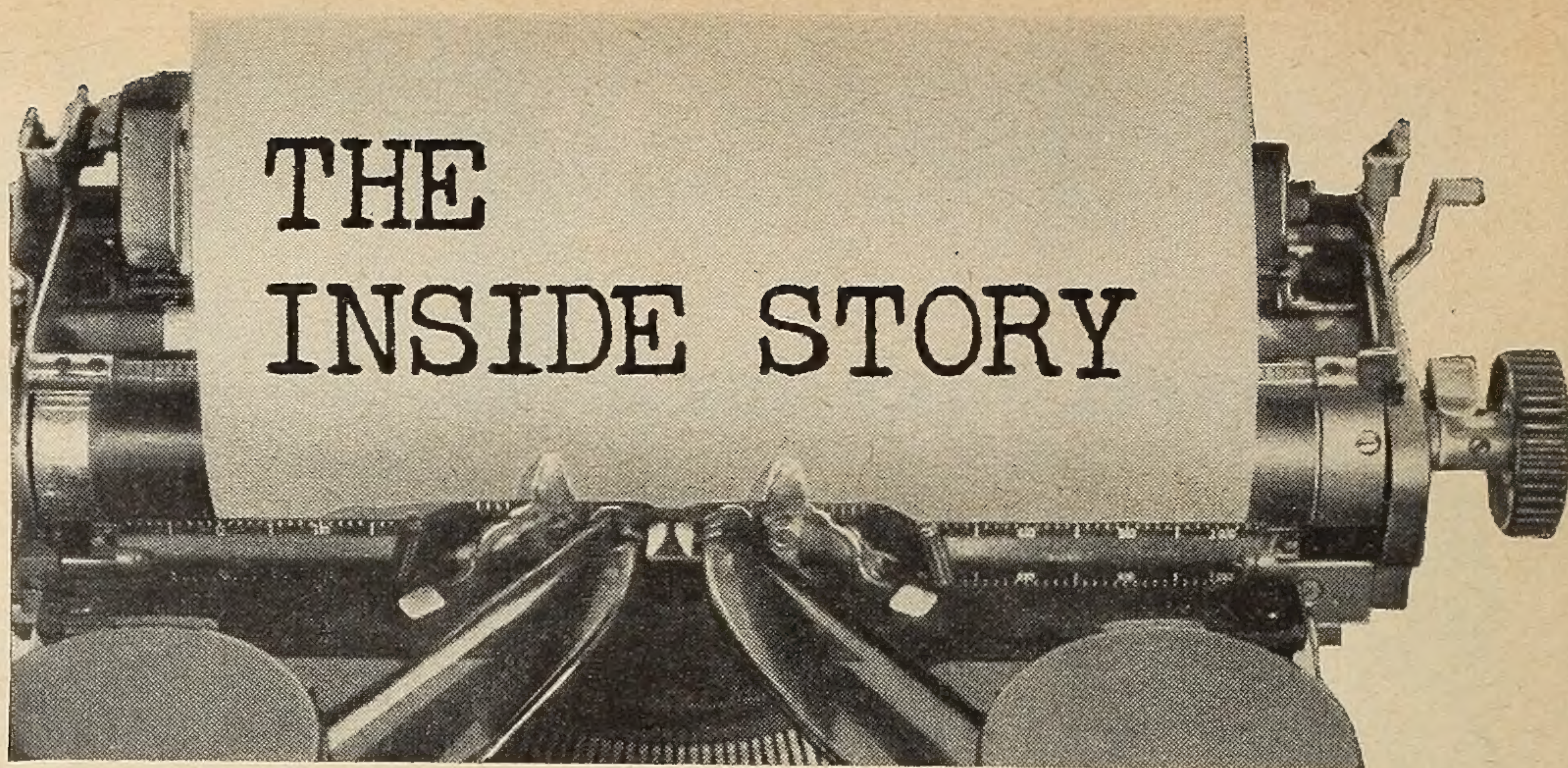
3. **'Starves' pimples.** Oil-absorbing action 'starves' pimples . . . dries up, helps remove excess oils that 'feed' pimples . . . works fast to clear pimples!

'Floats' Out Blackheads. CLEARASIL softens and loosens blackheads so they float out with normal washing. And, CLEARASIL is greaseless, stainless, pleasant to use day and night for uninterrupted medication.

Proved by Skin Specialists! In tests on over 300 patients, 9 out of every 10 cases were cleared up or definitely improved while using CLEARASIL (either lotion or tube). In Tube, 69¢ and 98¢. Long-lasting Lotion squeeze-bottle, only \$1.25 (no fed. tax). **Money-back guarantee.** At all drug counters.



LARGEST-SELLING PIMPLE MEDICATION
BECAUSE IT REALLY WORKS



Want the real truth? Write to **INSIDE STORY**, Modern Screen, Box 515, Times Square P.O., N.Y. 36, N.Y. The most interesting letters will appear in this column. Sorry, no personal replies.

Q What happened to cause the scar on **Ava Gardner's** face?

—L.Y., TORONTO, ONT.

A A horse kicked her.

Q Were all the voices but **Anthony Quinn's** dubbed in the movie *Atilla*?

—A.L., SAN FRANCISCO, CALIF.

A Yes.

Q How do **Liz Taylor** and **Nat Wood** hide their freckles?

—K.M., HOLLYWOOD, FLA.

A They don't.

Q How come **Kim Novak** doesn't marry any of the guys that give her presents?

—T.S., ALLENTOWN, PA.

A They haven't asked.

Q What religion does the **Pat Boone** family belong to?

—N.D., MONTREAL, QUE.

A The Church of Christ, a sect of the Protestant religion.

Q How do you spell **Jimmie Rodger's** first name? You had it both Jimmy and Jimmie in your September issue.

—D.S., KINGSTON, PA.

A Sorry for the goof. It's Jimmie.

Q Is there a chance of **Lucille Ball** and **Desi Arnaz** breaking up?

—M.M., BARDWELL, KY.

A Eighteen years of marriage seems to be a good trial period.

Q Did **Mitzi Gaynor** do her own singing in *South Pacific*? What was the estimated production cost for the picture?

—S.L., SAN BERNADINO, CALIF.

A Mitzi did her own singing. The movie cost \$6,000,000 to produce.

Q Have **Bob Crosby** and his daughter **Cathy** reconciled?

—E.J., DALLAS, TEXAS

A Not really.

Q Is **Maria Schell** any relation to **Maximilian Schell**?

—J.M., YULAN, N.Y.

A His sister.

Q How come in the movie *Lafayette Escadrille* **Tab Hunter** wasn't shot down in the end like one magazine said he was?

—J.H., PEORIA, ILL.

A Sneak preview fans protested against Tab's death and the film was reshot.

Q Is it my imagination, or is something

wrong with **Monty Cliff's** face?

—K.M., CHICAGO, ILL.

A He was in an auto accident in which his face was injured and had plastic surgery done.

Q Is it true that **Diane Varsi** has few friends and is unfriendly toward Hollywood?

—M.L., FOREST, MISS.

A Yes.

Q When will **Elvis Presley** get out of the Army?

—C.T., SEMINOLE, TEXAS

A He will be discharged in the spring of 1960.

Q Is **Yul Brynner** really bald?

—D.M., CANANDAIGUA, N.Y.

A Partially. He shaves the rest.

Q Is **Lew Ayres** retired?

—B.T., SPRIN

A He is producing religious films and doing TV work.

Q Did **Anthony Perkins** go to college?

—S.R., BROOKLYN, N.Y.

A Tony did not go to college. However he did go to a professional school for acting.

Q Why hasn't **Van Johnson** starred in any recent movies?

—L.W., NEW YORK CITY

A He is doing *THE LAST BLITZKRIEG* for Columbia.

Q Which is **Kim Novak's** favorite movie?

—M.D., KEARNY, N.J.

A Her favorite was *PICNIC* because it was her first big challenge.

Q Did **Russ Tamblyn** make any other movies than *High School Confidential*?

—B.B., KANKAKEE, ILL.

A He also made *TOM THUMB* for MGM which will be released soon.

Q When was **Sammy Davis, Jr.** in the accident which cost him the loss of his eye?

—D.L., DALLAS, TEXAS

A November, 1954.

Q How come **Ray Danton** plays such mean parts in the movies?

—D.C., TALLAHASSEE, FLA.

A He's played villains in two movie roles, but has had romantic roles on TV.

Q How many pictures has **Natalie Wood** made in her entire career?

—C.M., BROOKLYN, N.Y.

A Twenty-six.

Paramount presents

CARY GRANT and SOPHIA LOREN



two so right...
and so ready!
But those
heart-warming,
heart-stopping
kids of his
make for
complications —
when it's time
for the grown-ups
to "play house"
on a



TECHNICOLOR®

HOUSEBOAT

Co-starring

MARTHA
HYER
HARRY
GUARDINO



VISTAVISION®

with EDUARDO CIANNELLI • Produced by JACK ROSE • Directed by MELVILLE SHAVELSON • Written by MELVILLE SHAVELSON and JACK ROSE



Once It Was My
 Betrayer— but NOW—
**MY BODY
 IS MY
 PROUDEST
 POSSESSION!**

by Margaret Holland



THE door slammed behind Marty, and slowly I crumpled to the floor. The sobs tore forth—deep and convulsive. “Marty . . . Marty . . .” I whispered, brokenly, and then his words came back and I shuddered and I shook my head violently from side to side, trying to fling what he had said away from me—trying not to hear him again. But his words hung in the room—toneless, cold, but searing my heart like dry ice pressed close against flesh. This had been Marty talking, I realized, numbly—*my Marty*—with whom I had planned our tomorrow—who would grin and tousle my hair when I insisted that the very first furniture we’d buy after the wedding would be that big, comfortable man’s chair we’d seen at O’Rourke’s downtown. The Marty whom I’d suddenly surprise looking at me with the special softness no one else ever saw. The Marty, whose wife I thought I was going to be—until a half-hour ago.

“I’m leaving, Maggie,” he’d said. Unbelieving, I’d heard the words, but it was the deadness of his voice that made me understand what he was saying. “I’m leaving, Maggie—for good. I’m not coming around any more. And I’m sorry for you, for both of us.”

“Sorry? Sorry for me?” I had flared, wildly. My voice rose in a scream. “Well, why not? Why not you? Everyone else is. The fat girl! Revolting Maggie Holland, once petite, demure Margaret and now offending the esthetic senses of her friends, her family—everybody! So why not *you* Marty?”

His words had been flat, quiet. “You’ve let yourself go, you’ve given up on yourself, Maggie. Oh, I know there was a time when you really tried. I know you’ve taken pills, and gone on diets—even tried reducing salons. But the brutal truth is that you’ve stopped trying. You were my girl and I fell in love with you and I’d still be in love with the Maggie who could take it and still come back and win. But the Maggie I fell in love with wouldn’t feel sorry for herself, wouldn’t feel she was the only girl who’d ever been cursed by overweight,

wouldn’t snap at her friends, quarrel with her family, permit the love affair with the man she was going to marry to deteriorate into irritable days and nasty evenings. In a simple word the Maggie I knew was the one I wanted for my wife, not the girl I’m looking at now.”

I couldn’t talk. Fury was choking me. At last the words had come in a strangled gasp. “Get out!!” And, then, as I felt the tears beginning to burn my eyes I quickly turned my back. Just before he closed the door behind him, a pale shaft of sunlight came into the room, and then he was gone, and only greyness was left and that was the way it would be forever, I felt.

I didn’t hear the door open minutes later, and I turned, startled, when I heard Ray’s voice at my side. Ray is Doctor Raymond Holland and my cousin, and, at 32, one of the most respected and best-liked practitioners in town. His sympathetic eyes took in my disheveled hair and tear-stained face but all he said was: “I was on my way over and ran into Marty as he was leaving. We had a talk.”

“I hope he was less beastly than when he left here.”

Ray grinned. “He was quite civilized.” Then he leaned down and lifted my chin with his fingers. “But he was suffering, Maggie. It isn’t easy for a guy like Marty to walk out on something so important.”

My laugh was as unpleasant as before. “Suffering, indeed. I’ll bet he was—worrying whether my fingers have gotten too pudgy for me to get his ring off to return to him. Or wondering how many people have been laughing at him all the time he’s been going around with fat Maggie Holland—or suffering over—” Suddenly the bitterness ran out of me, wretchedness thickened my throat, and burying my face in my arms, I cried and Ray let me.

After a while he dried my eyes with his handkerchief. Very quietly, he asked me: “Did you really understand what Marty was trying to say?”

"But, Ray, I have tried. You know I have. I've exercised, gone through reducing routines. Even reducing pills have failed to help me, although I've known some girls who have lost weight using them. I've tried simple dieting and have failed at that. I have tried!"

He took my hand in his, affectionately. "I know you have, honey. Marty knows it, too!" He grinned as he continued. "And while you haven't lost any weight you must admit you've acquired just about the most difficult disposition in the family."

I nodded, ruefully. "That's true enough. And I hated Marty for saying it. But how would you feel—or Marty, for that matter—if day after incessant day you'd stick faithfully to what someone promises will take the ugly fat off you, only to have the scales tell you differently? Wouldn't you feel irritable enough to bite the cat—as I almost have done once or twice?"

Ray's intelligent face broke into a chuckle. "I certainly would. And that's how most overweight people feel. And that's why they stay overweight."

"We stay fat because we're irritable?" I asked.

"Uh-huh. Look, Maggie—all these advertisements you see about losing weight—they aren't phony. They just aren't enough."

"Enough?"

"That's right. We doctors know that most of these pills have methyl cellulose in them and that they can do as they promise—fill the stomach so that an overweight person won't feel the rumblings of hunger. That's simple and logical enough. But despite that, these products fail more often than not to do the trick."

I asked: "But why, if what you say is true?"

"It's true, all right. The trouble is that most reducing products don't take into account the most important element of all—the unbearable tension, the irritability, the feeling of all's wrong with the world that a girl like you has hanging over her all the time she's faithfully following instructions—or thinks she is. Maggie, my darling, tell Doc Holland—isn't it true that for the two months you were taking the pills that you bought in Marshall's drugstore you continued to overeat even though you weren't hungry?"

Understanding broke over me. "Why, of course. I remember asking myself why in the world I kept going to the refrigerator when I wasn't hungry in the least. And yet I had to eat. I simply had to!"

"You see?" Ray said quickly. "You had to eat when you were taking the pills and weren't hungry for the same reason you got fat in the first place—by overeating when you were hungry. In both cases tension, nervousness, irritability drove you as they drive most people for whom weight becomes a problem."

"Now see here, Doctor Holland, are you telling me that somebody—some firm—that understands this has come up with an answer to my problem?"

"That's just what I'm telling you, Maggie. A short time ago an important pharmaceutical house sent me several packages of their new product, SLIMTOWN. Doctors continually receive samples of things that are new. What these people had to say about SLIMTOWN made sense. They had combined 3 important ingredients into their capsule. One was *Antipatin* that lets you continue to enjoy all your favorite foods but the craving for them diminishes. . . . The second was *Gastrofilin*—tried and true—the ingredient that fools your stomach—makes it feel half-full to begin with even before you sit down to eat. . . . And the third—wonder of wonders—made the job complete and sold me immediately. That was the sensational new ingredient called *Pacifin* and its function is to remove completely the tension, the high-voltage irritability you and I have been talking about. They guaranteed that SLIMTOWN would melt off the pounds because the user would not only not feel like overeating—he would feel calm, easy-going, at peace with himself while the pounds dropped off. Clara Jenkins came into my office later in the day. You remember Clara—she weighs 200 pounds—or at least she did. I told Clara to take the SLIMTOWN I had received—told her to eat all she really wanted to eat and to take SLIMTOWN as directed. Clara pooh-poohed it. But finally she took the capsules. That was four weeks ago. Yesterday Clara was in my office. She had lost 23 pounds and had come to my office to kiss me and almost did right there in front of my patients."

I confess that if it had been anyone other than Ray Holland telling me this I simply wouldn't have believed it. But Ray is the most confidence-inspiring doctor I

know—young enough to have been in recent contact with the newest in the medical world and old enough to tell the gilt from the gold. My hopes began to rise like a rocket.

I said: "Let me get this straight. The pills I've been taking haven't helped because I was wound up like a clock and couldn't keep from nervous eating?"

"Correct," said Ray.

"And SLIMTOWN will have the calming and soothing effect on me that will let me eat what I want to eat and not go hog-wild?"

"That's right."

"And I'll be able to eat the things I love—steaks, desserts? All I really want?"

Ray nodded vigorously. "Absolutely."

"And the pounds will drop off in bunches?"

"As much as 7 to 10 pounds per week," Ray said.

"And Marty?" I asked, smiling for the first time.

Ray grinned back, "SLIMTOWN guarantees Marty, too, I'll bet."

"Well, what are we waiting for, Dr. Holland? Let's get over to your office and get those SLIMTOWNS before they're gone."

"They are gone," Ray said sheepishly. "My enthusiasm ran away with me and there's Jane Morgan and Mrs. Orikoff and several others who were simply made for SLIMTOWN. But you can buy SLIMTOWN. They cost only \$2.98 for a full 10-day supply. And \$4.98 for a big 20-day treatment. \$6.98 for 30-Day Supply."

Here's the address: **SLIMTOWN, Dept. H-12,
228 Lexington Ave., New York 16, N.Y.**

"They're sold with an absolute money back guarantee if they don't do exactly as they say they'll do: take the fat off you quickly and agreeably. They really don't guarantee you'll get Marty back. That's up to you." And with a light kiss on my forehead, Ray left.

How can I tell you what Ray did for me? When I thought of the courage it had taken for Marty to talk to me the way he did, and of how I had screamed in return, my face burned with shame.

My impulse was to rush to the phone and call him, but I decided to wait, to surprise him. However, I hadn't reckoned on the meddling Dr. Holland. Because when 3 weeks later and 18 pounds lighter, with an elegant dress that showed off my figure and a sunny, smiling face to match I led Marty into the living room, he didn't look surprised one bit.

He said, right off: "I've arranged for my vacation in June. We can be married then. Okay?"

Just like that. I couldn't find words. I nodded.

He said: "I've found an apartment. You'll love it."

Ecstatic, I nodded again.

"We'll be able to get all the furniture except the couch. That'll take three or four months more."

I finally found my voice. I said demurely: "Not every girl gets two proposals from the same man. Isn't this one rather abrupt?"

The creases around Marty's eyes highlighted their twinkle. "I love you," he said.

Mischievously, I waved my hand at myself. "My dress too?"

"Love you," he repeated. "Know all about your figure. Knew about it first day you started. Doc Holland told me. SLIMTOWN, great stuff."

We've been married 3 years now. A wonderful marriage. Marty, me, little Martin. SLIMTOWN's there too, any time I need it.

To the reader of this story: As the creators of SLIMTOWN, we have been pleased to present Margaret Holland's story. Miss Holland's experience is duplicated by thousands of women who have found new happiness through SLIMTOWN—whose lives have been changed by the greatest discovery for overweight people ever developed by medical science! We guarantee that you will lose up to 7 to 10 pounds the very first week without dieting, without exercise, without nervous tension. Never has there been any reducer like SLIMTOWN. You may order by sending \$2.98 for the 10-day supply. \$4.98 for 20-day supply. \$6.98 for 30-Day Supply.

SLIMTOWN, Dept. H-12

228 Lexington Ave., New York 16, N. Y.

If SLIMTOWN does not live up to your fullest expectations, your money will be refunded without question or hesitation.



*Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

Perma-lift Self-Fitting Magic Push-Up bra accentuates without padding and conforms to your exact cup size

The look this Fall is relaxed and casual, your bustline, while accentuated, must be natural.

Time was, when accentuation meant a padded or contour bra. "Perma-lift"* has come to your rescue with Magic Push-Up, a wonderful bra that beautifully lives up to its name. You see, Magic Push-Up Brassiere doesn't pad you—it makes the most of you.

Special Magic Insets firmly lift

and support you so that your bust completely fills the cups no matter what cup size you are.

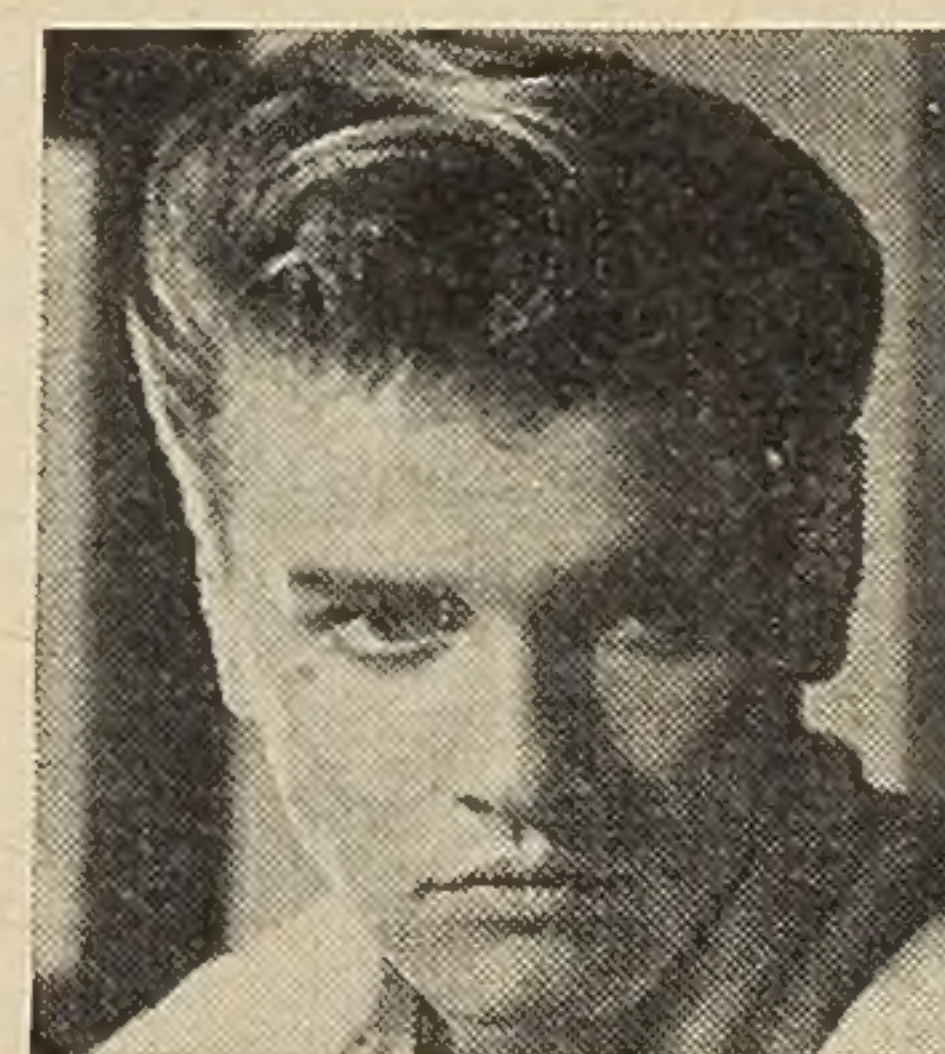
The new self-fitting cups conform to your exact bust size. Neveride band keeps bra in place, always. #148, \$3.50, Cotton. Sizes: A cup 32-36, B & C cups 32-38.

Write for free booklet "Facts About Figures" c/o Ruth Stone, Dept. MS, A. Stein & Co., 1143 W. Congress, Chicago 7, Illinois.

NOVEMBER BIRTHDAYS

If your birthday falls in November, your birthstone is topaz and your flower is the chrysanthemum. And here are some of the stars who share it with you:

- November 1—**Betsy Palmer**
Jeff Richards
- November 2—**Burt Lancaster**
- November 4—**Cameron Mitchell**
Gig Young
- November 5—**Joel McCrea**
- November 7—**Dean Jagger**
- November 8—**Katharine Hepburn**
Robert Strauss
- November 9—**Russell Johnson**
Hedy Lamarr
- November 10—**Richard Burton**
- November 11—**Pat O'Brien**
Robert Ryan
- November 12—**Kim Hunter**
Grace Kelly
- November 13—**Linda Christian**
Jean Seberg
- November 14—**Brian Keith**
Veronica Lake
Dick Powell
- November 15—**John Kerr**
Lloyd Bridges
- November 20—**Evelyn Keyes**
Lucy Marlow
Gene Tierney
- November 21—**Vivian Blaine**
Ralph Meeker
- November 22—**Geraldine Page**
- November 23—**Victor Jory**
Boris Karloff
- November 24—**Howard Duff**
- November 25—**Jeffrey Hunter**
Ricardo Montalban
- November 27—**Marshall Thompson**
- November 28—**Gloria Grahame**
- November 30—**Virginia Mayo**



Richard Davalos
November 5



Vivien Leigh
November 5



Roy Rogers
November 5



Clifton Webb
November 19

modern screen's

gossip extra!

LOUELLA PARSONS

in hollywood

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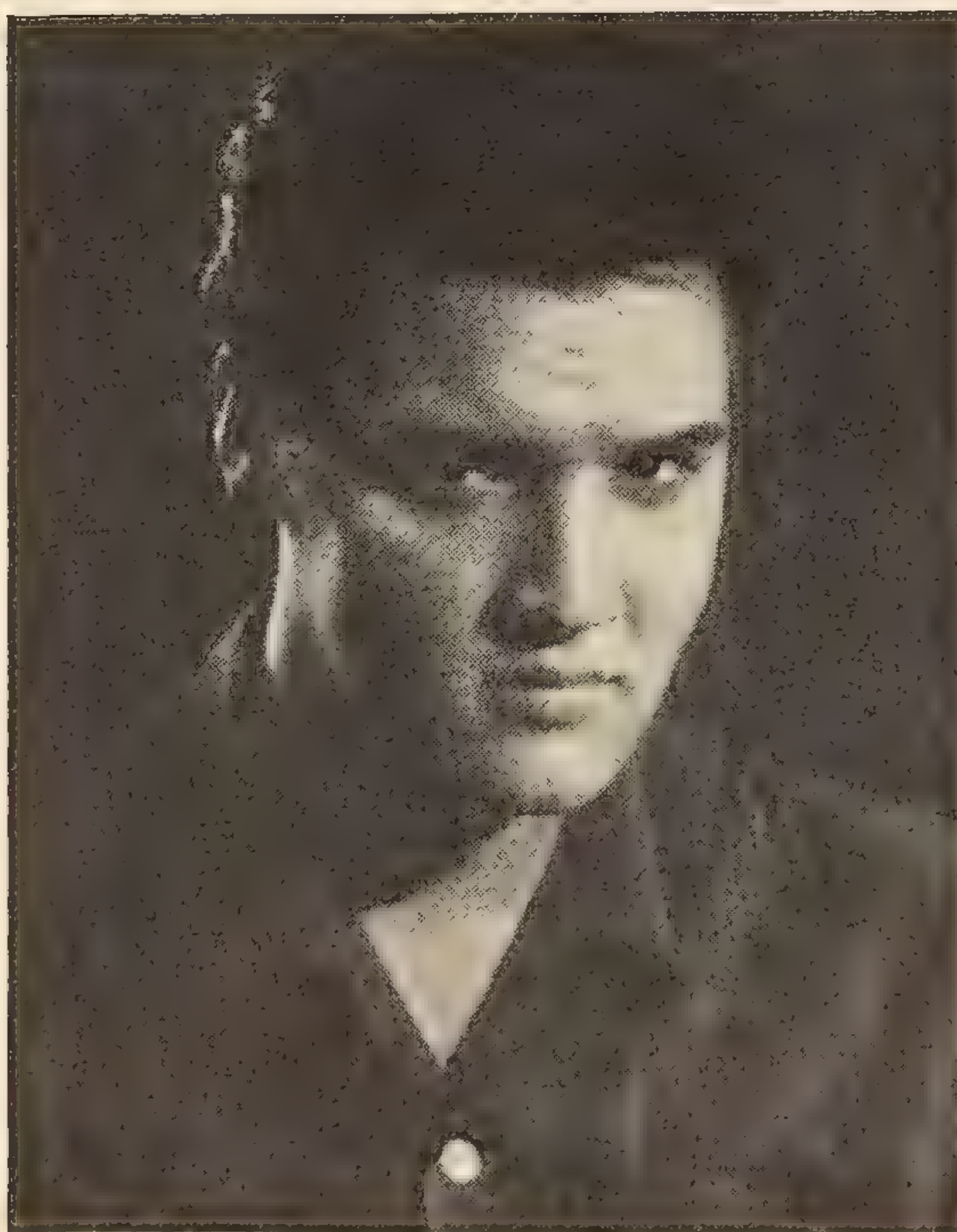
★ A WELCOME TO
LITTLE TEX CROSBY



★ ALOHA FROM HAWAII



★ APPLAUSE FOR
JUDY GARLAND



★ A SAD FAREWELL
TO ELVIS' MOTHER

LOUELLA PARSONS
in hollywood



louella parsons' GOOD NEWS



There was so much love at the Judy Garland opening! Frank Sinatra (left) and Lauren Bacall (above) both embraced Judy like a long-lost sister, but the ex-lovers carefully kept a whole wide room away from each other.

ALOHA

Since we last chatted, I've had a perfectly wonderful trip to Honolulu, partly a rest—which I really needed—and partly to keep an eye on some of our vacationing movie stars in this island paradise.

For the first few days I hardly knew I'd left Hollywood. **Jerry Lewis**, Patti and their clan of small Lewises were all over the place having the time of their lives. Jerry was supposed to be resting—but he doesn't know much more about that than I do.

On the beach or in one of the popular cafes, Jerry was usually cutting up, wisecracking, taking comedy falls, flipping into pools and continuously delighting children and adults who followed him around as though he were the Pied Piper.

I just missed **Cyd Charisse** and **Tony Martin**—but I can tell you these two were a big hit with the islanders.

10 It's been eighteen years since I visited

the islands—at that time I had come in a party of happy people—**Carole Lombard** and **Bill Powell**, **Norma Talmadge**, **Gilbert Roland**, Winnie and **Warner Baxter**. There are many changes in Honolulu; it's so built up and modern.

But it all came back to me in the same wonderful hospitality shown by these enchanting islanders.

Even before I could remove the garlands and garlands of leis from around my neck, warmly worded invitations were arriving and members of the press were gathered on my lanai at the Royal Hawaiian Hotel overlooking the blue, blue Pacific.

The nicest honor was the informal dinner given for me by Governor and Mrs. William Quinn, such delightful people.

The press wanted to know which I considered my most important scoop. Answer: The **Ingrid Bergman** baby story—although it cost me the most heartache to break Ingrid's tragedy.

PARTY of the MONTH

Judy Garland's opening at the Cocoanut Grove! In the years I've been covering this town I've never seen such a turnout of stars, nor have I ever felt under one roof such outpouring of affection and love as greeted Judy, the home-town girl, when she appeared at the top of the stairs in her cute 'lady Tuxedo' garb.

There was so much love going 'round—I even saw **Jerry Lewis** and **Dean Martin** patting each other on the back and exchanging laughs! What a show—what a night, with Judy giving back all that affection by singing her heart out.

I think we all realized we were enjoying an event that has seldom been equaled and will hardly ever be topped.

At our table—I've already mentioned **Rock Hudson** was in our party—were lovely **Jean Simmons**, **Rhonda Fleming** looking gorgeous in white with her hair red again, **Tony**

The Judy Garland opening brought out Hollywood's top stars—many good friends, two ex-loves, and some pretty mothers-to-be.



Judy's daughter, Lisa, looked in love with partner Tony.



One of the nicest sights in the midst of all the love and good fellowship was Jerry Lewis and Dean Martin, laughing it up with each other as if the good old days were back.



Lana Turner (rt.) looking lovely, was standing in for her daughter Cheryl. Pat Boone (above), who hates going formal, did it for Judy.



Curtis and Janet Leigh. Janet was wearing a very attractive maternity gown made of chiffon. "Doesn't hide much—does it?" she giggled.

Speaking of expectant ladies, I was in the powder room with **Shirley Jones** and **Hope Lange** who arrived at the mirrors at the same time. "Heaven help us," gasped the blonde Hope to the blonde Shirley, "we look like pregnant twins!"

The **Pat Boones** sat at the table with Hope and **Don Murray** and Shirley Boone looked so chic in summer black. Pat said only Judy could get him to put on dinner clothes on a hot night.

Lana Turner, so thin and svelte in pale pink, had a table of young people, friends of Cheryl's. It was Cheryl's birthday and Lana had planned a party for her at home. But when Cheryl caught a bad cold and had to go to bed, rather than disappoint the girls, Lana hosted a table for them at the Grove—and did they love it!



Making a lovely study in pregnancy were Janet Leigh, Sheila MacRae and Shirley Jones. What were they talking about? Babies, of course.

I saw the **Henry Fondas** and the **Jimmy Stewarts** at a table for four and Jimmy kept jumping up to applaud Judy so often you'd have thought she had hired him! Very unusual for the quiet Mr. S.

Frank Sinatra was at a large table at one end of the Grove and **Lauren Bacall** at a large table at the other end—which was convenient. They still don't speak. And make oh such a to-do about avoiding each other—particularly at Judy's private party in the Embassy Room of the Ambassador Hotel later on.

Everybody waited to greet her and tell her how wonderful she was. Judy had changed

from her tux to a Chinese dress of rich brocade when she joined us after the show.

She had taken the time to see daughter Liza Minnelli off for home before seeing her friends.

I told Judy I had tears in my eyes when little Liza joined her mother on the stage and sang a number with her.

"So did I," Judy whispered; "tears of pride. Isn't she wonderful?"

Most of the time she kept her hand linked in Sid Luft's.

These two seem very happy again—and I guess this is really the best news of that whole wonderful, unforgettable evening of Judy's opening.



Cigar-smoking Bing really looks the part of a proud papa. His fifth son will be named Harry Lillis Crosby, III.

BING'S BABY

He checked into life "howling"—to quote the doctor—weighing seven pounds, nine ounces. Place—Queen of Angels Hospital in Los Angeles. Time—11:32 a.m. on Friday, the 8th of August.

Continuing to quote the doctor, **Bing's** first remark was, "Hooray!" **Kathy** was too groggy to make any immediate comment but afterward she gave a brave little smile and said, "I'm glad. Bing expected a boy all along."

Nurse Eva Huang, who was standing with Bing when he got his first look at his fifth son through a window of the fourth-floor

This is the first picture the three Crosbys posed for together.

nursery reports he whistled: "Man, look at all that hair! I could sure use some of that." He immediately started calling his son "Tex." (Kathy hails from Texas).

Der Bingle had rushed Mrs. Bingle from Beverly Hills to the downtown hospital at 3:00 a.m. After depositing Kathy and her suitcase at the entrance, he went to park his car. Rushing back, he was almost hit by an automobile in the parking lot! He didn't tell his wife that until later.

He did all his floor pacing in a room he had engaged next to Kathy's. He brought along a thermos of coffee—which he drank—and some magazines—which he didn't read. Floor nurses say he lay down on the bed but didn't doze. Didn't relax at all until he got the word. He asked one of the nurses if she didn't think he was holding up well under the ordeal! "However," he added, "this is a quite bushing experience!"

Two days later when the brand new young man's grandmother arrived from Texas, she and Kathy officially named him Harry Lillis Crosby, III. Bing still calls him Tex—and I have a hunch, Tex it will be from here on in.



I NOMINATE FOR STARDOM—



Christine Carere. On first glance the petite Parisian looks more American than French with her wide brown eyes and strawberry-blonde hair. But after I had talked with her fifteen minutes I knew she was as French as a chestnut tree along the Champs Elysée, a dress by Dior, a naughty wink or—a certain smile.

She's completely captivated all of us in that quite unmoral *A Certain Smile*. While I didn't like the message of writer Françoise Sagan's movie, I believe Christine is perhaps the biggest natural for stardom since **Judy Garland**.

Her little girl appearance is purely a façade for a smart and mature young woman. When I met her she was very womanly, bemoaning that she has been separated from her bridegroom, French star **Phillippe Nicaud** so much since their marriage in November of '57.

"But actors must be where their work takes them," she philosophized with a French girl's logic. "But it makes me so lonely for Phillippe when I see **Tony Curtis** and **Janet Leigh** together and **Bob Wagner** and **Natalie**. I dream of our little apartment in Paris which I had to leave just ten days after we moved in."

She speaks English surprisingly well. It's part of her work and Christine knows her job thoroughly. She was no novice when 20th Century-Fox imported her to Hollywood and trained her for a year before starring her with **Rossano Brazzi**. She had played important roles in Italy as well as in France.

When I asked her how she became interested in a career—her father is Count Ivan de Borde, her mother Suzanne de Gayffier, a buyer for a Paris store—she laughed and said:

"Just like your American girls get interested. I read every movie magazine I could get my hands on and I loved *MODERN SCREEN*."

OPEN LETTER to ELVIS PRESLEY

I have no words to express how my heart ached for you when I learned of the death of your mother, just forty-two—not supposed to be dangerously ill—of a sudden heart attack in the middle of the night.

What a blessing that the Army had granted you permission to come home to her when she was first taken ill of what was diagnosed as hepatitis. What a blessing that she knew you were close by, had seen you and talked with you and had been happy that her boy was once more home—if even just for a little while.

I don't think any man was ever a better or more devoted son than you were, Elvis. After



great success came you not only gave material things to your parents, you gave constantly of yourself.

Once when you were at my home for an interview, I spoke of how well you did your duty to your folks.

You thought several seconds before you replied, "But it isn't a 'duty,' Miss Parsons," you said. "I love my folks like everybody does. But I guess I like them better than anybody else in the world. My mother and dad are the best friends I've got. I'd rather go out on a date with my mother than any girl in the USA.

"We've been through bad times when we didn't have any money and not much to eat, but we've never been through such bad times that we didn't draw strength—and yes, some laughs—just by going through it together. The happiest thing about my success is that it lets me give my folks everything I can think of to make their lives easier and happier."

This you did, Elvis—and never once did you leave them behind as you scaled the peaks of Fame.

Someway, somehow I am sure your mother heard in her soul those words you sobbed at her graveside. "Good-bye, good-bye—we loved you so much!"

ROCK SPRUCES UP!

In (finally) getting her divorce from him, Phyllis charged Rock Hudson with being "sullen and sloppy" and on one occasion, when he refused to talk to her and she asked why, of slapping her.

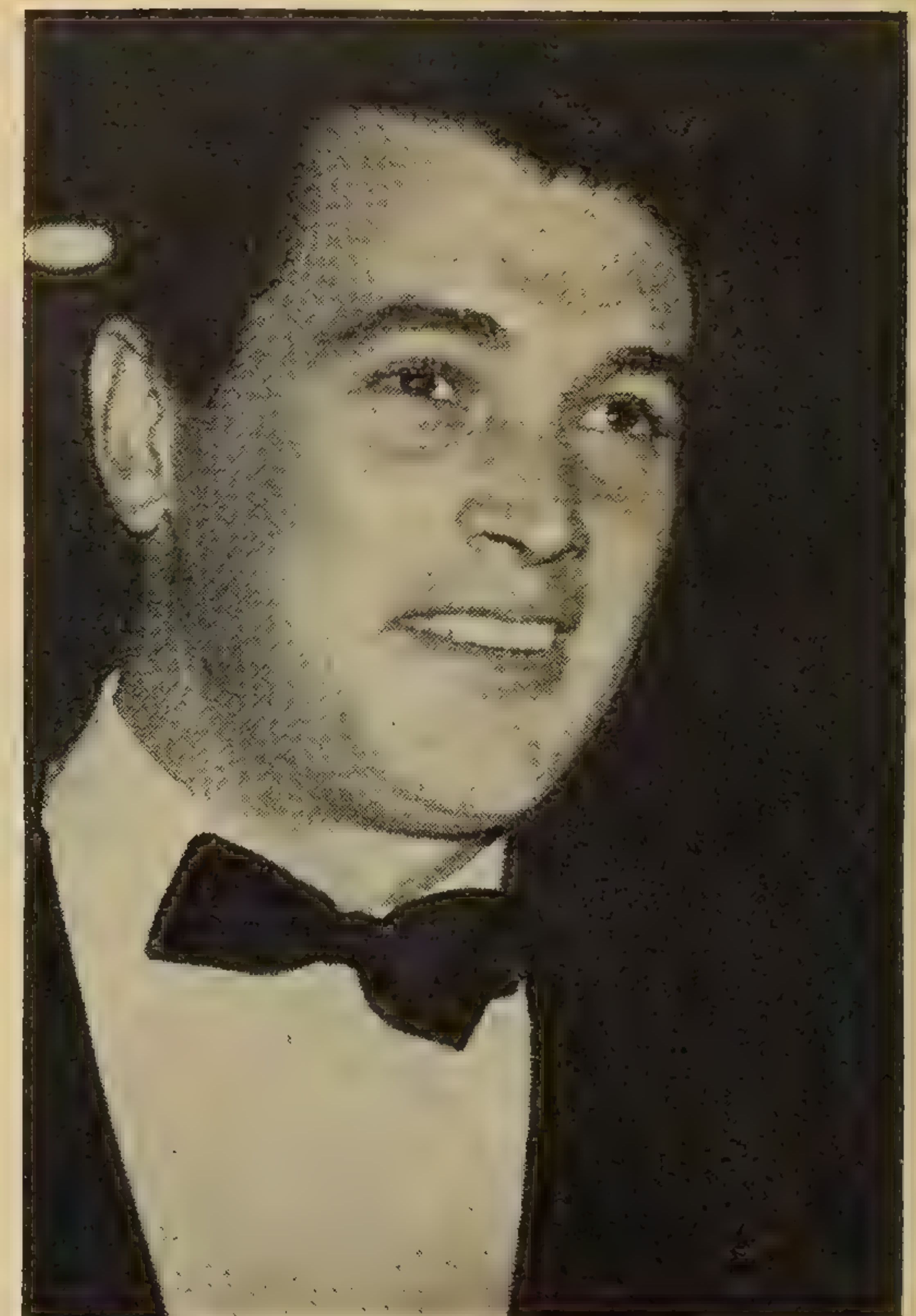
I can't imagine Rock slapping at a fly—but then I wasn't married to him.

However, I can speak from experience of his grooming. Not long ago I invited Rock to come with me to **Judy Garland's** opening at the Coconut Grove which he accepted with such promptness you'd never guess he'd been sullen when Phyllis wanted to step out.

When he arrived, he was a picture of sartorial elegance, the latest fashion in male dinner clothes. The fit was so good it hardly fitted in with the ex-Mrs. Hudson's claim that he wore nothing but sweat shirts and jeans—or at least complained about wearing other garb.

And, if Rock didn't have a ball at Judy's opening night, you'd never have guessed it. The minute the music struck up he asked me to dance—and he's good that boy! I've always prided myself on twirling a mean slipper myself—and Rock knows his footwork.

When we were invited to join Judy's private party following the show, Rock was the first to urge me to accept. He made Judy very happy when he took both her hands in his and said, "You're the greatest! Just the greatest!" About 2:00 a.m. I wanted to come home. Rock



Two opinions of how Rock dresses: Phyllis charged him with being "sloppy." However, I found him dressed in the latest fashion.

hoped we could stay a little longer. He stayed, after making sure mutual friends would drop me back home.

Oh, yes—his settlement with Phyllis calls for \$130,000 to be paid at \$250 per week, their \$35,000 home, mortgage clear, and a car.

I have a feeling my friend Rock will not be marrying again for a long, long time.

(Continued on page 16)

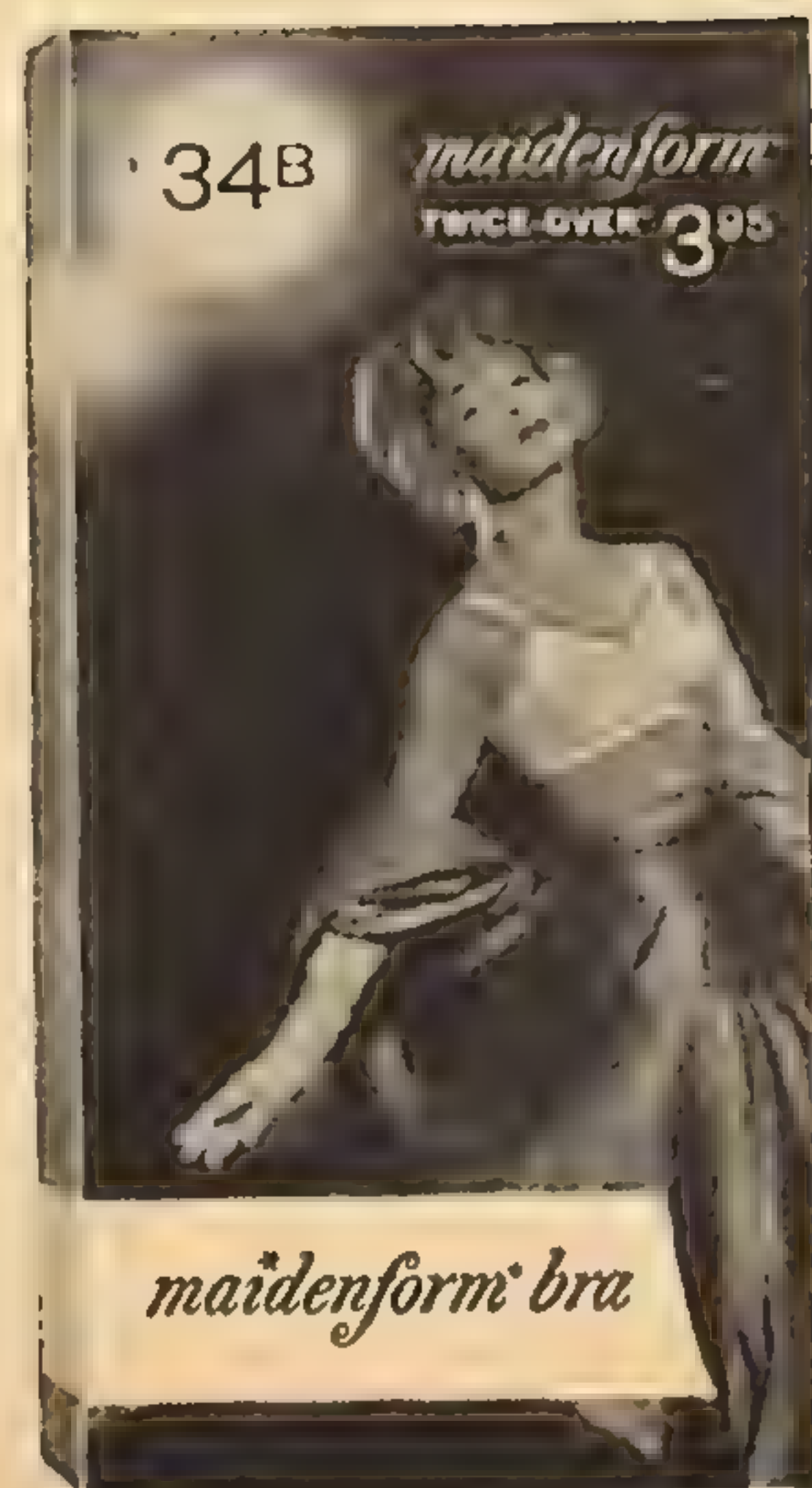


I dreamed I was made over in my *maidenform** bra

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PERSONAL OPINIONS

I predict **Ann Miller** and **Bill Moss** (**Jane Withers'** ex) will have a happy marriage. Both have been hurt by other loves and will appreciate the happiness they have found. . . .

Bob Crosby made a mistake fighting it out with Eastern TV critics and interviewers who (a) panned his TV show, (b) panned his handling of daughter Cathy's problems. Bob should take a tip from veteran **Milton Berle** who says of criticism: "Never answer back—just keep coming back." . . .

Montgomery Clift must be developing a sense of humor. He told **Myrna Loy** on the set of *Lonelyhearts* he'd like to direct a picture; when she asked if he would star in it also, Monty cracked: "Are you kidding? As a director I simply wouldn't put up with all that nonsense from me!" . . .

Leslie Caron's expected baby just has to be a girl because the one and only **Cecil Beaton** who did those knock-out clothes for Leslie in *Gigi* plus the decor and gowns for *My Fair Lady*, is decorating the baby's nursery. Imagine a boy in all that wonderful chi chi! . . .

Ernie Borgnine should get back some of those thirty-one pounds he shed worrying over his divorce settlement. He doesn't look a bit like "Marty" these days. . . .

Marlon Brando has said not a word against **Anna Kashfi's** resuming her career at her old studio MGM but he had a few thousand words to say against posing for 'home' pictorial spreads with his wife! . . .

Nothing in the world can get the **James Mason** clan to go out on tour again after nine weeks in *Mid-Summer*. James dropped thirteen pounds, Pamela nine—and only thespian **Portland** gained—five.



Ann and Bill: this will be forever.



TV is introducing the late John Garfield (above) to the teenagers. A reader wants Alec Guinness (left) stories in MODERN SCREEN.

THE LETTER BOX:

Cutest letter of the month comes from **MARION** which I'm printing exactly as she spelled out her regret for **Marlon Brando**: "Marlon can play Japanese peasants, paraplegics, Mexicans, Germans, U.S. Pilots, delinquents, gamblers, Napoleon and Mark Antony—and who else can do all this?" Nobody I know, Marion! . . .

"Why are you so quick to rush to the defense of stars whose bad judgment—to put it politely—lands them in trouble?" snaps **LEONA ARMSTRONG**, **HERSHEY, PA.** Has anyone you know in your home town ever been in bad trouble—and haven't you wished everyone could understand the circumstances as well as you do, Leona? That's me. . . .

MRS. N. L. KELLY, **CHICAGO, ILL.**, writes: "Far from being withheld from young people, pictures like *A Farewell To Arms* and *Peyton Place* should be seen and studied so that

teenagers may get a realistic view of sex, the dangers and beauty of it, in the medium they can understand." Your view is open to argument but it's original. . . .

Something new cropping up in the mail, letters from teenagers 'discovering' stars they never knew and loving them through TV reruns. The late **John Garfield** particularly is mentioned. **JAN JOHNSON**, **BOISE, IDAHO**, sums up several letters with: "Thank heaven his magnificent talent has been preserved." . . .

ELEANOR ZACHARY, **WASHINGTON, D. C.**, is sick of all the slams at **Kim Novak** which she attributes to jealousy. She writes: "Kim's wonderful picture with **Jimmy Stewart** *Vertigo* has run here for weeks and weeks. We like her!" . . .

"It's not that I like **Deborah Kerr** less—even a divorce can't dim her shining talent as an actress—it's just that I'm hurt and disillusioned," postcards **DIANA-JEANNE YANKERS**, **FT. WORTH**. Why don't you reserve judgment until all the facts are in, Diana-Jeanne? . . .

MRS. BILL ADAMS writes from **BROOKLYN**: "To really believe movie stars are just like other folks you have to see them, as my husband and I saw **Debbie Reynolds** and **Eddie Fisher** at a baseball game on our recent vacation in Los Angeles. Debbie was rooting for the Dodgers, Eddie for Philadelphia; her lipstick was all smeared from eating hot dogs; he had spilled popcorn all around him.

She got cold, he had to put his coat around her—even as you and I!" . . .

"When **Alec Guinness** won the Academy's highest honor, I wholeheartedly agreed. I thought, 'Oh, boy—now MODERN SCREEN will be full of stories about him,'" begins **VIRGINIA BRADBURY**, **RICHMOND, INDIANA**. "So what happens—nothing, not a word!" (Are you listenin', David Myers?) . . .

Judy Garland will be very happy over a letter signed "FIFTEEN JUDY GARLAND FANS, HENGLO, HOLLAND," and written in excellent English: "We love Judy very much. No other star has taken her place in our hearts. If she ever brings her nightclub act to Europe she must come to us and see for herself how deep is our feeling." . . .

"Doesn't **Johnny Mathis** prefer girls with long hair?" **LEIGH ANDREWS** wants to know. I don't know, Leigh—but whether they admit it or not, most males do, I've discovered. . . .

NORMA JONES, **BARSTOW, CALIFORNIA**, asks an intriguing question: "I've noticed that many movie stars marry non-professionals. With the way stars are protected from the public in general—where do they meet non-professionals???" Obviously, some non-pros get close, Norma. Thanks for the chuckle.

That's all for now. See you next month.

Loella Parsons



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blondes
have more
fun?

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ELIZABETH TAYLOR, beautiful star of M-G-M's release, "CAT ON A HOT TIN ROOF," an Avon Production in Metrocolor. Miss Taylor uses Liquid Lustre-Creme Shampoo for shining, easy-to-manage hair! Why don't you try Liquid Lustre-Creme, too?

FOR CURLS THAT COME EASY—HERE'S ALL YOU DO:

Shampoo with new Liquid Lustre-Creme. Special cleansing action right in the rich, fast-rising lather gets hair clean as you've ever had it yet leaves it blissfully manageable. Contains Lanolin, akin to the natural oils of the hair; keeps hair soft, easy to set without special rinses.

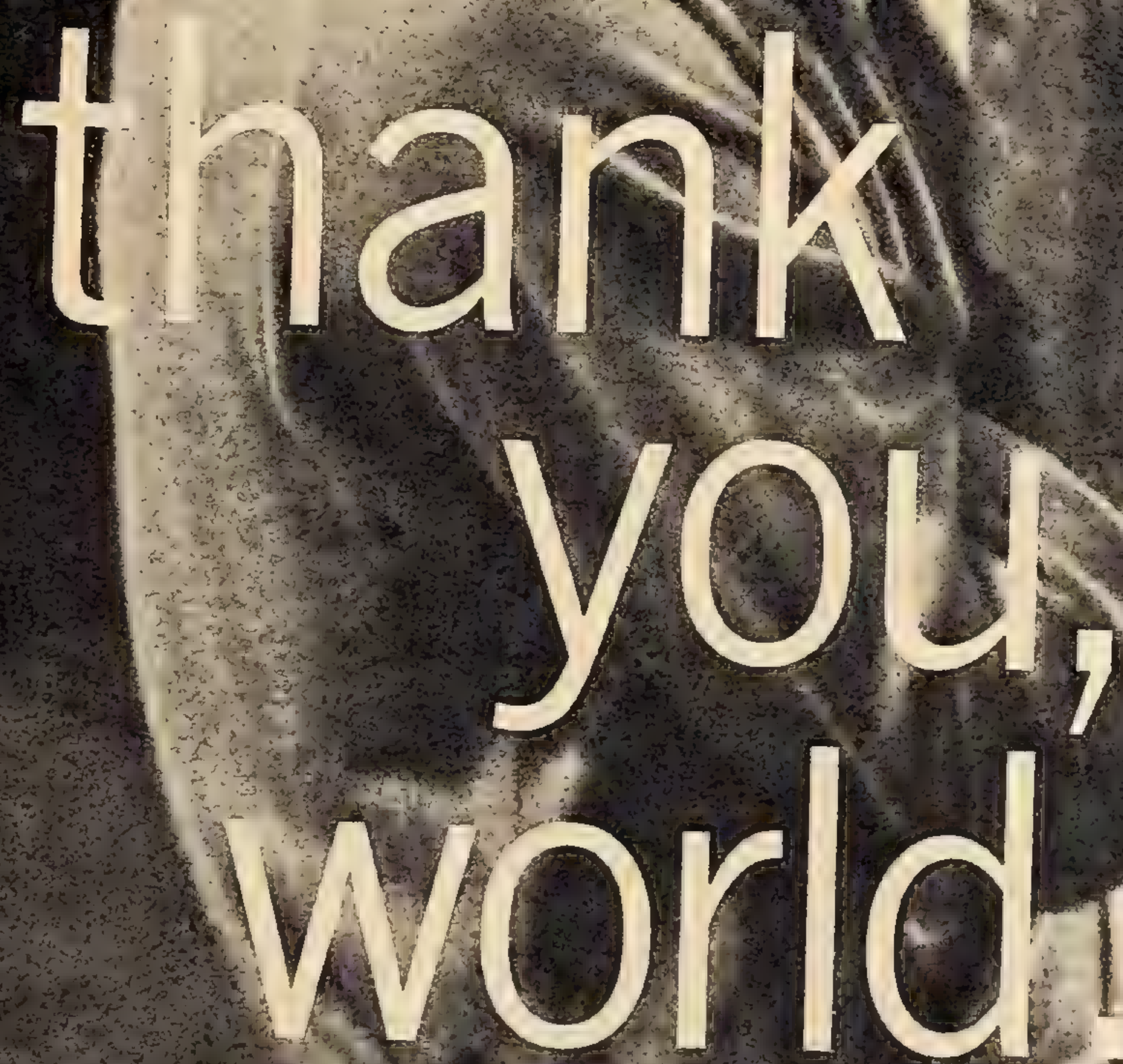
Set—with just plain water!

An exclusive new formula—unlike any other shampoo—leaves hair so manageable any hair-style is easier to set with just plain water. Curls are left soft and silky—spring right back after combing. Waves behave, flick smoothly into place.

Lustre-Creme —
never dries —
it beautifies —
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lotion or cream!



4 OUT OF 5 TOP MOVIE STARS USE LUSTRE-CREME SHAMPOO!



thank
you,
world!

The
story
of
SAMMY
DAVIS,
Jr.,
a
colored
boy
who
became
the
richest
man
in
Hollywood




the SAMMY DAVIS, Jr., story

FRANK SINATRA


the
friends...

JACK BENNY


WILL MASTIN



the
fears...



the
fabulous
moments...



★ This is not, in the traditional sense of the words, a Thanksgiving story. It has nothing to do with the Pilgrim Fathers, nothing to do with harvested crops, turkey dinners or family life. It is not what you expect to read about on the fourth Thursday in November. But in a deeper sense it is a Thanksgiving story of the oldest and the most hallowed sort. For it is the story of a man who was forced suddenly to pause for the counting of his blessings and the reckoning of his friends. It is the story of a man who took stock of his life and (Continued on page 80)



He is Arthur Loew, Jr. He lives in Tucson, Arizona, where he has lived since he was nine years old when he came down with a severe attack of chronic asthma. He is in the cattle business and he is a rich man. But he would have been rich if he'd never lifted the little finger of his right hand. For his grandfather was Adolph Zukor, one of the fabulous Hollywood pioneers. And his father practically ran MGM studios.

He is in his mid-thirties now. When

Q. Who is the man



he was in his early twenties he fell in love with Elizabeth Taylor, a beautiful young actress at his father's studio. Liz, however, did not return his love. He was the boss's son—plain-looking, not particularly witty, nice but far from exciting.

Arthur changed. He'd lost Liz, but still he thought he could have some fun out of life. He tried to make himself exciting. With cold cash and prestige to back him up, he became a playboy, a compulsive party giver, a man about town. He tried to fall in love. He had a wild fling with Eartha Kitt. His father broke that up. He began dating lovely Marisa Pavan. Marisa adored him, but walked out on him because—as she said—"I couldn't stand the way he threw himself into all those parties and friendships—he was too erratic—he always seemed to be trying to lose himself." He turned to Joan Collins next. She was beautiful and a barrel of laughs and some people said they would marry—they were having so much fun. They didn't marry because what these people who were busy making their predictions didn't know was that Arthur Loew, Jr. was getting tired of the fun, the flings, the razzle-dazzle and the phony laughter. What they didn't know was that deep down he really wanted only one thing out of life—to be important, not to Hollywood or a ranch full of cows or



to the headwaiter at the most expensive restaurant in any town he happened to visit. He wanted only to be important—important to a woman he loved and who loved him back.

He knew who this woman was.

He knew that she would never love him back.

But then the great tragedy of her life took place and, suddenly, she turned to him. Of all the people she could have turned to, Elizabeth Taylor turned to him, Arthur Loew, Jr.

on the beach with Liz? ➤

In the past few months since Mike Todd's death, Arthur has given Liz Taylor all the affection he's had stored up in his heart for the past ten, long years.

He has been kind.

He has advised Liz when she needed advice.

He has consoled and comforted her.

He has fallen in love with her again, ten times over.

He knows she will never forget Mike Todd.

But he has hoped, hoped hard, that it will be possible for Liz to fall in love with him, too.

As the days have passed—as Liz has turned to him for more and more companionship, as they have found themselves having dinner together, taking an occasional drink together, sometimes at his place, sometimes at hers, as they have found themselves driving out to the beach together where they could be alone and swim and then lie in the sand and talk—as all this has happened, as all this is happening right now, it seems that maybe Arthur's hope is fast turning into the real thing.

Louella Parsons, for one, feels that it is.

And you can read it here. Turn the page for what she says about Liz and Loew in an exclusive to MODERN SCREEN.





A. HE'S

vital physical attraction between them as well as the wonderful companionship they found.

"Together, Mike and Liz were love and war, fire and ice, battles and reconciliations. They kissed and brawled publicly and privately. The French have a name for it—the *grande passion*. It is doubtful if there will ever again be anything like it in her life.

"Arthur Loew knows this. Although he is a young man, he has a great deal of mature wisdom and understanding. He is a millionaire many times over; his father was a builder of the entire motion picture industry.

"What many people do not realize is that Arthur may have been quietly in love with Elizabeth for many years. She was a star under contract to his father's company, MGM. But he knew her feeling for him was just admiration—and friendship.

"When Liz's great tragedy struck—she needed a friend as she has never needed a friend in her whole life. Arthur was there. He was a comfort and a crutch. She sobbed her heart out to him. All he wanted was to be there to help and protect her.

"And so a great bond grew up between them. Liz closed her circle of friends to a tight little group numbering Arthur, Mike Todd, Jr., her personal physician, and Debbie and Eddie Fisher. When she finally started going out again, she turned to Arthur to escort her.

"I think she feels an enormous grati-

Here is Louella Parson's exclusive report:



Yes, I think the Elizabeth Taylor-Arthur Loew, Jr., romance is serious—*very*. I won't bat an eyelash if they marry.

And, I rather expect such an announcement will come from Europe where Liz and Arthur expect to be when you read this.

I'm asked on all sides, "But if she loved Mike Todd as much as she did and was so grief stricken at his death—which she was—how can she have found a new love so fast?"

To which the only answer can be—there are loves . . . and loves.

Someone who is very close to Liz explained it to me this way: "She will never again love any man the way she loved Mike. Early in their love story she herself said, 'I love Mike *passionately*.' And he loved her the same way. There was an enormous,

LIZ'S NEXT HUSBAND!

tude to him. And lately, I think his kindness and sweetness is awakening a deeper emotion in her—devotion, born of understanding. This, too, is love.”

I think these words explain better than any I've yet heard just what is happening to Elizabeth Taylor and Arthur, Jr.

But all is not sombre and sedate between Liz and young Loew by a long shot.

Recently he gave a party in her honor. About fifty guests were invited. When word got around that the party was to be held, suspicions were aroused that *this* might be the occasion of *the* announcement.

Naturally, Elizabeth and Arthur heard the gossip.

About half way through the evening, Arthur turned to Liz and said, “Will you tell them, darling?”

“No, darling, *you* tell them,” Liz smiled.

Cracked Arthur, “Dinner is served!”

Because he thought Elizabeth might be happier away from Hollywood and its memories, Arthur encouraged her to visit his sister at her ranch in Arizona.

She liked the peace and quiet of it so well she later arranged to rent a house—\$3,000 per month—of her own near Tucson.

But before she ever moved in, Liz had had enough of it. With Tucson newspapers and even radio and TV announcers giving out exactly where her



house was located, the place began to be surrounded by tourists and townspeople.

Liz literally fled back to the sanctuary and privacy of Beverly Hills. And added she would be leaving for Europe in mid-September.

That's where we are now in the unending, interesting saga of Elizabeth Taylor.

END

G LADYS SMITH PRESLEY looked at the cabin from down the road and she smiled. Usually, even though she was only nineteen years old and not at all unhealthy, she was so tired after her two-and-a-half mile walk from town and the dress factory there where she worked, that she could barely manage to catch her breath and talk right for a while, let alone smile. But tonight she smiled. For she knew that this was the night Vernon, her husband of a year, was putting the finishing touches on the little cabin he had just built for them, built with his own bare hands and sweat. And she knew, too, that this was (Continued on next page)

THE LIFE AND DEATH OF GLADYS PRESLEY

*... whose greatest wish was that her son could say,
"My ma and pa didn't have much of anything, but
they sure were rich in love. ..."*



THE LIFE AND DEATH OF



When all of Tupelo, Mississippi, turned out on that Big Day to welcome back their boy Elvis, his mother Gladys Presley knew that the Lord had answered her prayers, and she said Amen.



Gladys didn't tell Barbara Hearn—El's flame back then—she was ailing. But El knew—and sent her some hats to cheer her up, hoping to bring his ma a little joy.



Gladys loved to sing the old gospel hymns with Elvis and her husband. She had hoped to make an album.

When Elvis left his mother for the Army there was a look in her eyes and a feeling in her heart that she wouldn't be around much longer.



GLADYS PRESLEY



continued

the night she would tell Vernon what she had found out at the doctor's office during her lunch hour that day.

She smiled to herself again and looked up at the roof.

"Vern'," she called out from the road, a few minutes later, "look down from that ladder and listen to what I've got to tell you."

But all of Vernon's concentration was on getting this house of theirs done.

"What's that?" asked Vernon Presley, busy with a hammer and not looking.

"Just that I think it was a good idea that you've worked hard like you have and that you built us a two-room house instead of a one-er like most of the others 'round here," said Gladys.

"Sure thing," said Vernon Presley, half to himself, still not looking.

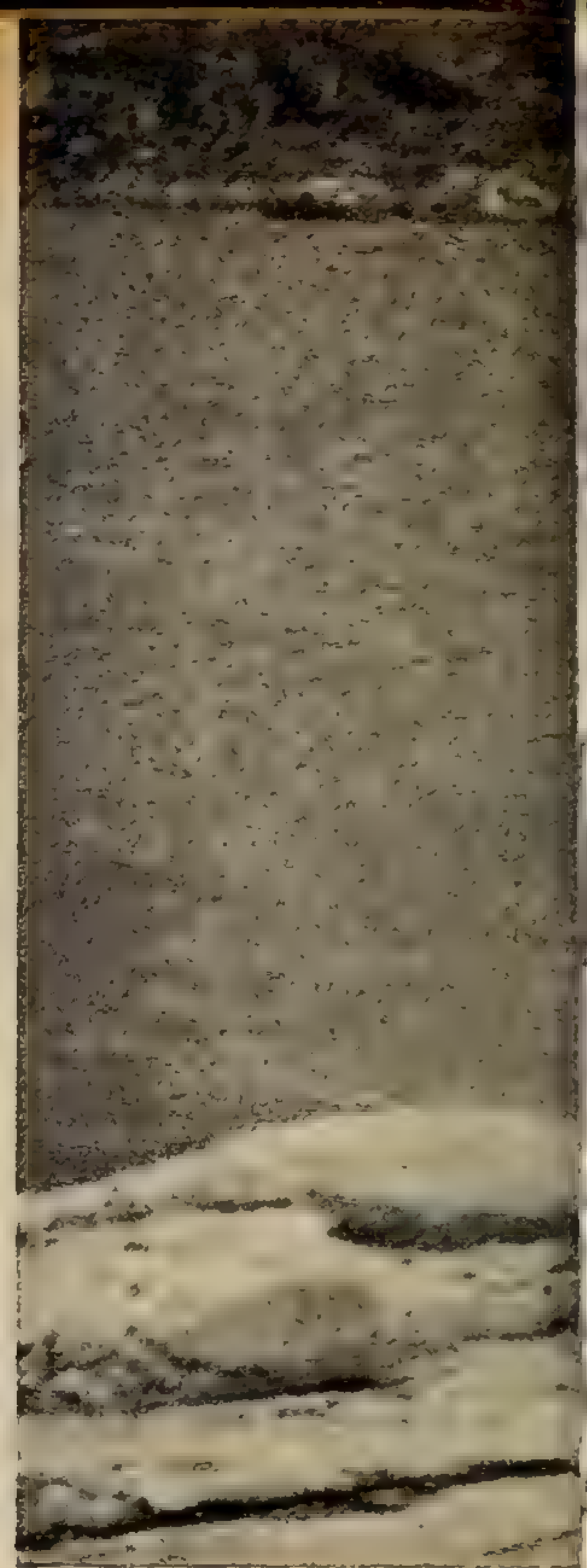
"After all," continued Gladys, "when (continued on page 56)

And now it was all over... Elvis and his dad were left alone with only memories of the courageous woman who died before her time...





Weary of all the talk about them, Ingrid and producer Lars Schmidt sail for the island of Damholmen in the North Sea, west of Sweden . . . On this small barren piece of rock they spend their time like hermits — without electricity or telephone—sunbathing or listening to music on a battery radio. . . .



SPECIAL PHOTOS FROM SWEDEN REVEAL

INGRID and LARS' SECRET ISLAND





Once a week they sail over to the port of Fielbacka in Sweden, to shop and chat with the simple fishermen, and to remember the days of their own childhoods . . . Then at sunset, back to the island Lars bought as an engagement present for Ingrid . . . where two worldly people can find a precious Adam-and-Eve-like privacy.



MY MISERABLE, CRAZY, WONDERFUL LIFE WITH DINO, RICCI, DEANA, GINA, GAIL, CLAUDIA, CRAIG AND DEAN!



by
Jeanne
Martin



Dino (left), and Ricci (right) spend a rare moment with Dean testing





his wrestling powers. . . . The old car's a bit worn so Dean and I have to give it a push for little Gina.



Here's the whole Martin clan out for a walk (above). Left to right: Dino, Ricci, Deana, I'm holding Gina, Dean, Gail, Claudia, and Craig. Dean (left) usually has so much fun with the baby . . . But the most fun of all is when Dean (below) serenades the family and tries out his latest songs on us. And we're a pretty critical bunch! Dean sure has it tough . . . !



WHEN I was a little girl I always dreamed I would someday marry a prince and live happily ever after.

I was sure my childhood dream had come true the day I married Dean Martin.

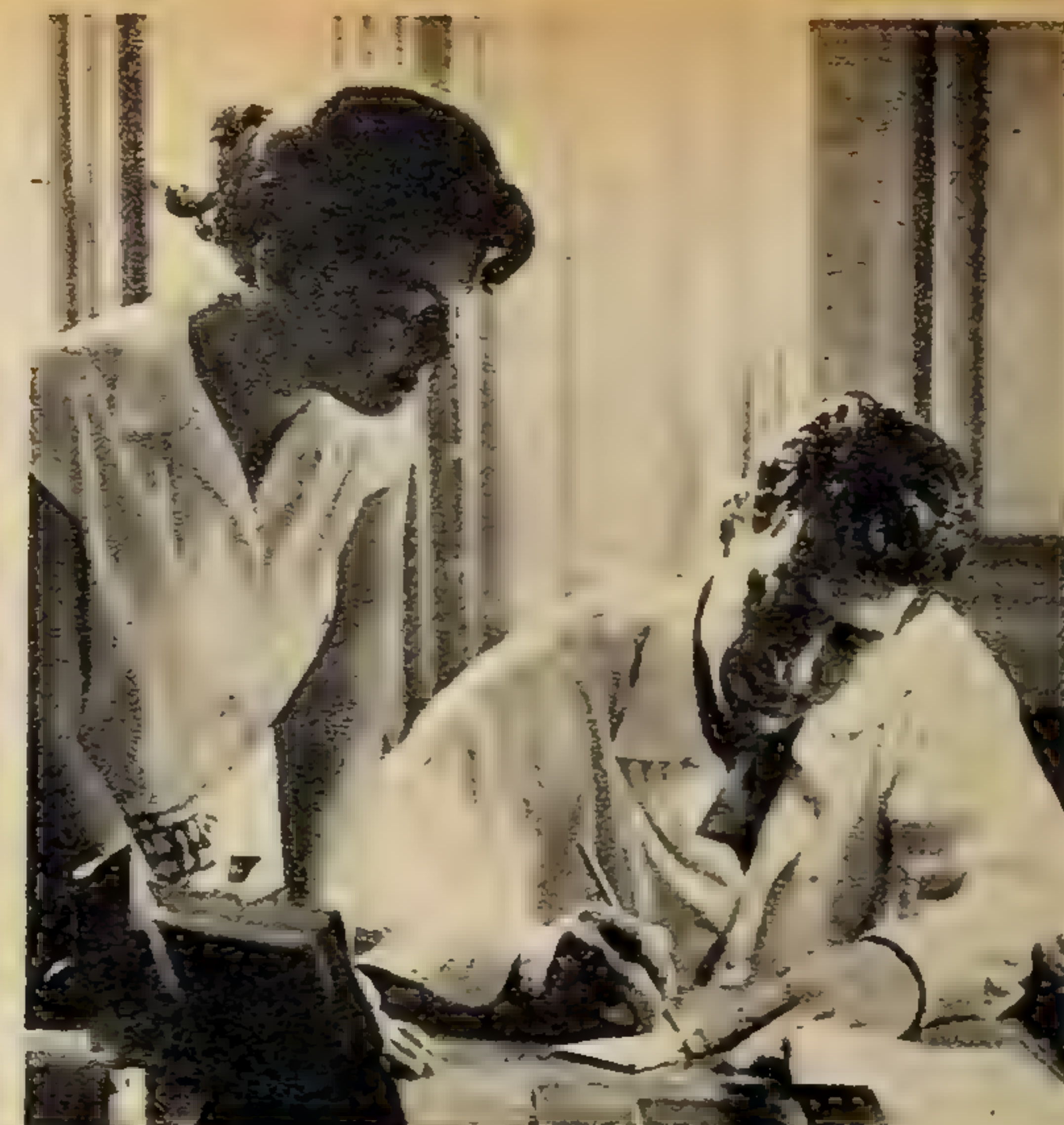
He was everything a girl could want. Tall, handsome, successful, famous; and so romantic that when he sang, girls would practically swoon. So delightful in his zany comedy act with Jerry Lewis that life with him promised laughs as well as romance. And we were deeply in love.

But it wasn't long before I discovered that life with my happy-go-lucky Prince Charming was not so happy-go-lucky after all. The man I married was not the live-wire to whom life was one big field of four leaf clovers, but a person who had moods and deep-seated fears.

continued



This was a healthy argument over Claudia (left) and Gail's allowances. Dean felt they should write out their budgets



The girls, however, felt that Dean should write out some checks. All three compromised.



continued

Suddenly, I found we were knee-deep in lawsuits, debts and problems. I was faced with an entirely new way of life. And within a few years with seven children—three of our own, four of Dean's by a previous marriage—I, who had never had responsibilities, had to learn how to diaper the youngest baby while handing out advice on boys to teen-age Claudia and Gail.

We've licked most of our troubles now and I can look back and see that what started them was that although Dean and I had gone together for almost a year before we were married, we hardly knew each other at all.

We fell in love the moment we met. And floated on a billowy cloud from that time on. Dean was playing at the Beachcombers—a night club in Miami Beach, Florida—at the time, where he was teamed with Jerry (Continued on page 59)

It took a lot of time and a lot of tears to find the kind of marriage I've wanted all my life....

A YOUNG SINGLE GIRL ARRIVES IN HOLLYWOOD ★ SHE BECOMES A STAR-LET ★ SUDDENLY SHE IS SEEN IN THE RIGHT PLACES WITH THE RIGHT YOUNG STAR ★ PHOTOGRAPHERS ASK THEM TO HOLD HANDS AND KISS ★ YOU SEE THE PICTURES IN MAGAZINES ★ YOU READ ABOUT THEIR 'ROMANCE' IN COLUMNS ★ YOU WONDER IF IT'S REAL OR PHONY ★ IF IT'S REAL HOW LONG CAN IT LAST UNDER THE HARSH GLARE OF PUBLICITY ★ IF IT'S PHONY IS IT AT LEAST FUN ★ OR DOES THE TRUE HEART PAY A TERRIBLE PRICE. . . .

To find the truth, we talked with many young girls in Hollywood . . . On the next eight pages are the revealing cases of four of these girls: one who is forced to keep her love a secret; one who frankly admits her romance was a fake; one whose engagement is becoming a Hollywood hassle; one whose romance was ruined by publicity. . . .


please turn page





MILLIE PERKINS REVEALS

WHY I KEEP



MY TRUE LOVE A SECRET

*f*lowers!" the messenger boy called out. "Flowers for Miss Perkins—" On the busy set, noise came to a sudden stop. George Stevens, the director, looked up from the script he was studying. Shelley Winters dropped her comb and ran over. Nina Foch, Millie Perkins' dramatic coach, stopped talking—with her mouth still open.

Every head turned to watch Millie Perkins dash across the floor.

Because after all, who would be sending Millie flowers? Little Millie Perkins who never went out, who didn't know a soul (*Continued on page 75*)



JUDI MERIDITH EXPLAINS

WHY I POSED FOR THESE “



Say that again! Me pose with Barry Coe—that conceited snob? Are you kidding?"

Honest, but those were my very words to the MODERN SCREEN photographer the night he phoned and asked me to come to Lake Arrowhead the next morning and do some water-ski shots with Mr. Big-Shot, Handsome, I Can't Stand You, How Can You Stand Yourself—Coe...as I not so affectionately thought of Barry at the time.

Why?

Womanly pride—that's why!

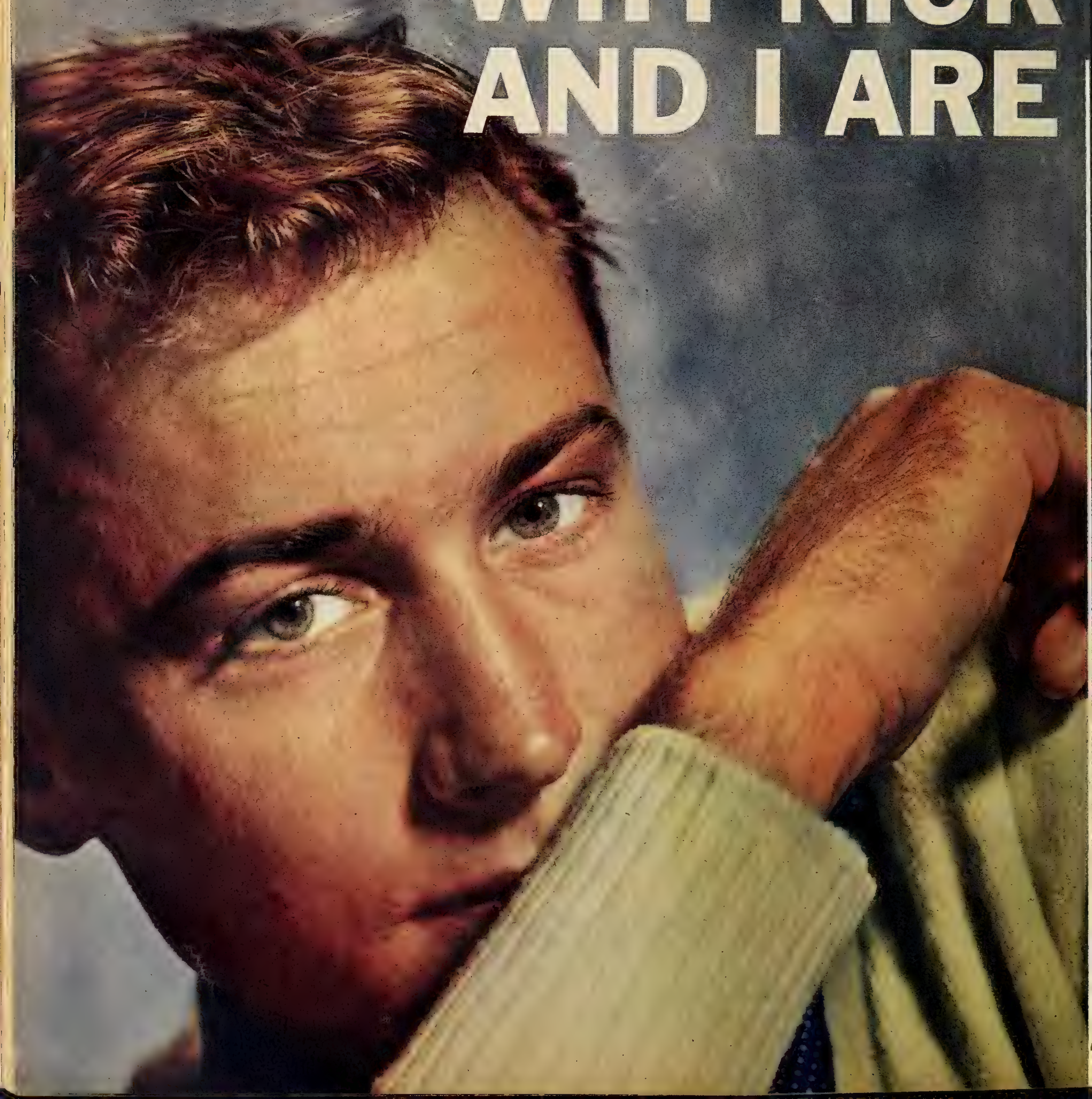
Oh, it made me so boiling mad every time I thought of it, that first and only time
(Continued on page 78)



PHONY ROMANCE PICTURES"

KATHY NOLAN TELLS

WHY NICK AND I ARE





AFRAID TO GET MARRIED

the ring I wear on the chain around my neck is a wedding band. Nick Adams gave it to me.

No, we're not married.

Gossip columnists have had our romance on and off for months; some have said that we see each other only for publicity reasons. None of this is true. The truth is:

Nick and I love each other.

We see each other constantly.

I know Nick would make a wonderful husband.

But—we are afraid to get married....

Back when we first met, back before we ever thought of marriage, back before we had reason to be afraid, I didn't think he'd make a wonderful husband, or wonderful anything. In fact, I thought he was *(Continued on page 68)*





MARIANNE CONFESSES

WHY I WALKED OUT ON RICKY NELSON!

Ricky and I sat in his car that balmy summer night. It was a night meant for romance. But it was instead the most heartbreaking night of all my seventeen years. I found myself saying things I never dreamed I would say.

"Ricky," I began, and I was surprised to find my voice suddenly grown shaky. "Ricky, honey, I'm afraid we'll never be able to see each other again—not like this, not like a boy and girl friend. We can't go steady any longer. This is no good for me. It isn't any good for you, either, in the long run. I realize now, from what's happened in the last few days, that I can't stand this any longer. We must stop seeing each other."

I couldn't (*Continued on page 65*)



END
of
section

MY SISTER KIM

by Arlene Malmberg

as told to Peer J. Oppenheimer



When my sister Kim got off the plane at Chicago's Midway Airport, dozens of fans seemed to appear out of nowhere, crowding around her for autographs.

I hardly had a chance to embrace her—there were so many people crowding around her. But it was different once we left the airport and the city behind us, and headed for the suburb where I live with my husband and two children on an eight-acre farm.

Something curious happened on that hour-and-a-half long drive, something I couldn't explain at first. But now that I look back, it provides the key to a question about my sister that has bothered me for some time: When I welcomed her at the airport, when we walked down the ramp and got into the parked car, I had called her Kim. After we were alone for a while I slipped back into calling her by her real name—Marilyn.

It's funny, I thought to myself. I called her Kim when I visited her in Hollywood, too, and when I write to her, and talk to her on the phone. Why the sudden switch?

And then I realized that it wasn't I who was different, but my sister. Yet she is not a twin personality, not a movie star one moment and a plain little girl the next. She is just as glamorous and fascinating at home as on the studio set. It's the constant pressure, the publicity, the attention that makes her *seem* different in my eyes and in her own, and has led to an entirely erroneous conception of Kim in the eyes of her fans as well.

No doubt some of it can be blamed on over-anxious writers

and columnists who don't always bother to check their facts, who are more interested in Kim's romances—both real and imaginary—than in her as a person: who misinterpret, fabricate, expand to where Kim worries about telling even the simple truth—for fear it may be misinterpreted.

But much of the different attitude is self-imposed.

Kim has always been ambitious, eager, anxious to do her best. And it shows—in her worries, her sensitivity, her tenseness. I never knew just how tense she could get till I went with her to the dentist one afternoon. When his assistant put a hand on her shoulder to calm her while the doctor gave her a shot of novocaine, Kim shook her hand off and burst out, "I can't stand anyone to touch me!" Then she broke into tears because she hadn't meant to hurt the woman. . . .

This could never happen to her here in Chicago, where she is relaxed, understanding, and thoroughly patient.

Take the day before Christmas, when I happened to walk into the living room just as my oldest boy, Billie, who is five, kissed her hand while Kim was lying on the couch. She blinked her eyes sleepily and slowly raised herself up. "Ah . . . my Prince Charming," she exclaimed. "Thank you . . . thank you . . . *thank you!*"

"Billy . . . really," I called out. "If your aunt Marilyn wants to take a rest you shouldn't disturb her . . . you were told not to wake her. . . ." (Continued on page 71)

What do you do with them? Big brothers, that is.
Put them in their place!

That's what I learned after too many years of taking my brother Johnny's guff.

The first time I rebelled was at dinner one summer. Johnny wasn't a movie star then, and I was much heavier. He went around calling me chubbyface and fat-tub-of-lard, and I'd sit and suffer a slow burn. He was right, of course. Big brothers usually are. I *was* chubby, and I should have watched my weight. But his big trouble was the way he told it to me. He never had any regard for my feelings. Always, whenever there was company in our house, Johnny'd manage to say, "Hey fatty, when do you intend to reduce?" and I'd run into another room, embarrassed.

This fat-stuff jibing of his had been going on for some time, and I finally convinced myself I'd had it right up to my neck.

This one night we were all eating dinner at our house in Brooklyn—my mom and dad, my brother Johnny, and my younger sister Julie-Ann. We were having veal scallopini, an Italian dish my mother's an expert at fixing. I asked for a second helping, and Johnny made a crack about what a glutton I was.

I held back for a minute, didn't say anything. Then when Johnny started yelping at my mother for his dessert because he had a date and was in a hurry, I said, "Who's your date with? Pieface?"

Johnny was dating a pretty Greek girl, Genevieve, down the street, and she was no more a pieface than Liz Taylor. But I just had to strike back. Fair was fair, I figured. This was the first time I ever said anything upsetting to him, and boy, did he let out a howl!

He got up and reached for a pillow on an armchair behind him and he threw it across the room at me. He missed, but my mom and dad chewed him out for being such a troublemaker.

Soon as dinner was over he ran upstairs to get ready for his date. I waited for him on the front porch. When he came down, all spiffed up in a striped tee shirt and white pants, I said to him, "Don't forget to tell Pieface I said hello." He chased me all around the block, caught up with me, shook me and made me promise I'd never call Genevieve a pieface again. I told him I'd agree only if he promised never to call me fatso. We shook hands on the deal, but I had the last laugh. He sweated so much from the chase he had to go home and change his clothes!

That was the beginning, my first how-to-deal-with-a-big-brother lesson. He never mentioned my weight again. Anyhow I finally got wise to myself and reduced.

Another thing I learned about big brothers—they don't like to hear the truth. I'm not saying you have to lie, but I am saying you've got to be diplomatic with them. Unless they beg you for your opinion about something that's personal to them, keep it to yourself. You're better off because you'll probably avoid a battle.

One day one spring Johnny came home with some pants (Continued on page 51)

MY BROTHER JOHNNY



by Johnny Saxon's
sister, Dolores Orrico,
as told to George Christy

Natalie answers 28 letters from fans & foes

FAN: *Do you miss the gay round of dating you once went through? (D.N., Lansing, Mich.)*

NATALIE: No, I don't. I'm happier than I've ever been and besides, R. J. and I have a date for life.

FAN: *Is it true that you gain weight after you are married? (Fran Holling, Meridian, Miss.)*

NATALIE: That depends on how much rest you get during your honeymoon. I lost six pounds.

FAN: *I understand that you'll retire from showbusiness for good because you don't want to be separated from your husband. As much as we wish you all the happiness, we'd hate to see you give up your career. Won't you please reconsider? (Norman Geiser, Flint, Mich.)*

NATALIE: I don't plan to give up my career for good. I just don't want to be separated from my husband. If parts continue to come along that

will require me to be away from home, I'll keep on turning them down.

FAN: *Did you ever lose your temper on the set? I've never heard it said about you, but about almost everyone else. I know you'll answer this honestly (Tony Frankovitch, Brooklyn, N. Y.)*

NATALIE: Not on the set, but believe me, I've lost it! With producers, directors, writers, and other actors. But always before we went into production, never on the set when it would have cost the studio upwards of \$14,000 a day. That wouldn't have been fair. If something went wrong anyway after the film started, I've controlled my emotions.

FAN: *To whom would you give most credit for your success? (Tom McDougal, Las Vegas, Nev.)*

NATALIE: God.

FAN: *What was your biggest mistake? (I.L., Storrs, Conn.)*

NATALIE: I don't know about that but I would like to go on record as saying that the mistake I'm not going to make is to take life for granted.

FAN: *What's your biggest fault? (Frank Cohn, Elizabeth, N. J.)*

NATALIE: Believing that people are really good at heart.

FAN: *I heard some place that (Continued on page 72)*

YESNOYESNOYESNOY



YESNOYESNOYESNOY



GIA SCALA ★ THE NIGHT I TRIED TO KILL MYSELF

Gia Scala asked the cabdriver to stop.

"Right here on Waterloo Bridge?" he asked, thinking she was joking, "—at this time o' night, Miss?"

"I asked to please stop," Gia said.

"All right, Miss," said the cabdriver, shrugging. And he pulled over.

The beautiful, green-eyed movie star reached nervously into her purse, handed the man a couple of shillings and got out of the cab.

"Have a nice walk, Miss," the cabdriver called out.

But Gia didn't answer. Instead, she took a few steps, paused for a moment, and then took a few more steps, toward the bridge's railing.

(Continued on page 61)

TOMMY SANDS ★ THE NIGHT I ALMOST GOT KILLED

Tommy Sands lit another cigarette, blew a smoke ring—and all of a sudden I noticed it. All the times I'd seen Tommy, and yet I never saw it before.

"Why Tommy," I blurted out, "that scar on your lip—how'd you get it?"

Tommy squirmed in his seat. He took another drag on his cigarette.

Finally he said, "Well, Peer, it's a long story. . . ."

I waited.

"I never told anyone about it."

"Yes?" I encouraged him.

"And my mother doesn't know anything about it. . . I'm sort of ashamed of it."

"Don't tell me if you don't want to, Tommy."

So, of course, he began. "Well, there was this girl I was going with (Continued on page 74)

NOW
IT
CAN
BE
TOLD!



modern screen fashions

HOLIDAY NEWS



Photos by Roger Pargent

Try the idea of brilliant color in your new bras and girdles. *Right:* Maidenform's exciting "Caviar Red" bra and girdle. The bra is the fabulous Chansonette style of nylon lace and satin, spoke-stitched cups. \$3.50. The Fris-Kee girdle is made of new, light and yet powerful elastic. It features vertical stretch and an almost invisible front control panel. Girdle or pantie girdle, \$6.50 each.

Try the allure of the long-figure look. *Left:* Maidenform's exquisite all-in-one-piece corselet "Sweet Music" is of nylon power net and satin with spoke-stitched bra cups of embroidered nylon taffeta frosted at the tops with nylon marquisette. White, \$18.50.



my brother johnny

(Continued from page 45) he'd just bought to wear to a spring dance at school. The theme for the dance was "Be Happy—It's May!" and Johnny decided to dress up in spring colors—a pink shirt, green necktie, white jacket and maroon trousers.

After I saw the pants, he asked me what I thought of them.

"That color!" I said. "It's weird. What's so springlike about maroon?"

He said the potted plant my dad gave to my mother that Easter was red. Dad gave mom an azalea. Johnny could never remember the name of it.

"I don't dig them," I told him about the trousers. "Anyhow," I said, "the azalea isn't maroon. It's an off-red."

"So what do you want me to do—dye the pants to match?" he growled at me. "This is the closest color I could get."

"Put them on," I told him.

He went into his room and changed into them. When he came out, my mom, sister and I roared as soon as we saw him.

The pants were wild—broad in the back-side and pegged at the ankles. They had pistol pockets and white piping down the sides.

"What's so funny?" he wanted to know.

My mother and sister couldn't stop laughing. I had to open my mouth and say, "You look like a hood."

That's all he had to hear. He lunged at me, and another wild Orrico chase was on. We both slipped on my mother's waxed hardwood floors, and I hurt my crazybone. Johnny came through unscathed.

Second lesson

He wore the pants to the spring dance that Friday night, and on Saturday I asked him what the rest of the kids

thought of them. He said, "Great. Everybody thinks they're the greatest." I went to Lou Hessing's luncheonette around the corner from where we live to have a Coke that afternoon, and all the kids from the high school were sitting in the booths talking about last night's dance. I sipped my Coke at the counter and eavesdropped. Everybody was making fun over Johnny's crazy maroon pants. And from the way they talked I could tell they had told him what they thought of them. One of the girls in the booths said, "Putrid. That's what I told him they were. Putrid! And I thought he was going to cry he was so hurt!"

So I learned my second lesson in handling big brothers. Don't tell them the truth when it comes to their personal taste. They'll hear about it soon enough, and comments from outsiders will make a bigger dent than yours will.

Johnny, in case you're interested, never wore those maroon pants again. My mother used to ask him what he did with those funny pants, and he changed the conversation every time.

This leads me to lesson number three. Big brothers don't have a sense of humor. They don't understand a tease; they take it seriously. So look out if teasing comes naturally to you. Dollars to doughnuts it'll make your big brother boil.

I was in my early teens when this happened. I was sitting on the steps of our front porch daydreaming one summer day, and a couple of older girls were walking by. I decided to have some fun.

"Hey dreamboat!" I called out.

Both girls turned toward me and smiled.

"No," I said. "Not you, shipwreck!"

The girls' faces reddened. One of the girls came toward the porch, but I jumped off the side and ran to Big Brother Johnny who was weightlifting in the backyard.

Both girls followed me. It turned out one of them dated Johnny. Do you think Johnny offered me protection?

Not on your life. After they told him what I called them, he made a face and said I deserved to be slapped, and he came over and slapped me lightly on the cheek. I was shocked, and although the slap didn't hurt me at all—I could tell he was putting on an act—I let out a scream and started to bawl like a baby. Johnny walked off with both girls. *Huh*, I thought, *I've fixed him up with a couple of dates.*

When he came back home he gave me a lecture about keeping my mouth shut.

"I only did it for fun," I told him.

But he refused to listen to me. He was the Big Brother, and I was Younger Sister, and he was bound and determined to set me straight.

Later on I reminded him about the episode. I was laughing myself sick remembering it. After I told him about it, I thought he'd laugh, too. "Oh," he said, lifting his eyes from some serious book he was reading, "I remember. That's when you were a child."

He never even cracked a smile.

Telephone troubles

If you have a big brother, you'll know what I mean when I say 'telephone calls,' and 'girls.' You've got to put up with both every day. The telephone's always ringing, and it's usually some female with a mooning voice asking for the Big Boy.

One time I told one of them—she was just too dreamy for words—Johnny was so heartbroken over a rotten love affair that he ran and enlisted in the Merchant Marines, and she started to sob over the telephone. "He didn't even call to say good-bye," she sniffed.

"I know," I said, "isn't it a shame? He didn't tell any (Continued on page 53)

Now!

Cuticura helps teen-age skin faster than ever

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Within 5 Days, Many Doctors Report*

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Cuticura

*Cuticura has said for years —
Wishing won't help your skin, Cuticura will!*





First impressions are what count with the guys, according to a MODERN SCREEN masculine beauty poll. What girl wouldn't like the tumble and approval of Tony Curtis, Gregory Peck, Kirk Douglas or Barry Sullivan?—we feel these stars are in the know! Top question on the poll—we asked, “Do men like gals to use haircoloring on their hair?” “Yes, if it will give a gal's appearance a lift, if it will help dramatize her personality—then girls (and women) should use haircoloring. A lot of the feminine sex need a little added spark. Women of the (continued on page 56)

HOLLYWOOD VERDICT: let COLOR GO TO YOUR HEAD



(Continued from page 51) of us, either."

When she found out the truth, she wanted my scalp—natch. Fortunately Johnny wasn't especially interested in her, so we didn't have the usual knock-down, drag-out clash.

But big brothers are generous. Generous with a capital G. Ask any sister with an older brother, and she'll testify to that. If some stranger wanted advice on weight-lifting or baseball or BB gun shooting, all he'd have to do is ask my brother for some tips. Before you knew it, Johnny'd be lending him a bat or a baseball or the use of his gun. But let me, Dolores, ask Johnny for the loan of an old shirt I want to wear to a wiener roast, and his big-brother big-heartedness comes through.

"If I catch you taking any of my shirts, so help me I'll report a theft," he'd say.

Big brothers—they're so sensitive. If you're waiting for a call from some special somebody who's promised to ask you out on a Coke date, then Big Brother'll get on the telephone and talk with one of his piefaces for hours. But let me be on the phone for a minute, telling a girlfriend I'll meet her at Lou's luncheonette, and if he's expecting a call from one of his hundred females, he lets out a war whoop like a Sioux Indian and doesn't let up until the telephone's free.

Truth is, there's another side to the Big Brother personality. After a few years go by and he sees that his sister has developed into a human being and buried her monster manners with the past, he might take notice and might be likely to do some pretty nice things. Johnny has.

My date with Johnny

Last winter when Johnny came home for a visit from Hollywood, he said, "Shucks, Dee, I know it's not in Emily Post, but you know what? I'm going to take you out on a date."

He said he'd call me from New York that afternoon, and he'd tell me where to meet him. He had to take care of some business details in the city, and there wasn't any sense in his coming back to Brooklyn to pick me up.

When he called to tell me to meet him at 4:30 in the Palm Court of the famous Plaza Hotel for some English tea, I asked him what did he want me to wear.

"For crying out loud, I don't know. Dress up. Dress for the theater!" He sounded so blasé.

I put on a new dress—a navy blue chemise with navy blue stockings and mid-heel pumps.

When I got to the Plaza, he looked at my outfit and said, "Where did that miserable sack come from?"

I told him I bought it at one of New York's best department stores.

"You look like a lopsided balloon," he said and he sent me all the way back to Brooklyn—an hour's ride on the subway—to get into a 'decent' dress.

I met him at seven o'clock at the Vesuvius Restaurant wearing a neat-fitting red sheath, and he thanked me for looking civilized.

We ordered clams casino and steak pizzaiola, a fancy Caesar salad and broccoli with Hollandaise sauce. I was thrilled. I'd never eaten in such a fabulous place before. By dessert time when we were having strawberry parfaits, everyone in the restaurant was looking at Johnny and his date—and I felt like a celebrity.

After we finished our parfaits, the waiter came over and asked Johnny for his autograph. Then the waiter asked me how it felt to be a sister of a famous movie star.

The whole illusion I was trying to create was ruined. How did the waiter know! "Who told you I was his sister?" I said to him.

He said, "Nobody. I can see it in your

face." So my lovely dream of posing as a deb date for Johnny was shattered.

That night we went to see Tony Perkins in the Broadway play, *Look Homeward, Angel*, and I was so moved at the end of the play when Tony leaves home and embraces his mother for a last good-bye that I soaked up three hankies with tears.

Afterwards we went backstage and talked to Tony. Joan Fontaine was leaving Tony's dressing room. She, too, had seen the play that night, and she was scolding Tony for not calling her for lunch.

When Johnny introduced me to Tony, I almost sank to the floor. Tony has a way of saying a girl's name so softly that it sends thousands of little chills up your spine. I nearly swooned.

Cinderella at Downey's

We went to Downey's Restaurant then where all the young stage and screen stars go, and we ordered espresso coffee. Lena Horne was there and I was thrilled.

Lena looked beautiful. She was wearing a white angora sweater with a pearl-beaded collar, and a pale pink wool skirt, and all I did was stare at her—which is rude. But I couldn't help it. She has such striking, delicate features; and anyway I flip whenever I see a celebrity in person.

Johnny talked to some of his friends about acting and Hollywood and how he hopes to do a Broadway play some day, and then he looked at his watch and said, "For Pete's sake, why didn't you tell me? It's after midnight. I've got to get you home. It's way past your bedtime."

Was I humiliated! Sure, I'm only seventeen—but there it was, that aggravating big-brother remark that made me feel like two cents.

I looked straight into his eyes and said, "I'm not going to turn into a pumpkin."

Then he looked up and stared at me for a moment. Soon he was laughing that snickering little laugh of his. "I guess you won't," he said softly. "I guess you won't after all. You're a big girl now."

In a little while we went home. He splurged and treated us to a taxi which cost five bucks. He told me now that I'd shown him what a lady I was he'd take me out at least once every time he visited New York.

We arrived home, and Johnny got out his psychology book—he's a bug on psychology—and he said he was going to read a while. I thanked him for everything, and he told me it was a pleasure to spend an evening with a grown-up sister. I went up the stairs to my bedroom thinking of all the battles we'd had. I remembered the times I tried to teach him to jitterbug and how he'd yell at me when he tripped all over himself. I remembered all the times he chased me for being a conniving brat, and I wondered if there'd be other silly fights and arguments. Probably. He'd always be my Big Brother and there'd be times when we just wouldn't agree on things.

I got ready for bed. I said my prayers and crawled under the covers. But I couldn't sleep. I decided I had to tell him he was pretty wonderful. I put on my bathrobe and I went to the head of the stairs and I called in a loud whisper.

"What do you want now?" he said in an irritated tone of voice. I guess he was deep in concentration over his book.

Something inside me told me to hold back.

"I just wanted to say good night," I told him. I don't think he even heard me. Something told me to leave well enough alone. Sure, I was proud of Johnny. He knew it. I didn't have to say it.

Because if I didn't look out, that mysterious voice inside me warned, big brothers can be spoiled too! **END**

Johnny is in *THE RESTLESS YEARS* for UI.

on
everyone's
lips!



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WORTH
SEEING
THIS
MONTH

NEW MOVIES

by Florence Epstein

FOR LAUGHS

The Reluctant Debutante

FOR ADVENTURE

Tank Force

Wind Across The Everglades

The Fiend Who Walked The West

FOR ROMANCE

The Truth About Women

FOR DRAMA

The Restless Years

FOR WARMTH

Me and The Colonel



Rex Harrison and Kay Kendall (left) try to marry off daughter Sandra Dee, but she's got eyes for John Saxon (center).

THE RELUCTANT DEBUTANTE

merry Rex Harrisons

Rex Harrison
Kay Kendall
Sandra Dee
John Saxon
Angela Lansbury

■ Sandra Dee doesn't want to 'come out.' British society life bores her 'cause she was brought up in America. And she is practically stupefied by the prize catch of all—Palace Guardsman Peter Myers—who has a protruding upper lip and only one topic of conversation: traffic jams. But Sandra's father, Rex Harrison, is persuaded by Sandra's newly acquired step-mother, Kay Kendall, that Sandra must be mated with one of Britain's aristocrats—any one, but preferably Peter Myers. Kay is set to do battle for him against another Mama, foxy Angela Lansbury. Sandra promptly falls for a drummer, John Saxon who is hired, along with a band, to play at the fancy balls. There is an endless round of parties which paralyze Rex, but undaunted Kay moves in for the kill. Peter is only too eager to be victimized by Sandra. Comes the night that she and Saxon duck out of a party just before the national anthem, and Kay is beside herself. There is nothing more hilarious than Kay Kendall beside herself or any place else for that matter. And she certainly deserves the happy ending.—METROCOLOR, MGM

THE FIEND WHO WALKED THE WEST

a sadist on horseback

Hugh O'Brian
Stephen McNally
Robert Evans
Dolores Michaels
Linda Cristal

■ In 1870 Hugh O'Brian's ranch wasn't flourishing so he joined a trio of tough characters

and robbed a bank. Too bad for him. The others got away and Hugh, for refusing to name them, gets ten years in the state pen. His cell mate is Robert Evans—otherwise known as the 'fiend.' Evans murders another prisoner and makes it look like stomach trouble, finishes his short sentence and goes out and kills an old lady with a bow and arrow. The old lady was the mother of one of the bank robbers. Later, Evans finds the bank robber himself, makes him hand over the loot, and murders him. Still later he visits Hugh's wife, Linda Cristal, and suggests they carve out a life together. "Never!" says she. Enraged, he beats up his girlfriend, Dolores Michaels. Hugh, meanwhile, is stewing in jail. Naming his accomplices won't free him now—they're all dead. But Judge Edward Andrews lets Hugh 'escape' so that he can bring the fiend in on a charge of murder. Bringing him in isn't impossible, but getting him convicted is tricky. It's no fun for Hugh to have a madman on the loose. Violence, aplenty!—CINEMASCOPE, 20TH-FOX

ME AND THE COLONEL

heartwarming comedy

Danny Kaye
Curt Jurgens
Nicole Maury
Akim Tamiroff
Francoise Rosay

■ As a Polish Jew, Danny Kaye's most well-developed instinct is for survival. It's 1940 and the Nazis are marching across Europe. Danny, who has always been one step ahead of them, is stuck in Paris with no apparent means of escape. Also stuck is an anti-Semitic and arrogant Polish Colonel, Curt Jurgens, from Danny's hometown. Curt can hardly bear the sight of Kaye and will speak to him

only through a second party—a charming little waitress, Francoise Rosay, for whom Curt has lit a candle in 'the cathedral of his heart.' But Curt is under orders to flee to England, and when Danny turns up with the only car—a Rolls Royce—in Paris, and the last gallon of gasoline, Curt agrees to drive him south toward safety. To Kaye's horror, Curt drives north toward the Nazis, and with the enemy all around, romantically 'rescues' his sweetheart, Nicole Maury. The party—including orderly Akim Tamiroff—pile into the car and the flight begins. No matter where they stop or how hopeless the circumstances, Kaye always manages to turn the trip into a pleasure cruise. In one small, overcrowded village he requisitions a castle with a full wine cellar. Despite himself, Curt begins to think of Kaye as a comrade, and Nicole begins to think of him as a man. A couple of encounters with the Nazis find both men coming to each other's rescue and by the time they reach a border town where a British sub is waiting for Jurgens, a lifelong friendship has been created. Also, a small problem. Nicole can't decide which of these two 'possibilities' is the best for her.—COLUMBIA

THE RESTLESS YEARS

teenage troubles

John Saxon
Sandra Dee
Luana Patten
Margaret Lindsay
Teresa Wright

■ Sandra Dee doesn't know it but she's an illegitimate child. Her mother, Teresa Wright, knows it very well and lives in virtual seclusion in the small town of Liberty. Nasty rumors make it very hard for Sandra to find friends among the teenagers. Persuaded by a

kind teacher to attend a high school dance, Sandra meets John Saxon who's just been brushed by a snob named Luana Patten. Sandra and John find enough strength in each other's company to try out for the school play—and get the parts. But that little Luana is hatching a plot. She wants Sandra's part—and spreads a rumor that Sandra was seen nude in the bushes with Saxon. Horrors! She's just like her mom! But Sandra has the advantage of Johnny to defend her, and of Johnny's father, who is learning some truths of his own in an effort to become a business success. This makes Teresa Wright see the light. Just because she was careless with a musician doesn't mean her daughter can't behave like a lady.—U.I.

TANK FORCE

desert adventure

Victor Mature
Leo Genn
Anthony Newley
Bonar Colleano
Luciana Paluzzi

American Victor Mature has joined the British army in World War II. During a tank battle on the Libyan desert he and a lot of buddies—including Leo Genn, Bonar Colleano, Anthony Newley—are taken prisoners by the Germans. Natural leader Genn patiently tries to organize his campmates for a large escape, but Mature can't wait that long. In the first place he hates Germans because they murdered his wife who was a German Jew; in the second place the Germans are looking for him because he threw a bomb at Goebbels. Bonar Colleano and he keep trying to escape on their own, and everybody else thinks they're selfish. Finally, they and three others make a break in the camp ambulance, reach an Italian officers' mess at Lido. The Italians aren't friendly, but cafe owner Luciana Paluzzi likes Mature from way back. Leaving the Lido strewn with bodies, our boys race across the desert only to be captured by Arabs. But torture by Germans in an Arab tent doesn't work on Mature—they want him to confess he attacked Goebbels. In fact, one German officer is so ashamed of the brutality that he helps Mature and his remaining buddies escape. They escape back to the desert tank force. Plenty of action!—TECHNICOLOR, COLUMBIA

WIND ACROSS THE EVERGLADES

Burl Ives
Christopher Plummer
Gypsy Rose Lee
George Voskovec
Chana Eden

There's hardly a hotel in Miami the year nature teacher, Christopher Plummer, arrives—but there are plenty of rare birds—the real kind, with feathers. Most of these birds are stone cold dead, due to a flourishing black market trade in plumes. All the ladies wear them on their hats. When Plummer rips the feathers off the hat of one Mrs. Legget—wife of the school superintendent—he winds up in jail. The head of the Audubon Society bails him out and offers him a job as bird warden in the Everglades. Bird watching turns out to be nearly fatal, what with Burl Ives and his outlaw 'Swamp Angels' shooting up the sky. They've already disposed of two former wardens in their zeal to cash in on the bird plumes. Burl and his 'hoods' aren't the only menace; the swamplands are largely uncharted and there are certain trees which are fatal to the touch. Between eventful trips to the Glades, Plummer boards with storekeeper George Voskovec and his daughter Chana Eden. Chana nurses his wounds whenever he returns, and they fall in love. Plummer's last trip to the Glades, with a warrant for Ives' arrest, is the climactic episode. Ives does not come gently; he has a fierce red beard, a poi-

sonous snake for a pet, a crew of sadistic helpers—and some friends in high places in Miami. The story's unusual, the scenery's lovely.—TECHNICOLOR, WARNERS

THE TRUTH ABOUT WOMEN

love in every country

Julie Harris
Eva Gabor
Laurence Harvey
Diane Cilento
Mai Zetterling

The truth is, Britisher Laurence Harvey never knew very much about women, but he loved them awfully well. Now he's an old man remembering his past for a disgruntled son-in-law. His first backward glance is at the estate of Diane Cilento. He was young and in the Diplomatic Corps—and she was bold and beautiful. Let's live together for a year, says she, and then we'll see about getting married. Shocked though he is, Laurence is about to say yes, when he's shipped off to Yekrut—that's Turkey spelled backwards. There he breaks into a sultan's harem to steal Jackie Lane, but she falls out of the escape bag and he's kicked out of the country. In Paris there is Eva Gabor—and her husband. Hubby challenges Laurence to a duel. In London, he's caught in a 'lift' with artist Julie Harris, and she presents him with five daughters. Julie passes on. After a skirmish in World War I Laurence wakes up in a hospital bed over which hovers nurse Mai Zetterling. He proposes—but her estranged husband disposes of the competition in a scandalous courtroom spectacle. What's left for Laurence? Well, one of those women is still around to tickle his white beard—which Laurence hopes is a consoling thought to men everywhere.—EAST-MANCOLOR, CONTINENTAL

RECOMMENDED MOVIES NOW PLAYING:

CAT ON A HOT TIN ROOF (MGM): Big Daddy (Burl Ives) has been told by his doctor that he's not going to die, so he makes a big party to celebrate. At the party, Big Daddy starts bullying his favorite—but drunken—son (Paul Newman) who then tells Big Daddy that he is going to die, after all. Meanwhile, Paul's wife, Liz Taylor, tries to hold on to Paul who isn't interested. Lots of strong emotional scenes follow.

THE NAKED AND THE DEAD (Warners): General Raymond Massey likes all his men to keep in line by being scared. But Cliff Robertson thinks men find strength through love. And there's Aldo Ray who only cares about getting loot and keeping his unfaithful wife (Barbara Nichols) faithful. They're all together on a Japanese-held island in the jungle.

THE FLY (20th-Fox): Science Fiction becomes pretty spooky when scientist Al Hedison invents a box that disintegrates atoms and one night disappears in the box with a fly for company. His wife, Patricia Owens frantically calls her brother-in-law, Vincent Price, and asks him to help her find Al. There are some pretty startling changes and spooky ones, too, that take place in this film.

THE DEFIANT ONES (United Artists): When prisoners Tony Curtis and Sidney Poitier escape from a chain gang—chained to each other—the governor's pretty sure that they won't get very far. When they reach Cara Williams' house, though, they break the chains that bind them—but they begin to realize deeper responsibilities toward each other.

THE HUNTERS (20th-Fox): Flying ace Robert Mitchum finds lovely May Britt crying her eyes out over alcoholic hubby Lee Philips who feels he's a coward. May Britt asks Mitchum to help Philips and he agrees, because he loves her. When Philips is bombed out over enemy territory, Mitchum and Bob Wagner go to his aid. Lots of he-man adventure.

THE PARISIENNE (United Artists): Brigitte Bardot's out to catch Henri Vidal. Poppa makes him marry her when he catches them in Henri's bedroom. Brigitte tries to keep Henri faithful and feels that a little jealousy won't hurt. So she runs off with Prince Charles Boyer. Ooh la la. What fun!

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let color go to your head

(Continued from page 52) theatre learn this in their training but non-professionals have to learn their beauty tricks from editorials and ads on their own." This quote was taken from a heart to heart talk with star, husband and father, Barry Sullivan, now appearing on Broadway in The Producers Theatre musical, *Goldilocks*.

When we asked Barry "What is it that you first notice about a girl's or woman's general appearance?" he answered, "Well, first the total impression she makes—the general appearance and then perhaps some distinguishing features like hair, eyes, skin, legs, what have you."

Barry's first response to our query, "You mention hair—what do you think about girls and women using haircoloring on their hair?" was "I've never really noticed whether a girl or woman used haircoloring or not."

That also was the opinion of our entire MS masculine beauty poll. This unanimous comment—does she color her hair or doesn't she—was good news for it not only shows how expertly the manufacturers are making natural haircolorings today but also how artful girls and women

are becoming in the use of these preparations. Perhaps this is why the MS masculine beauty poll was heartily in favor of haircoloring as a glamour-getting beauty routine.

"Should grey-haired women tint their hair?" we continued our questioning of Barry, starring in this article. "Sure," he answered, "there's no reason in the world why a woman shouldn't try to look the age she feels or wants to feel."

Then the big question. "It's been said that 'Gentlemen prefer blondes, their eyes will follow a redhead, but they marry brunettes'—Barry," we asked, "what do you think about this, what do you prefer?" "I'm not ducking a direct answer when I say that every man has his preference—but, he'll look at the good-looking girl or woman who is *decidedly* a blonde, a redhead or a brunette—but not at a dull looking woman. No man likes mousy-hair—it is nondescript," explained Barry.

Now for a daring question which Barry did not falter on. "What do you think of teen-agers who 'do something' to their hair?" Barry approved. "More power to them! The sooner a young lady learns how to make the most of her appearance the better. When my daughter reaches the

experimental stage I'll send her to beauticians—that way she'll learn how—and she will 'look her prettiest' at all times, which is the duty of the fair sex."

When a father wants to guide his daughter to greater beauty and excitement we know parents are really getting aboard. Our MS masculine beauty poll seconded this opinion. The first teen year should see a gal commence her beauty crusade. Today girls in their teens take on the beginnings of their careers and they should be ready for this big step—beautifully groomed and smartly dressed. They should be ready to make their first total impression—from head to toe—one to be remembered!

As the first step—start today to let color go to your head!

Too bad you can't see Barry in *Goldilocks*, unless you are living in or near New York—but don't miss Gregory in *The Big Country* (U.A. release); Kirk in *The Vikings* (U.A. release); Tony in *The Defiant Ones* (U.A. release); and don't miss choosing your new haircoloring from this list of suggested preparations: CLAIROL, BLONDEX, DUBARRY (*Color-Glo, Tru-Tint*), RICHARD HUDNUT (*Light and Bright*), NESTLE, NOREEN, MARCHANDS, ROUX, TINT 'n SET, INC.

the life and death of gladys presley

(Continued from page 29) there's a tiny baby howling and scampering around, it don't hurt none to—"

She stopped in the middle of the sentence and roared with laughter as she watched Vernon drop the hammer first, then turn around and look down at her, then come shooting down the ladder, and then come running over to her and grabbing her plump young arms in his strong hands.

"You say baby?" Vernon Presley asked.

"I did," Gladys answered.

"You sure?" he asked.

"I was only told so this afternoon by the finest doctor in all East Tupelo, Mississippi," Gladys answered.

Vernon let out with a wild, hollering whoop. And then he kissed his wife.

"And," Gladys went on, "this doctor, he asked me a lot of questions about our family history and after I was through he said, 'I wouldn't be surprised if it was twins, Mrs. Presley.'"

"Say that again, ma'am," Vernon asked, his face paling from sun-red to sandy white.

"You heard me," Gladys said, laughing again, tickled by her husband's first show of daddy-nerves.

Vernon turned and looked back at the house he'd just finished building. "Maybe I should have made it three rooms," he said.

More important than money

"We couldn't afford that, Vern'," Gladys said. Suddenly, the laugh she'd been laughing vanished and she was serious now. "We couldn't afford that. We can hardly afford what we got . . . But there is one thing we can afford if it's twins, poor as we are. That's love, Vern'. That's one thing we don't have to save for and buy. That's one place where this poorness of ours don't count."

She took her husband's hand in hers, this pretty nineteen-year-old girl turning woman, and she squeezed it hard.

"I hope it is twins," she went on to say. "I hope and wish it with all my heart so's we can double up on that one thing we know we can give 'em—love, and so we can love 'em and love 'em and love 'em, and so when they're big they can always

say, 'That ma and pa of ours, they didn't have much of nothing, but they sure were rich in love. . . .'"

Gladys Presley learned a few months later that her wish would come true. And then a few months after that, on the night of January 8, 1935, she gave birth to two sons. One of them she named Aaron. The other she named Elvis. The baby named Aaron died a few months after he was born. The other baby, now Elvis Aaron, was—though unusually quiet for a new-born—both powerful and healthy-looking and it was clear that he would live. It was clear, too, from the expression on Gladys Presley's face as she held him in her arms that first time and watched his closed eyes squint and waited for him to unloose his lips and cry, the way her other baby had cried at first and would never cry again, it was clear from all this that tiny Elvis Aaron would get his full share of the doubled-up love his mother had talked about that happy night so many months before out on the dust-covered road. . . .

The next years were not easy ones for Gladys Presley. Vernon, a house painter, a good one, had trouble finding work because most people in Tupelo and East Tupelo and thereabouts didn't have enough money at that time to worry about peeling walls. So the money situation was always tough. And so, not long after Elvis was born, Gladys decided it would be a good idea for her to go back to work at the dress factory.

"I've got to," she told people who told her she was silly, that she was still too weak from giving birth. "We got a boy to bring up and he's going to be brought up right. He's going to have shoes so's he can go to school and church, and he's going to have books so's he can read and toys so's he can play and be happy like other kids."

At first, Gladys Presley managed it well enough.

She'd never give up

But after a few years, her health began to fail.

The walk to town every morning, the walk back at night, the hours over the sewing machine, the hours over the stove,

the worrying about Vernon when he found it harder and harder to get work, the worrying about Elvis when he came down with a case of this or that, like he was always doing—there were other women who might have been able to manage it, but it was turning out to be hard on Gladys Presley, too hard.

She wouldn't give up, though, not for all the begging anybody, her husband and her son especially, could muster.

"Will you stay home tomorrow and get some rest?" her husband would ask on a night when Gladys would be working at something around the house and sneezing at the same time, her eyes glazed with fever and her face flushed.

And Gladys Presley would answer, "I passed that new grocery store in town today, Vern', and they got a sign advertising milk three cents cheaper than I been paying. I got to try 'em. If it's really good milk it'll be quite a saving."

"Ma," her son would ask on a night when Gladys Presley would stop suddenly in the middle of whatever she was doing and look as if she were about to faint, as she would reach for a chair or a wall to lean against to keep from falling, "can't you let things be and take it easy and stop working so hard, Ma?"

And Gladys Presley would say, "Elvis . . . you know . . . I was reading in the papers tonight that a wonderful group of Gospel singers is going to be at the church Sunday night. And we can go. And you can sing along with them, like you like to. And . . . and ain't that going to be wonderful, Son?"

This is the way it went for years.

But then, finally, came the night in 1949 when her husband and her son, fourteen years old now, decided that they should move away from Mississippi and take Gladys Presley to an easier life.

The father and son talked it over first. Then they talked to the woman of the house. They told her to set, that they had something important to say.

"We been hearing," Vernon began, "that things are pretty good up Memphis-way for jobs and better money. We been thinking we should all go live up there for a while and try it out."

"It's a big city, Ma," Elvis butted in, "where they got lots o' houses, which means Pa can do a lot more painting."

"Good idea?" Vernon asked. "Do you

want to do it. Do you want to move?"

Gladys Presley didn't answer for a while.

Then she shrugged and she said, "As long as they got churches and schools in Memphis, as long as you and Elvis will be happy, then it's all right with me."

For the next few moments she looked around the little house she had known so well for the past fourteen years, thinking her private thoughts.

Then she got up from the table and went to start the supper dishes, and to pray silently that what they were going to do was the right thing to do. . . .

A new home and a bad break

Memphis seemed fine at first to Gladys Presley. Vernon was finding work. Elvis was going to a good school. And even though the house they'd moved into on Alabama Street was only a one-roomer, smaller even than the house back in Mississippi, it was nice and it was clean and there was something about the way the big Tennessee sun shone through its windows all day that seemed to promise warm, happy things to come.

But then it happened, the bad thing, the worst thing that could have happened. One day while working, Vernon Presley fell from a ladder and broke his back. He was taken to the hospital. And to pay his bills, Gladys Presley got a job at the same hospital and for more than two years she bathed people, changed beds, carried bed-pans and worked harder than she'd ever worked before.

To help, her son Elvis began to work too, after school; as a movie usher, then as a factory hand, then as a truck driver.

Gladys Presley hadn't wanted him to work. She'd wanted him to go to school and study during the day and to do at night what the other kids in Memphis did—get together and talk and laugh and play and sing.

But this wasn't the way it was to be, it seemed.

And came the night when Elvis, nearly seventeen now, came home from work at eleven o'clock and was so exhausted he fell asleep right in the middle of his supper of mashed potatoes and hard bread, asleep, right there at the table in his chair across from her, and Gladys Presley—who'd never once complained about anything in her whole life—slammed her fist hard into her lap now and cried out, "Oh Lord, Lord, ain't this family of ours ever going to have any luck?"

She had no way of knowing that one day, in about two years' time, her son, Elvis, would buy a guitar and make a phonograph record of his singing and that the Lord would thus answer her cry. . . .

Those few years after the first record was made—and there were to be only a few more years for Gladys Presley—saw all the wonders of the world thrown suddenly into her lap. Suddenly, overnight, her son was one of the most famous people in the world. Suddenly, her son was one of the richest young people in the world. Suddenly, her son was moving her and her husband from their one-roomer on Alabama Street to a \$40,000 house on Audubon and then to a \$100,000 mansion called *Graceland*, just outside Memphis—a mansion with servants, red carpets, a swimming pool, white-and-gold-finished pianos, a gigantic refrigerator always stuffed with food—with everything in the world.

Gladys Presley was happy now. Yes, she was unused to this way of living and she became shy of people who made such a fuss everytime they saw her and she stayed more and more inside the stone walls of *Graceland* as time passed. And yes, she would get upset when she picked

up a newspaper and read some of the terrible things some people were writing about her son—about how he was leading other young people to sin through his songs—and she would sit with her husband at night and say, "Don't they realize that Elvis' songs have never hurt a body, young or old, and that he's got joy inside him and that he's just passing on that joy when he sings?"

Yes, there were the times when Gladys Presley's heart was sad and confused.

But, overall, she was happy. For through all this period, she and her husband had their son's love, stronger than it had ever been.

And in this period came the one moment of supreme happiness, the pure moment of pride in her offspring, the moment she would never forget for as many days as she had left to live on this earth.

The moment occurred at *Graceland*, one morning. Gladys sat in the downstairs drawing room, sewing. In the next room two colored women servants—one young, one very old—were working and a little boy was playing. The boy was a grandson of the old servant, a boy of four or five who would come up to *Graceland* occasionally to visit with his grandma. He was a great little talker. And though the door was almost closed, Gladys Presley could hear him talking away about everything under the sun.

As good as Mr. Presley

At one point, when he began rambling on about how tall he was going to be when he got older, Gladys heard one of the servants, the younger one, ask, "Say, tell me now, just what are you going to be when you grow up and get so big?"

"I'm gonna be famous and good," she heard the little boy answer.

"Like a president of the United States or something?" she heard the young woman ask.

"No," the little boy answered, "like Elvis Presley."

Gladys began to smile. She'd just started to smile, in fact, when she heard the older woman, the boy's grandmother, say, "Amen to that, my little baby. Amen to that. And never mind about the 'famous' part. Just be as good a person as Mr. Presley is, as good as he is to his parents and to all of us who work here and to all his friends he keeps in clothes and food. Just be like that, my little baby, good, and I'll forever say, 'Amen, Amen.'"

Gladys Presley sat in her chair, her sewing in her lap, long after the two servants and the boy had left the adjacent room.

If she'd been the kind of person who cried easily, she would have wept for joy now.

In the last couple of years she'd heard all kinds of people say all sorts of fine things about her son—Governors, Hollywood producers, record company presidents, press agents, important people from important walks of life.

These things she'd heard had always consoled the hurt she'd felt when she'd read some of the bad things.

These things had made her feel better than she might otherwise have felt, even though deep down she knew that some of these people had said what they'd said because they were expected to or because it would benefit them or because of other mysterious reasons she couldn't quite understand, but felt.

But now, as she remembered those warm *Amens* that had come from the depths of the heart of a cleaning lady, old and simple and wise—now, as Gladys Presley sat there in her mansion, the simple word *Amen* echoing and re-echo-

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FRANCHISED BY BUTLER BROTHERS, CHICAGO



THE REVOLUTIONIST

■ She was seventeen. Her name was Manuella Oaxaca. And for days she had been walking along the dusty Mexican by-roads under a blazing sun. And she was carrying a burden on her back . . . her six-month-old son.

She carried another burden. Fear. The kind of fear that makes heroes of the weak, and gives courage to the strengthless.

Already she had walked over four hundred miles. Walked with the terror of suddenly hearing the roar of horses' hooves bearing down on her, the terror of hearing the shrill scream of Pancho Villa's revolutionists thundering past. For she had already heard that, many times. And each time been lucky in finding a bush or ruined house to hide behind. Four hundred miles of heat, and the cold of night, and hunger . . . and the kind of exhaustion that is overcome by only one thing: the knowledge that her baby's life depended on her reaching Texas. Texas, where her Irish husband waited with the frenzy of a man who knew his wife had left her family home in Chihuahua with their baby—and there was nothing he could do to help her. . . .

Thirty-seven years later, again there was the roar of hooves and the shrill scream of Mexican revolutionists. And one of the revolutionists was a man who remembered hearing the story of how his mother had walked these same roads to save his life, had walked these roads to save him from a band of men that he now had joined . . .

But there was one small difference. These men were actors—they were making a moving picture called *Viva Zapata!*—and Anthony Quinn was going to win an Oscar that he would never have been alive to receive if his mother had not walked five hundred miles to bring her son to safety. . . .

Anthony's in Paramount's THE BLACK ORCHID and will be in United Artists' SPARTACUS AND THE GLADIATORS.

ing through her mind, now for the first time . . . and maybe for the only time . . . did she feel that these new possessions and this new life and all this success that had been showered on her son was truly worthwhile. . . .

The beginning of the end—

It was during the summer of 1957 that Gladys Presley got sick again. People who should know say that she suffered from a nervous condition. Says one, "She wasn't too well to begin with and the tensions were becoming too great and, though she fought it happening, it happened and her nerves snapped wide apart." Says another, "The constant clamor of fans had begun to bother her, crank letters to worry her, and the repeated reflections on her boy's movements and morals to hurt her. . . . Even little things had begun to get on her nerves. One day, one of Elvis' buddies came in from the swimming pool and let out a piercing yell just as he got into the house. The sudden shriek so startled Mrs. Presley that she went into a nervous collapse. The Presleys then had no family doctor. He was a luxury they had not been able to afford during their long, lean years and had not needed since, until now. Vernon Presley telephoned the Doctors' Exchange and asked that a physician be sent to Graceland. When the doctor came, he gave Mrs. Presley a sedative and began treating her for a nervous condition, a condition that we know now so weakened her that when her liver became infected with hepatitis her heart began to grow weak, too . . . weaker and weaker and weaker. . . ."

The hepatitis attack occurred on Saturday, August 9, 1958. Gladys Presley was a few months past her forty-second birthday. She and her husband had just returned from visiting their son, now a soldier, at Fort Hood in Sabine, Texas. They were, in fact, still on the train, pulling into Memphis station, when Gladys felt the first attack and brought her hands to her stomach and told her husband that she hurt, hurt bad.

Vernon took her straight to their doctor's office, where she was examined and then ordered straight into Methodist Hospital.

At about five o'clock that afternoon, Gladys Presley picked up the phone by her bed and phoned Fort Hood.

"I don't feel so good, Elvis," she said into the receiver, a few minutes later. "I know I shouldn't worry you or bother you. But I just wanted to talk to you a little bit."

"No, no," she said, "I don't want you coming up here." She tried to smile. "I don't want you getting in trouble with none of those sergeants," she said. . . .

The final courage

Elvis flew up from Texas four days later. He'd been in constant touch with his pa and the doctor ever since he'd heard from his mother. At first, they'd told him what they believed to be the truth, that Gladys Presley was sick but that her condition was not too serious.

And then, as the days passed, her condition worsened. And, finally, Elvis was told to apply for an emergency leave, that his ma was asking for him and that it might help her if he surprised her with a visit.

Gladys Presley seemed fine that Wednesday afternoon at two o'clock when her boy came rushing into her room. She'd just finished lunch and she was sitting up in bed and she threw out her arms and she said, "My son, my son, I've wanted so much to see you."

For a while, she talked and laughed with her boy. And then a while later her

doctor came into the room to examine her and she joked with them both.

The doctor smiled and asked Elvis to please leave for a few minutes since he would like to get on with his examination.

It was about half an hour later when the doctor walked out of Gladys Presley's room and over to Elvis.

"Ma's all right, Doctor, isn't she?" Elvis asked. "She's getting better, isn't she?"

The doctor didn't answer exactly. Instead he said, "Why don't you go in for another while? And then you can go home and get some rest and let your ma get some rest, too. She hasn't got as much strength as it seems."

Elvis stayed till about six o'clock that night. And then he did go home, after kissing his mother and promising that he'd be by first thing in the morning.

As he left, he wondered why his pa—who'd since come by—didn't come along with him now, too; why his pa had whispered something to him about staying in the room all that night and sleeping on a cot next to Ma's bed. This seemed kind of funny to Elvis as he left, kind of strange. But he didn't ask any questions now. Everything seemed all right, in a way; but something was wrong, too—this Elvis knew. And maybe, he figured, maybe if he didn't ask any questions, what was wrong would disappear and tomorrow would come and Ma would prop herself up in bed again and they would talk some more and laugh some more and everything would be all right.

At three o'clock the next morning, the phone alongside Elvis' bed rang. He opened his eyes and for a few long moments just lay there and let the phone keep ringing. He knew what had happened. He knew his ma had died.

When, finally, he did pick up the phone and heard his father's voice tell him how it had happened—a heart attack from out of nowhere. So quickly, the sudden heavy breathing, then the no-breathing—he began to weep. He hung up the phone. He put on his shoes and pulled on a pair of pants and went to a drawer and pulled out the first shirt his fingers got hold of, a white stage-shirt with lots of frilly lace running up and down the front. And, still weeping, he left for the hospital.

His father was waiting for him outside his ma's room. Neither of them spoke.

When Elvis looked out at the still figure on the bed he called out, "There was gonna be so much to come, Ma, so much!"

Then he rushed over to the bed and brought his dead mother's hand to his lips and kissed it, over and over again.

And then again, he began to weep, loudly, like a child.

And it wasn't until much later, when the crying had stopped and the tears were hardened in long lines on his face, that he looked down at his mother's face and noticed for the first time that she had died smiling.

He didn't know why she had smiled during that last moment of life.

Nobody does, or ever will.

But maybe in that last moment of her relatively short life Gladys Presley had thought of a lot of things, of her good husband and her good son and all the wonderful things that had come to him.

And maybe she'd thought, too, about that happiest moment in her life and an old Negro cleaning woman.

And maybe the old woman's voice had come back to Gladys Presley in that last moment and, with it, the voices of a chorus of watching angels as together they all shouted a tremendous and joyous and final Amen.

END

Elvis' last picture was KING CREOLE for Paramount.

my life with dean

(Continued from page 34) Lewis. I'm a Florida girl myself and I was at the club with friends who also happened to be friends of Dean's. Dean came to our table. We were introduced. That was it!

How could I help but fall for this handsome man with dark, curly hair, the ready smile and the witty banter? Women in the audience openly sighed over him. But when his dark eyes fastened on mine and he said, "Please stay for the second show—I want to see you again," I knew something had kindled inside of him, too.

Back on the stage again, he sang *Embraceable You* and looked directly at me.

After the late show we went out and Dean began to tell me about himself. He told me something of his childhood in Steubenville, Ohio, a mill town where he had grown up. His father was a barber and as a boy Dean was poor and believed himself to be homely and unpopular. From a distance he had loved the mill owner's daughter—a pretty, blue-eyed blonde girl who lived in a magnificent house on the hill. She represented everything he wanted in life: beauty and class. But she didn't know he existed.

"I've looked for a girl like that all my life," Dean told me, "and now I've found her—in you."

Were we kidding ourselves? Maybe. I fell in love with a dream, and so did he. The man I saw was half of the fabulous team of Martin and Lewis, breaking all records, earning a fantastic salary, living a glamorous life, traveling all over the country, sought after by hordes of people. In me he thought he saw the image he'd been seeking: a blue-eyed blonde, a beauty queen (I was "Miss Orange Bowl" and a model), a girl who had been reared gently by an indulgent family and had had the advantages of going to college.

He was also to tell me that he was in the throes of a divorce from his wife, Betty. Their marriage of eight years had produced four children, but even the children didn't blot out their differences.

No troubles in sight

If he was a troubled man then, I didn't see it. We had a blithe courtship, as romantic as the love songs he sang. We spent glamorous evenings in the night club, glorious days on the Florida beaches. When Dean left for night club engagements in New York and Hollywood it was with plans for us to get married as soon as his divorce became final.

When he was settled in Hollywood again, I flew there and on September 1, 1949, we were married.

We had a fairytale wedding reception in the Beverly Hills home of a friend of Dean's, where hundreds of white orchids were set in the lawn, a beautiful, glamorous picture—but an unreal one. Before leaving on our honeymoon, Jerry found Dean's blue traveling suit, put it on and dived into the swimming pool. Our departure was delayed. I was close to tears, but the guests were laughing so I decided to be a good sport and take it.

But I couldn't always take what was to follow. After a week end in a honeymoon hideaway, we went on to Las Vegas where Dean and Jerry had a long engagement at the Sands Hotel. I was twenty years old then and had never had any contact with show business. In fact, I loved mostly the great outdoors, and sports like sailing and fishing.

In Las Vegas—just three days after our wedding—I found my life turned topsy-turvy. Dean worked until 3:00 a.m. The first night, when I thought Dean and I would go directly to our suite, a crowd of fun-lovers surrounded Dean and we

made the rounds to all the other night spots. Dawn was breaking when we finally got back to our hotel. I was beat.

It was like that all the time. We were never alone. We stayed up most of the night, slept most of the day. It was so new to me I thought I'd get sick.

One day I managed to get Dean alone and we had what I considered a typical honeymoon day. We drove up to Boulder Dam and took pictures of each other. I was very happy that we managed to get away from the noise and razzle-dazzle and spend a peaceful day by ourselves in a scenic spot, like most honeymooners do.

But there weren't many days like that. We tried to be together—no matter what. I traveled with Dean and the show when they played theater dates. Dean did seven shows a day, from 9:30 in the morning until 1:00 at night. The first day was a mess. I'd expected show business to be

During a recent night club act, Judy Garland was on the floor for well over an hour and sang *Swanee* twice (by popular demand).

"What'll I do for a fast get-off now?" Judy asked the crowd.

A squeaky voice from somewhere said, "Why don't you sing *Swanee*, lady?" It was Jerry Lewis speaking.

Earl Wilson
in the New York Post

glamorous, but it was something else. I sat in Dean's dressing room and saw him for only brief moments—when he'd come in, wet with perspiration, and flop into a chair. He'd shower, change, then run out on the stage again. It was like that all day and all night. We never left the theater. I sat in the dressing room day and night for weeks. It was either that or staying alone in the hotel room in a strange city, with nothing to do.

I traveled with him this way until the expected arrival of our baby made it impossible for me to continue.

Dean and I had to be separated many times while I was waiting for the baby. But there were also times when we were together. Infrequent as they were, we were grateful for them. His four children would visit us occasionally, and I thought how wonderful it would be when our own baby was born and had three sisters and a brother already here.

Although Dean had a heavy financial responsibility toward his first wife and the children, besides a load of debts to be paid, I wasn't too worried. He was doing extremely well and the team of Martin and Lewis was growing hotter by the minute. I was certain that all of our money problems would clear up soon and Dean would be out of debt.

Then, that dream exploded, too.

One after another, four people who had known Dean in the past filed separate lawsuits against him claiming they had helped him in his career and were entitled to a cut of his earnings. Lawyers were on the phone constantly and I was very much upset by the whole thing. It made Dean very nervous, too, and he'd come home silent and glum. Eventually all the lawsuits were settled. We'd lost every one of them, and it cost us a small fortune.

Dean and I felt extremely lucky that he was able to be home when Dino was born. But a few days later, he had to take off on the road again. This time, because of the baby, I couldn't go. It was probably just as well. The conditions under which I traveled with him had begun to create tension rather than harmony. It

wasn't exactly a picnic for Dean to clown on the stage while worrying about me cooped up in his dressing room.

Since Dean was home only about three months out of the year, this left mighty little time for us to share our life as man and wife. I think it was at this time that I discovered the real Dean. One far different from the cocky, fun-loving Dean Martin that most people knew. Perhaps it was his insecure childhood, but I soon learned that my husband was a deeply sensitive man—quick to be hurt and inclined to withdraw into a shell of his own. At home he'd flop on the sofa and have long spells of silence, doing little more than watch tv. I'd be home most of the day and wanted to go out and be with people.

Conflict!

I tried to get Dean to dress up and go out, but he wanted to stay home. This could have led to arguments, except that Dean positively hates to argue. He finds it hard to express his feelings, and it tears him to pieces to have a quarrel. He and Jerry were having some differences then and it was deeply distressing to him, but he kept things to himself and brooded about them instead of talking them out.

Once, things got so bad at home I said, "Dean, let's sit down, just you and me, and thrash things out." He looked at me, his face drawn, then turned and walked away. I wish I could have understood him then as I do now. But I didn't. I felt rejected. I was furious. Several times after that I tried to get to the bottom of things, but instead of talking, Dean would withdraw. We never had fights with screaming and yelling; only a tight kind of silence for Dean—and tears for me.

I knew that Dean was going through great emotional strain. He and Jerry were about to split up as a team. Dean had the greatest respect for Jerry, but he thought it was time for him to be on his own. He wanted to establish his own identity as a performer and he felt if he remained part of the team he would never find himself. Well, the excitement this created all over the country! If Sears had tried to leave Roebuck the blast couldn't have been greater.

The talk of Hollywood

The whole town talked about it. And everyone told Dean he was crazy. They predicted that he would starve if he left Jerry. For a man with Dean's basic insecurities, this was enough to give him a case of the screaming meemies. He sank deeper and deeper into thought.

One night I managed to get Dean to go to a party. I thought he'd forget his troubles if he mingled with people again. But the minute we got there, the guests began to bombard Dean with questions about the impending split-up. Dean looked pained and clammed up. A few well-meaning friends took him aside and tried to persuade him not to leave Jerry. This made Dean so confused that he left the group. A couple of other guests got him alone and started to knock Jerry. This made Dean feel even worse, because he really liked Jerry. We left early.

He couldn't stand these discussions. No matter what friends said, they managed to upset Dean. In order to avoid hearing all this talk, Dean decided to avoid being with people.

Period!

We'd gone out little enough before, now we didn't go out at all. Staying home night after night, I saw my husband grow more worried, more silent, as though he were wrestling with some great problem that he alone could solve.

And that was true, in a way. Because I couldn't help him either. I wanted des- 59

A STAR IS NAMED



A cocktail party was under way. It was early evening. Place: a Stockholm motion picture studio. Year: 1925.

Present were director Mauritz Stiller, several producers with their assistants, a battery of secretaries, writers, photographers, and reporters. Also a very beautiful, very shy young actress.

They were celebrating the private showing of a new film, *Goesta Berling*. And from director down to the grips, everybody felt they had a hit.

But the producers were worried.

"Look, Stiller," said one, "this new discovery of yours, this girl, she's really terrific. Sure box-office. And the picture is great. But there's one thing: who's going to see a movie starring some unknown called Greta Louvisa Gustafsson? She has talent, beauty, and she's sure to connect—but not with *that* name!"

"Come to think of it," shuddered a second producer, "'Greta Louvisa Gustafsson' wouldn't even fit a marquise."

Gloom suddenly descended on the party. There was no doubt the producers were right. And the screen credits had to be printed in the morning.

Writer after writer suggested a name for the girl who sat quietly in the corner. One by one their suggestions were rejected. The evening dragged on; the room became filled with cigarette smoke; black coffee was served instead of cocktails. Nerves were snapping, but still no name.

"All right," said the producer, "this is getting us exactly nowhere. Has *anybody* got an idea?"

One writer, probably as a gag, said, "How about if we take a book out of the studio library, open it at random, and whatever word we spot, that's it." That's what he said—loosely translated from the Swedish, of course.

That broke the tension and everybody laughed. "Why not?" joked the producer. "It can't be any worse than the names we have so far."

Someone went for a book, and brought back—a Swedish-Spanish dictionary!

The writer closed his eyes, put his finger in the middle of a page.

He read: "*Behag—garbo.*"

"Garbo . . . garbo . . ." mused the producer. *Garbo* means *charm* in English. "Say, you know, that's not bad," he added, "not bad at all. In fact, I think it's good!"

And believe it or not, that's how, around 4:30 in the morning back in 1925, a long-forgotten script writer named a never-to-be-forgotten star: Greta Garbo!

perately to have him confide in me and see if we couldn't talk over this important decision on which our futures depended. But Dean had to find the answer himself. So I left him alone. But I was miserable.

Although I didn't influence Dean one way or another, I soon learned that people were blaming me for the break-up of Martin and Lewis. "It must be that new wife of his," they were saying. "Everything was fine until she came along." Even though it was untrue, it killed me every time I heard those rumors.

I found myself living with a stranger. At home Dean was morose and silent. Either that, or he'd leave the house and try to work off his tensions by playing golf all day.

We had another baby boy by this time, Ricci, and Dean would forget his troubles when he played with his two little sons. Other than that, he was still tied up in a knot of silence.

I couldn't stand it. All of my close friends were in Miami; I had no one to talk to. So we kept our tensions to ourselves until they mounted higher.

The last straw

Things had to come to a head. One morning, after a sleepless night, I said to Dean again, "Let's talk things over." Again the pained look on Dean's face and he walked away. I wanted to scream. My voice was actually trembling when I said to him, "Dean, I'm leaving you." He whirled around and I'll never forget the stunned look on his face.

I packed and got ready to take the two children to Palm Springs for a long rest. When Dean saw how distraught I was he was afraid to let me get behind the wheel of the car. He drove me and the children to Palm Springs and we didn't say a single word all the way. After he found a little house for us, we said good-bye. At the door I was amazed to see him suddenly break into tears and walk away.

After two months, I came home. Dean was living in an apartment and when he learned I was back in town he phoned me. This time he sounded more like the charm boy I had fallen in love with.

"Can a guy buy you dinner tonight?" he asked. There was a lilt in his voice. I found myself dressing for him with the enthusiasm of a girl dressing for her first date.

We had such a wonderful time that we made a date for the next night, too. Soon I was being courted by my husband all over again. We'd have dinner and go dancing and hold hands and kiss like a boy and girl who were falling madly in love. We found ourselves talking and laughing and confiding in each other as we had during those romantic nights in Florida. The thrill of being together had been recaptured. Slowly, we came to our senses and it seemed natural for Dean to move back into the house.

It's as though we'd discovered each other all over again.

All the pieces began to fall into place. Dean was on his own now, and from the beginning he was a sensation. In his first picture without Jerry, *Ten Thousand Bedrooms*, he clicked as a romantic actor. His stature as an actor is rising with his two latest pictures, *Rio Bravo* and *Some Came Running*. In night clubs and theaters he was such a smash that he'd have to be quintuplets to accept all the offers. And his recordings were all hits.

With success he found security and confidence for the first time in his life. It wasn't just the success and the money—for he'd had all that when he was with Jerry. It was the fact that he did it on his own. He had to know that audiences liked him for what he could offer them, without wondering if it was actually the

talent of Jerry that was carrying him.

Last year, to make our happiness greater, our family grew much bigger. Gina was born, and Dean's four children came to live with us. We thought our large home on two acres of ground in Beverly Hills could be stretched to hold Craig, sixteen, Claudia, fourteen, Gail, thirteen, and Deana, nine, besides our two lively boys and the baby. But how delightfully crowded we became! Upstairs and downstairs the house became a bedlam of noises and hi-fi sounds ranging from Mother Goose to Elvis Presley.

Before Dean and I discovered ourselves, we might have been thrown by all this change and confusion. But not this time. We simply called in an architect and asked him to add as many bedrooms as the house would accommodate. In the meantime, the kids are doubled up.

Maybe Dean and I don't have all the privacy we need, but we're too busy to care. I had to learn to grow up fast and take on the responsibilities of raising and guiding seven children of different ages, sizes and types.

Of all the children, Gail, a freckle-faced teenager who is in a state of constant motion, seems most likely to follow in her dad's footsteps and turn to show business. She dances superbly and has the drive to become a professional dancer. We think she'll make it, too. Other than that, the children are normal and noisy. Although it was practically overnight that I found myself the mother of three teenagers, I find it stimulating and a challenge.

Craig is a lanky, broad-shouldered sixteen-year-old who has so many friends I think he could run for President. He's in love and he's going steady—this week, that is.

Like teenage girls all over the country, Gail and Claudia are interested in clothes, boys and rock 'n' roll. They couldn't wait till Dean came home every night from the set of *Rio Bravo* to badger him with questions about Ricky Nelson, who was his co-star.

Dean is basically a family man and when I can't handle the kids he takes over. He can be mighty strict, too, like the time he had to punish Craig for not driving the younger children home from the movies as he was supposed to. Craig had dropped in to see his girl friend and had forgotten all about picking up the children, so Dean took away Craig's car for a week.

On the whole though, Dean's inclined to be pretty easy with the children. He gives Claudia and Gail an allowance of three dollars a week, for instance, then "lends" them five or ten dollars in between weeks. He lets the baby and the two younger boys muss him up, and Deana can twist him around her little finger just by smiling at him.

Dean used to say, "With so many mouths to feed, I should have a restaurant." So this year he bought one. It's called Dino's Lodge and it's on the Sunset Strip, not far from our home. Two or three evenings a week we troop down, all nine of us, and have a family dinner there. Dean says when we come in there's no room for the paying customers!

We're not floating on a cloud the way we did when we first met. Our feet are on the ground, but we know where we're going. We've worked out a lot of our problems and we've found peace of mind. Many new problems will arise, but at least now we can talk things over.

It took a lot of time, and a lot of tears, for me to find the marriage I dreamed of as a little girl. It may not be exactly as I pictured it, but I know my dreams have come true.

END

Watch for Dean in Warners' *RIO BRAVO*.

the night I tried to kill myself

(Continued from page 48) She clutched the railing with her trembling fingers. She looked down at the water of London's Thames River below. *The water was black, Gia thought, as black as the night around her. The water was black, Gia thought, so black that it could easily hide a person who went plunging into it, hide the person and her hurt and her broken memories. The water was black, Gia thought, and soon—God forgive her, oh all-knowing God forgive her—soon she would be a part of the water's blackness and then it would all be over, everything, over once and for all.*

"Miss!" she half-heard the cabdriver call out behind her as she looked down.

"Cosa?" she asked in Italian suddenly. "What?"

"Miss!" the voice called out again.

"Cosa—" Gia started to repeat. And then, she let out with a terrible scream. For in that short moment she had forgotten where she was and what she was about to do, and she had remembered another railing and another terrible time in her life when she had stood, like this, clutching and looking down at the water below . . . The memory flooded her mind. . . .

That first time

The big ship had just pulled out of the Naples dock. A band was playing an Italian song, sunnier than the huge sun that lounged spectacularly over the scene that unforgettable afternoon. Everybody on the ship was shouting and saying good-bye and throwing confetti like it was the greatest New Year's Eve of their lives. Some of the people laughed and some of them cried. But all of them strained their eyes towards the dock and watched the people who'd come to see them off, the friends and family they knew they might never see again as long as they lived now that they were off to a new life in the new world across the ocean.

All except the fourteen-year-old girl named Giovanna Scoglio. She would not look. She knew her mother was there on the dock with the others. She knew Mama was waving like the others, waving her long white handkerchief in time with the music like the others, waiting for her daughter to wave back. But the girl would not wave and she would not look.

"I had been so anxious to get on the ship and come to America," she has since said. "But at the moment the ship began to move I was suddenly afraid to be lonely and I was afraid now to be leaving behind the person I loved most in the world—my mother. And even though she had promised me she would come to America someday and join me, I thought maybe that day would never come. And I was sad. I was sadder than I ever imagined any human being could be."

So she stood there, the pretty fourteen-year-old girl, clutching at the ship's railing, staring at the water below, not daring to look up. And it was a long time later, after the others had left the railing and the big ship had passed the islands of Capri and Ischia and was practically beyond the sight of land, when the old, gentle-faced deck steward had come up to her and said, "Miss?"

"Cosa?" Gia had asked, looking up for the first time, "What?"

"Is there something I can do for you?" the deck steward had asked.

"Yes," Gia had said, the tears beginning to rush into her big eyes. "You . . . you can take me back to my mother!"

"And where is your mother?" the steward had asked, not quite understanding.

like to doodle?

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Gia pointed back, toward Italy, her home. "Ahhhh," said the steward, understanding now, "but that is impossible, Miss. You are here and your mother is there, and every moment you are getting farther and farther away from her."

"I know," Gia said. "I know."

And with that, unashamed, she'd begun to sob and she'd thrown herself into the old man's arms and cried and cried. . . .

Gia discovers Queens

America for Gia was not a dream come true at first. It had been her dream. For years she had wanted nothing more. She knew it would mean leaving her family behind in Rome, her mother, her sister Agatha, her father—though she did not really see too much of her father since he was in the import-export business and spent much of his time traveling. But even at her young age Gia had had a vision—to leave her war-torn country and go to the land of so-much opportunity and become an actress in such a land. She had an aunt and uncle living in New York—or rather in that city's very regal-sounding borough of Queens. And she knew that if she could only live with them for a few years and get to know America and its language and its people, everything else would be simple.

On Gia's fourteenth birthday, her mother had written to the relatives in America telling them of her young daughter's great wish. Three months later, to the day, Gia arrived in the United States.

That night, alone in her new bedroom, she sat down and wrote a letter to her mother. She wrote:

Queens, New York City, it is not quite what I imagined. I mean, it is not like all the pictures of America I have always seen. But it is comfortable and there are trees and that is important.

Aunt and Uncle are much older than I thought they would be, and though they seem quiet and not very used to having a younger person around, they are very nice. Tomorrow they will take me to the school which is called Bayside High School and I will meet many

Americans my own age. I hope I will make many friends of them.

Gia's hope was dashed first thing that next morning. Still used to the European way of doing things, Gia couldn't understand why most of the other kids giggled when, on being introduced to them, she put out her hand for a handshake. And she couldn't understand, not at all, why two of the girls she met no sooner listened to her talk for a few minutes when they began imitating her accent and then broke into a fit of hilarious laughter.

Almost immediately, Gia turned into the shy and lonely young person she was to remain for the next few years.

"Maybe if I were not only fourteen—that very difficult age—things would have been different," she told MODERN SCREEN in an interview only a few months ago. "But that was my age and that was my problem—and everything was so new and different than in my old country. The girls, for instance, they all wore sweaters and skirts and blue jeans all the time. And I had only very plain dresses, the kind young girls wear in Italy—the black dresses with the white collars, and I could not very well ask my aunt and uncle to buy me new things. So I looked very different from all the other girls."

"And some of the customs—I couldn't understand them. Like the day a girl who was trying to be very nice to me invited me to join a sorority. I was happy at first. 'This will be good,' I thought at first, 'in this way I will meet some new people.' But then when I got to the sorority meeting I sat and listened to the girls talk about other girls they were thinking of asking to join, and I heard them say some nice things about some of the girls they would ask and some terrible things about some girls they decided they wouldn't ask. And I thought, 'This is the way it is done in the land of democracy? No, it is impossible!' And in the middle of it all I got up and walked out and I never went back again."

Gia gets pinned

Gia smiled a little as she went on to say, "Of course, there were the funny moments, too, funny when I think back about 61

them. Like Tiso and the pin, for example.

Tiso was the boy who sat next to me in my mathematics class. I think that if I was the shyest girl in the school, Tiso must have been the shyest boy. He was also a year younger than I and about two inches shorter. And we never talked to one another, never. But one day when we were leaving the class, Tiso came up to me and, his face all red, he handed me something and said, 'Here, I would like you to wear this.' I said, 'It is very pretty, thank you, but what is it?' He said, 'It is a fraternity pin.' And then quickly, *subito-subito*, he rushed away. Well, I thought it would be an insult not to wear the pin and so I put it on.

Later, a couple of girls asked me about it and I told them the story. They began to laugh. They asked me if I knew what a fraternity pin meant. I said no. They told me it meant I was now practically engaged to Tiso. I didn't know what to do. Of course, I didn't love Tiso. I didn't even know him. But could I embarrass him by giving him back the pin? I decided to wear it until the next day when I was sure he would say something to me and I would have to then say, 'Ah, now I understand, Tiso—but I am sorry and in that case I must give you back the pin.' But the next day Tiso, as usual, didn't say anything to me. Nor the day after that. Nor ever. And so I just kept wearing the pin, not to embarrass him. I even wore it the last day, the day I graduated, the last day I ever saw Tiso. . . . Now when I think back, I am not surprised that no other boy in the school ever asked me for a date. They all must have thought I was practically married!"

And Gia laughed a little at the end as she finished telling us about that, just as she'd smiled a little at the beginning. But we could tell, even as she spoke and tried to laugh and smile now, that her good and sensitive heart had made her an even more lonely person than she need have been back in those early years, that those years with only her two aging relatives and without friends had already taken their toll.

"After I graduated," Gia went on, "things started to happen better for me. The best thing was my mother writing to me that I should not be discouraged about her not coming to America all this while, that my father was going to live and work in England for a few years—where she did not want to go, and that my sister Agatha was going to get married soon and that she would definitely come to America before the next year was over. I cried two days of happy tears after I got this news.

Gia meets a real friend

"The second best thing was meeting my friend, Ada Petkovich. I was working in New York City for the big insurance company now. Oh no, I had not given up the idea of becoming an actress. But for a few months before this I had gone around to all the casting offices in New York and nothing happened for me and I began needing money. So I thought I would take this insurance company job for a year, in which time I would save some money and buy some nice clothes and then go back to the casting offices again.

"It was long work, boring work, but I was managing to save and I enjoyed it for that. I even met some nice people there and I confided in some of them what my real wish was. I remember that I told one of them, especially an Italian-American girl named May. 'You want to be an actress?' she said. 'Gia, honey,' she said, 'what do you want to go into a crazy business like that for? Why don't you just concentrate on being a woman first and

settle down with some good guy and raise a family?' I remember saying, 'Not me... me, I'm going to be an actress first!' It's funny how I never forget that girl May, or what she said to me. . . .

"Anyway, it was on one of those days I was working for the insurance company that I walked out on the street at five o'clock and ran into Ada. Actually, I didn't know her too well and I didn't recognize her right away. First, I thought she was a girl from school. But after a moment I realized I'd met her on the ship when I came over from Italy. I remembered she was the nice Austrian-Italian girl I'd borrowed a fountain pen from one day and talked to a little. But the way she greeted me now, it was like two sisters getting together. Right away she said, 'Let's go into a cafeteria and have a cup of coffee.' And we did.

"She told me about herself in America and then I told her about myself.

"'You are not happy,' Ada said, when I was finished.

"'Well,' I said, 'my mother will be over by the end of the year and then I will be all right.'



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"'But now you are unhappy,' Ada said, 'and it's important to be happy as much as you can.'

"Then she told me she had an idea. Why didn't I leave the house in Queens, she said, and come to New York to live with her and her father?

"That night I talked about this with my aunt and uncle. I was surprised, but they didn't object. And so the next day I was moving into Ada's with her and her wonderful father, Filippo. And how wonderful everything became for me now, how full of life.

"All of a sudden I realized I could sleep late on Saturdays and Sundays if I wanted. All of a sudden I realized I could go downstairs to the delicatessen at three o'clock in the morning if I wanted a sandwich. I'd become interested in painting in high school and all of a sudden now I realized I could sit and paint whenever I wanted without anybody objecting or saying anything about how the paint smelled or how messy I was making myself.

"For that next year I lived, really lived, for the first time in a long time. Ada introduced me to boys she knew and I went out on dates. Ada's house was always so full of people and there was always laughter and singing and friendship there. Ada's father was not rich but he would buy good food and he would cook and we would sit down to the table with some wine and all this food and relatives and friends, and it was always a feast there,

always a celebration and a lot of fun.

"It was so wonderful that there was only one thing that could ever have torn me away from it all.

"That was my mother's coming to America.

"And she did come to America, finally, at the end of that beautiful year, 1954. . . ."

Mama brings good luck

It was shortly after her reunion with her mother that Gia got her big break—"just as if Mama's being here brought me luck," Gia says.

This is the way it happened:

Gia, who'd just quit her job with the insurance company, began making the Broadway rounds again. One day she walked into the office of agent Lester Shurr. Now Mr. Shurr is one of the top names in the business and not everybody gets to see him. But Gia did. And Mr. Shurr was immediately interested.

"Have you ever done any movie work—here or in Italy?" he asked.

"No," Gia said.

"Television?" Mr. Shurr asked.

"A little," Gia said.

"Good, that's good," Mr. Shurr said, the excitement in his voice beginning to show.

"I mean," Gia said, "in the last few weeks I have been on a few of the quiz shows. My mother—she has just arrived in this country—and she said to me, 'Giovanna, I like this American television and the way they give money away all the time. Why don't you try to get some of that money?' Well, ever since I am a little girl I know a lot about music. So the other week I went on the Arlene Francis show. They asked me a question about opera and I answered and they gave me a prize, a what-you-call a waffle maker. When I got it I smiled for the camera, but when I got outside the theater I took another look at it and I said to myself, 'What's this thing?'—and I gave it away. I wanted money, not a thing you make waffles with. So the next week, last week, I went on the Bill Cullen show. This time they asked me a question about the violin. I answered it and they gave me fifty dollars and—"

Gia stopped suddenly and shook her head. "No, Mr. Shurr," she said, a little embarrassed, "I have never done any acting on television, if that is what you mean."

Mr. Shurr laughed. He didn't seem to care anymore about any acting experience. What he did care about now was that here was an extremely beautiful girl sitting across the desk from him—a girl with a bittersweet yet vivacious quality that defied description.

He got right down to business. He told Gia that Universal-International Studios in Hollywood was conducting a search for a girl to play the lead in *The Galileans*, a big-budget picture they were planning. Three girls were being flown out to test for the part within the week, he said. Would Gia like to be the fourth, he asked.

"I had never fainted before in my life," Gia told us about this moment, "but I had to do much heavy breathing to keep from fainting now. Finally, though, I managed to say yes to Mr. Shurr and then I left the office and I got very extravagant and took a taxi back to the apartment to tell Mama that we should pack right away, that we were both going to Hollywood, California!"

Gia blunders

In Hollywood about a week later, Gia tested for the part and won. And though U-I decided not to make the picture right away for various reasons, they lost no time in signing Gia to a contract, changing her last name from Scoglio to

Scala, finding her and her mother a small apartment not far from the studio and advising her to wait. . . .

Meanwhile, there was the usual publicity build-up. And this is where Gia nearly miffed it. For at her very first interview she flatly refused to answer questions about busty Italian actresses and American-men-as-lovers and so on.

"Oh-oh," Hollywood muttered. There were some people who would have bet right off that here was a girl destined to go no place fast if she kept on being so honest with the all-important press.

But, as it turned out, Gia didn't need the press. What she would do in the next couple of years, she would do on her own. It would be hard at first, lots of study, not much money, playing a few tiny roles, waiting and hoping that someday the bigger role would come along. And then,

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*Sidney Skolsky
in the New York Post*

sure enough, it would when U-I would give her a lead in their romantic comedy, *Four Girls In Town*. And after that Columbia Pictures would borrow her for *Garment Jungle*—and arrange with U-I to share her contract. And then the MGM casting people would decide that here was the girl they wanted for Bob Taylor's *Tip On A Dead Jockey* and then for the prize role of the South Seas native girl in Glenn Ford's *Don't Go Near The Water*.

And, during those couple of years, Gia, ecstatically happy now, would sit down to supper with her mother every night before going out, maybe, or staying home to practice her lines, and she would wonder if all this good fortune were really happening to her—but always at the end of their talks she would take her mother's hand in hers and she would say, "Sometimes I am afraid, Mama—"

"I am afraid," she would say. "This is too good for us and something will happen in some way to spoil it."

And then her mother would laugh and make the horns with two fingers—for this old European custom would always make Gia laugh, too—and she would say, "God forbid that the Devil ever touches us and spoils anything."

And Gia would laugh more than ever now, loud, as if her happy noises would surely keep the Devil away. And then, until the next time, she would forget about her one awful fear. . . .

Gia's premonition

She learned about her mother's sickness on the telephone. Her latest picture was just about ready for national release and the studio had sent Gia to New York to help plug the picture. It was a Sunday afternoon—Mother's Day, 1957. Gia was at the NBC television studios where she'd just finished rehearsing with Steve Allen for an appearance on his show that night. Midway during the rehearsal she'd felt a strange chill run through her body and for a moment she'd closed her eyes and, even more strangely, she'd seen her mother, just her face—suddenly old and tired-looking, calling out for her.

Right after the rehearsal Gia phoned home. There was no answer. Half an hour later, she tried again. No answer. She kept trying, every half hour, then every fifteen minutes, then every ten.

It was about five minutes before the Allen show went on that night when Gia's mother answered.

"Mama," Gia shouted into the receiver, "is everything all right with you? Is there anything wrong?"

"No," Gia heard her mother answer, softly. "I am fine. Do not worry. I am fine."

Gia could hear right away that her mother sounded different, that her voice sounded husky and deep.

"You are sure, Mama?" Gia asked, worried. She knew that if her mother laughed now and said something funny—the way she would always do when Gia was unnecessarily worried, that then everything would be all right.

"Mama," Gia asked again, "you are sure?"

She waited for the laugh.

But it never came.

Instead a voice, almost a strange voice to her, tired and low and more-and-more weak sounding, said, "Si, figlia—yes, I am in very good health."

At that moment, the Allen show director rushed over to Gia and asked her to please hang up. The show was ready to begin and she was scheduled to go on in just a few minutes.

Confused, more worried than ever, Gia called out good-bye to her mother and nervously cradled the receiver back into the hook.

Then someone, a woman, came rushing over to her with a comb and began fixing up her hair. And someone else, a man, rushed over with a huge powder puff and swished it across her cheeks a few times. And then a third person, an assistant director, rushed over and took Gia by the arm.

"This way, Baby," he said, "you're on."

He didn't notice that anything was wrong with Gia as he led her to the stage and they waited there, together, for Allen—already on camera—to introduce her.

When, moments later, the introduction did come he let go her arm. "Okay, Baby," he said. Then he caught the dazed expression on her face. "Hey," he said, "you gotta smile for the people . . . you gotta smile."

With that, he nudged her onstage.

"*Gia Scala, ladies and gentlemen . . . Gia Scala,*" Steve Allen said as she walked toward the camera.

Then there was applause, lots of it.

Then, like the assistant director had told her, Gia tried to smile.

But as she tried, the tears began to come to her eyes. She knew that there were millions of people all over America watching her now, that she must forget about her mother and the sudden fear deep inside her, that she must not cry.

But she couldn't help it. And she cried, with all those people watching. And then she looked up at Steve Allen, whispered, "I am sorry," and turned and ran back into the wings. . . .

Mrs. Scoglio died a few months later. She had had cancer of the throat. She had discovered it the day after Gia left for New York and there had been an operation shortly after Gia returned. But it had not been a success. And now she was dead.

Gia faces life

Gia did not cry much. Those months of sitting with her mother practically twenty-four hours a day, pretending that nothing was wrong, talking about the trip they would take to Italy when all was well, about the villa they would rent on the Mediterranean when the operation that would never heal had healed—this had taken all the cry out of Gia.

And to many of her friends in Hollywood, this was a good sign.

"She realizes that this is part of life," they said, in effect, "and that she's got to



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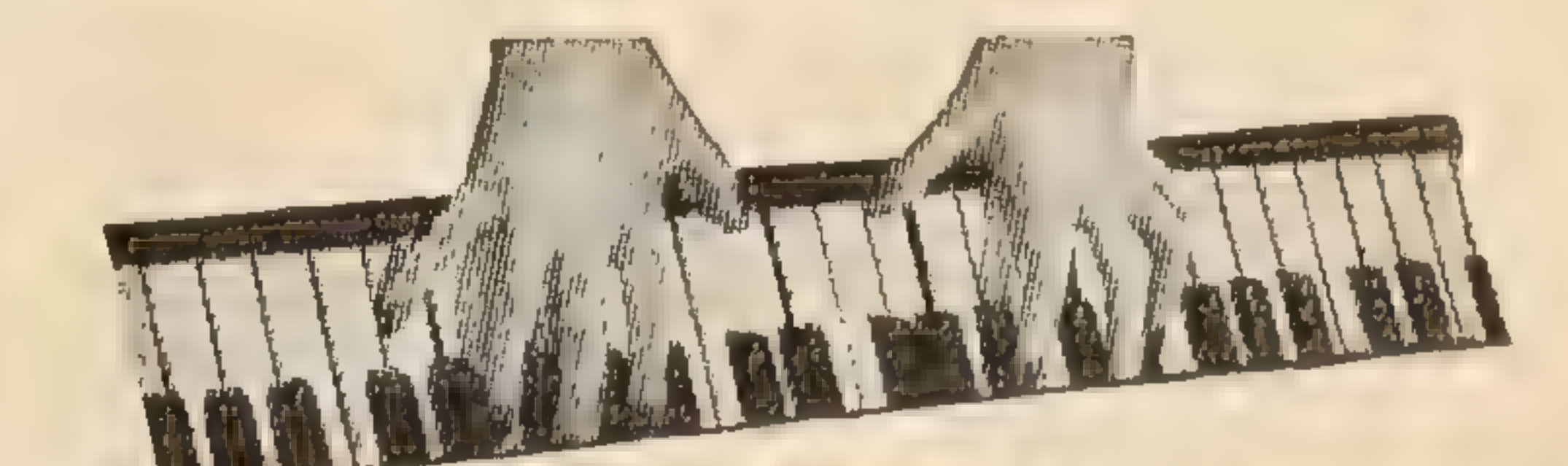
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forget her sorrow and live her own life now."

They were encouraged when she started going out a little again a month or so after the funeral. They were doubly encouraged when a month after that Gia kissed her sister Agatha good-bye as Agatha left for Europe, thanked her for coming to America during Mama's illness and staying with her these past few months and assured her that yes, yes, she would be all right now all alone, not to worry, that she would be all right.

Gia's friends were especially happy when, shortly after Agatha's departure, MGM gave her a part in a gay screwball comedy entitled *Tunnel of Love*, which co-starred Doris Day and Richard Widmark, two of Hollywood's nicest, most fun-loving people.

"This will be just the right thing for her," said these friends, in effect, "—this will make the cure complete."

To her friends, to the camera, to the crowds of eyes at Hollywood's nightclubs and fancy premières, Gia Scala was taking it all just fine.

But Gia's heart knew differently—the hidden heart that had been so broken during the past few months and that every day and every night continued to break into a thousand more yearning pieces, the heart that had for so long beat in time to another heart and that now, alone, was secretly ready to crumble completely. . . .

"It began to show late this spring," someone has said, "when Gia went to make the Jack Hawkins picture—*The Clock Without A Face*—in England. She was a lone wolf all during the shooting. Nobody ever saw her at night. And during the day she would sit in her dressing room when she wasn't working and sometimes she would lie back on her cot and hum some strange-sounding melody, or else she would wave her finger in the air, her eyes closed, as if she were drawing pictures. This would go on for hours and it was all very odd and, to tell the truth, when we weren't laughing about it we were all pretty worried."

Early this summer—right after the Hawkins picture—Gia went on location in Greece to begin a movie with Robert Mitchum.

The peculiar behavior continued.

Nobody understands . . .

"I took Gia out in Athens one night," a friend of hers has said. "Everything went fine at first. We stopped somewhere for cocktails—I remember Gia had more than a couple, something that was new with her. Then we went to dinner at one of those open-air places that looks up at the Parthenon. Midway through dinner I remembered that I had to make an important phone call. I got up, excused myself and said I'd be back in five minutes. I made it back in less than that. But when I got to the table, Gia was gone. She told me the next day that she was sorry, but that she'd had a sudden desire to go walking through the streets—alone. 'I know you understand,' she said. I told her no, I didn't understand. She said she was sorry again, and then as she walked away, very slowly, she said, very softly, 'How nobody understands anymore. How nobody understands. . . .'"

It was a month later—Tuesday morning, August 5, 1958, back in London again, when Gia's mind went suddenly wild.

She was living with her father, in his London apartment. She'd gone out to dinner with a date at six o'clock the night before. She'd drunk a little all through the evening, and now it was 2:30 a.m. and she arrived back at the apartment.

64 According to neighbors, Mr. Scoglio was

up waiting for Gia. He'd asked her to be home at one, he told her, and here it was an hour and a half later. Why, he wanted to know.

Gia told him that it was none of his business why.

Mr. Scoglio insisted that she explain her lateness—and promise never to be so late again.

"No," Gia repeated, over and over again, "no . . . no . . . no . . . no!!"

And then suddenly she began to cry and scream.

"If Mama were here," she sobbed. "If my mama, my mama, if she were here."

And then Gia rushed out of the apartment, slamming the door behind her.

Back on the street again, she hailed a cab.

"The water," Gia said, when she got inside.

"Where was that?" the cab driver asked her.

"The bridge," Gia said.

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"London Bridge . . . Waterloo Bridge?" the cabdriver asked, slightly amused.

"Yes, Waterloo Bridge," Gia said.

When they got to the bridge and had started to cross it, Gia asked the cabdriver to stop.

"Right here on Waterloo Bridge?" he asked, not so amused now, not after he'd sat listening to his passenger sob and moan the way she had all during the ride, "—and at this time o' night, Miss?"

"I asked to please stop," Gia said.

"All right, Miss," said the cabdriver, shrugging. And he stopped.

Gia paid him and got out.

"Have a nice walk, Miss," the cabdriver called out as she did.

But Gia didn't answer. Instead, after a pause, she walked toward the bridge railing and clutched it and stared down at the black water below.

"Miss," she half heard the cabdriver call out behind her as she looked down.

"Cosa?" she asked in Italian, suddenly. "What?"

"Miss," the voice called out again.

"Cosa—" Gia started to repeat. And then she remembered that other time, that other railing, that other water, the

boat pulling out from Naples, her mother standing on the dock waving her big white handkerchief, that other time, that other terrible time.

And she screamed now. And as she did she began to push herself over the railing.

"Miss!" the voice called out once again, behind her, much closer behind her this time.

And then she could feel the man's hands grab at her legs, trying to pull her back.

"Lasciami," Gia cried. "Let me go."

But the man continued to pull. And as he did he called out for a policeman now.

"Lasciami," Gia cried again. "I want to do it. Let me do it. Let me die!"

By this time the policeman had arrived. He grabbed Gia by the shoulders.

"Easy, Lady—" he started to say.

But Gia swung her head around and bit one of his hands.

"I told you, please," she screamed, "I want to die, to die!"

The rescue

The cop whispered something to the cab driver. "One," he called out then, "two . . . three."

And on three both men pulled back with all their might. And this time they managed to get Gia off the railing.

She was still screaming, and kicking, as they dragged her back to the cab.

And she continued kicking, screaming, when they got her to the police station a little while later where a doctor tied her down onto a long, white slab and slowly administered a sedative. . . .

It was a few hours later when Mr. Scoglio showed up at the station house. He'd been worried about Gia and he'd phoned the police and one sergeant had told him they had a girl in tow who refused to give her name but who answered Gia's description.

"I suggest you come right down," the sergeant had said.

And now Mr. Scoglio was there, ready to be led into the room where the girl lay.

The room was very quiet. Gia lay on the bed, the straps off her body now. A police-nurse stood next to her.

"My daughter," Mr. Scoglio said, approaching the bed.

Gia turned to look at him. Her eyes were very large and glassy.

"I am sorry for the argument we had," the man said, his voice shattered, stunned.

Gia nodded.

But she turned her face away from her father just a little.

"My daughter," Mr. Scoglio said again. And this time he laid his hand on Gia's.

For a long time the room remained quiet and neither of them talked.

Then Mr. Scoglio spoke again.

"Gia," he said, "your mother, Mama, my wife, your mother . . . she is gone, Gia. In a way she will always be with us. But in another way she is gone and she will never be back again. . . . Do you understand, Gia? Do you understand?"

He waited for her to nod again.

But she didn't.

Instead she closed her eyes now and she whispered, "I want to die. I want to die."

Still clutching her hand, Mr. Scoglio got down on his knees alongside the slab to pray, to pray that someday soon his daughter would understand.

We at MODERN SCREEN—along with Gia's sister Agatha, with her friends, with all Hollywood—join him in that prayer.

END

Watch for Gia in Columbia's *THE CLOCK WITHOUT A FACE*, and in U-I's *RISE A CROOKED TRAIL*.

why I walked out on ricky nelson

(Continued from page 42) believe it. But there—I had said it. I had done it.

I was walking out on Ricky Nelson.

I was walking out on the boy millions of girls adored. Walking out on the boy I had gone steady with for almost six months—the boy who meant more to me than anybody else I'd ever known.

To teenagers all over the country who've envied the girls Ricky has dated, this may seem incredible. But let me tell you my story, and I think you'll understand why I acted as I did.

My decision to leave Ricky happened only a few months ago, and I'm just beginning to get over the heartache of that moment.

Before that, it had been sheer heaven to be Ricky Nelson's girlfriend.

When I first came to Hollywood from Chicago—a little over a year ago—I had expected to do some TV and movie roles. That was part of my prize for being a beauty contest winner, "Miss Illinois." I never thought the trip would bring me a romance with a tall, handsome boy who had amazingly clear blue eyes, a lovable crooked smile and the kind of easy-going charm that made him the idol of millions of other girls my age.

How we met

I had done a reading for Ozzie Nelson, and he told me he'd give me a part in one of the Nelson shows. On this particular day, however, I was playing Ronnie Burns' girl friend on *The George Burns and Gracie Allen Show* when the prop man came up to me and said, "There's a young fellow watching you. He wants to meet you."

He pointed at a tall, lean fellow wearing trim levis and a red shirt, standing in the corner. My heart leaped. It was Ricky Nelson. Like so many other girls, I'd had a crush on him from having seen him on TV.

He ambled over to me and smiled in that shy way of his. "Hi," he said. "I'm Ricky Nelson. Dad tells me you're going to be on our show."

He looked at me somewhat appraisingly and then said, "Wow! Dad does have good taste."

We laughed, and that broke the ice.

"If you need anyone to cue you on your lines, I'll help you."

Naturally, I decided then and there that I'd need help.

We made a date for that evening, and when I walked into the Studio Club, where I lived, I was floating on Cloud Nine. I told the girls who I was dating that night and when Ricky called for me, they were all sitting around in the lobby waiting to see him.

I was flattered as I sailed off with him. How could I possibly realize what this open adoration of the boy I was dating would do to my romance?

It was an exciting evening for me, even though all we did was go to see an Elvis Presley movie, and later have hamburgers and Cokes at a drive-in. Just being with him was excitement enough. Sitting close to him, listening to the car radio pouring out popular rock 'n' roll tunes was enough. Suddenly, the disc jockey announced that he would play Ricky's new record, *A Teenager's Romance*.

The record had started out as a smash, and I thought Ricky would be puffing with pride. But I was surprised to see him slump in his seat while a look of anxiety clouded his handsome face as his recording began. When it was over I said, "Ricky, I love the way you sang that. It'll be a great hit."

He looked at me doubtfully. Honestly,

you'd never have thought he was a big rave the way he said, "Do you really like it? I thought there were parts where I didn't come off quite right."

And this was the boy I thought might be too conceited to be with!

He kissed me tenderly when he brought me back to the Club, and we made a date for the next night. But this time I didn't tell the other girls!

We got along beautifully, and soon our dates became an almost every night thing.

I felt that I was falling for him, and it always made me feel good when I could see signs that he liked me, too. He knew I was an Elvis Presley fan, and one night, when Elvis was in Hollywood, he took me to a party Elvis was giving. Later, when we left the party, Ricky asked, "What did you think of him?"

"He's nice—but he can't compare with you."

Rick's face lit up. "Gosh, do you mean that? I'm glad."

"Boy, are you lucky!"

Some dates, like Elvis' party, were glamorous, but mostly we dated like any other teenagers. Ricky really likes the same things all teenagers like.

One night he called and said, "Wear your oldest clothes tonight. I'm going to take you for a ride on my motorcycle."

He pulled up in his flashy motorcycle. Even dressed in levis and floppy old sweat shirt, he looked terrific. I sat behind him, holding him tight, and we whizzed off. Ricky's crazy about his motorcycle, and many nights our dates consisted of shooting along the highway—usually to the beach—laughing and singing at the top of our lungs.

Even though it was becoming harder and harder for him to be seen in public without being mobbed, he still insisted upon racing along in his motorcycle, me hanging on for dear life behind him. As we sped along, girls in cars would notice him and stick their heads out, screaming wildly. Once, a girl in a car, seeing me clinging to Ricky, called out to me, "Boy, are you lucky!"

I felt that I was, too, for Ricky is the most tender boyfriend a girl can have. You girls who adore Ricky from a distance have no idea how wonderful he is as a boyfriend for real. He used to make me feel that I was the only girl in the world. He has that way about him. The way he'd look at me with his intense blue eyes, the way he'd hold my hand, the way he'd smile slowly but intimately and say, "You're out of this world"—just to be with him sent thrills through me.

He shows his thoughtfulness not so much by what he says but by what he does.

I had to go home to Chicago for a few weeks to see my parents. Ricky was going to leave shortly after I did for a couple of weeks' personal appearances at the State Fairs in the Midwest.

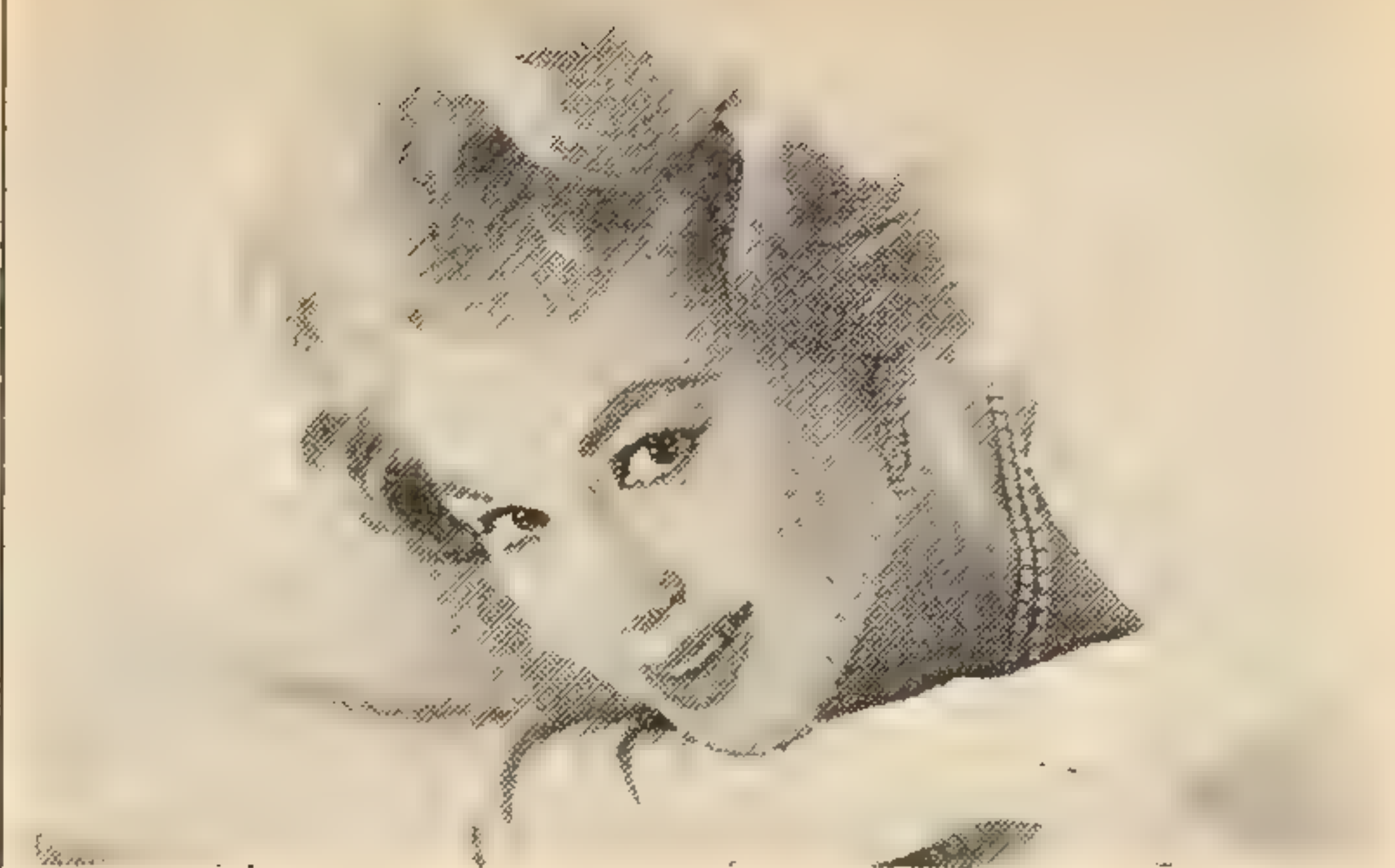
The night before I was to leave, I was with Ricky and feeling pretty blue. Ricky noticed this.

"What's the matter, Marianne?" he asked. I told him I felt down in the dumps because we wouldn't be seeing each other for several weeks. "And I just dread that long plane trip home all by myself," I blurted out.

The next morning at six, as I was getting ready to call a cab to take me to the airport, who did I see outside the Studio Club, in his smart blue convertible, but Ricky! I flew to him.

"Ricky! How wonderful!"

Again that warm, shy smile that I adore lit up his face.



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LESLIE CARON'S TRES- NAUGHTY BALL

Les gripes!

That's what pretty, normally-placid Leslie Caron has—a great big batch of gripes about stories she's been reading about herself through the years.

Always—in fact, *toujours*—the French actress-dancer says, she has had to sit and squirm as she reads about the awful, lonely, sheltered and terribly shy childhood she spent in Paris during the war. According to Leslie—this just ain't so. And she thinks it's high time the record is set straight.

True, yes, is the fact that between the ages of fourteen and sixteen she became a self-styled recluse, preferring to devote all her time and energy to the study of ballet—"a very good outlet at that age, by the way," she says, "for disposing of excess time and energy."

But, Leslie insists, life before that was one big normal, rowdy and *très-naughty* ball.

"I had two best friends, twin sisters with long Italian names and the exact same Italian face," she says. Blushing a little, she adds, "We were together all the time."

"And ooh, la, la—the things we used to do!"

One of those things was to annoy shopkeepers.

First the girls would spend a couple of hours studying up on some useless phrases in Old French—the ancient, unintelligible great-grandma of the French that is spoken now.

Then they'd find a store that would be just right for playing this particular game, walk in, corner the shopkeeper and begin to confuse the apron off him with their strange talk.

Finally, switching to sign language, they'd point to an out-of-reach item in the store—preferably to one way up there on the top shelf, *s'il-vous-plait*, wait for the poor guy to fetch it for them, examine it carefully and critically, thank him—in their best Old French, of course

—and run out of the store, giggling.

Then, Leslie remembers, there were those hours she and the twins would spend on the phone.

Calling other girl friends?

No, not at all.

Something much more exciting.

"We would take turns," Leslie says, "dialing any number we could think of and see who would answer. Then we would make up all kinds of stories about who we were. Usually, we were in a great deal of trouble, we said, and needed their advice."

"Those who didn't hang up, in fact, were very anxious to help."

"I remember the best call I ever made. The man who answered the phone was a doctor. It suddenly came upon me to make my voice sound very old and sobbing."

I told the doctor that I had a terrible problem, that I had a dim-witted son who was causing me no end of trouble and sorrow and was there anything I could do to help this son from a life of tragedy.

"The good doctor believed me. 'My poor woman—' he said, and then spent fifteen minutes asking me very serious questions about the young man and ended up making an appointment for us to come and see him."

"Of course, we didn't go. I was only eleven years old at the time and very mischievous. And, then too, I didn't yet have a son."

But today, Leslie does have a son—her first baby—a healthy, happy bundle of a boy born to her and her husband, director Peter Hall, in March, 1957.

Just for the record: his first baby trick was to make his parents play with him every night at midnight.

And he's not the least bit shy about asking, either.

He takes after his *maman*. . . .

Watch for Leslie in M-G-M's *GIA*.

"Hop in, Marianne," he said. "I've got to make Chicago, too, for my tour. It just meant a little juggling, but I can make the same plane to Chicago as you."

The plane trip, instead of being lonely, was like taking a trip to heaven.

Ricky meets my folks

My mother and father were to meet me at the airport, and I thought it would be a quiet homecoming. But when Ricky and I got off the plane, I discovered other people there, too. Word had gotten out that Ricky was on the plane, and a mob of about four hundred girls were screaming for him. Also, newspaper photographers and reporters. It was thrilling, all right, to be with the boy all the other girls adored. Little did I realize, as we pushed our way through the crowd, that this was the first indication that I'd have to share my boy friend with the world. I was too happy to know or care.

Ricky had to take off that night, but he told me he'd stop off again in Chicago, on his way back to Hollywood, and we'd be able to get together then.

I was elated the day he was due to come through Chicago again. He managed to have eight hours in Chicago. "And," he told me on the long-distance phone, "I'm going to spend them all with you."

Mixed with my joy was a rather uneasy feeling. Ricky would be seeing me in my home for the first time, and would really have a chance to know my parents as they are. My father is a mailman, and my mother a wonderful, homey type of woman. Ricky's parents, the famed Ozzie and Harriet, are glamorous, wealthy show people.

How would they get along? I needn't have worried. From the moment he stepped into our house he was very friendly, like any young guy coming to take out a girl. My parents took him to their hearts. My father even said, later, "Marianne, that's a fine young man."

Although I didn't let anyone know Ricky was coming over, it seemed that everyone in the neighborhood was hanging around my house that night, knocking on the door and asking to be let in to see Ricky. It was a wonderful feeling to know that the fellow I was dating was so popular, but I secretly wished that I could have him to myself instead of sharing him with everyone around.

We sneaked off to a little restaurant and managed to be alone for dinner. I had promised his manager I'd get him back to the plane by 8:00 p.m.

We hated to leave each other, and when we got to the airport Ricky had only minutes in which to make his plane. He started off, then wheeled around and ran back to me.

"Here," he said, putting a small object in my hand. "This is for you." Then he hurried off. It was only after the plane was only a faraway speck that I looked at the gift he had handed me. It was the ring Ricky had always worn—a heavy gold ring with his initials on it. I turned the ring over and looked inside. There was an inscription: *To Marianne, love Rick*.

The ring swam on me, but I wanted to wear it just as Ricky had intended that I should. That evening, I put gobs and gobs of tape around it until the ring fit my finger.

Registered Nurse

When I returned to California a week later, my joy at the prospect of seeing Ricky turned to disappointment when I discovered that Ricky wasn't there to meet me as he had promised. His pal, Joe Byrnes, came up to me instead. "Ricky got tied up at a rehearsal. He asked me to fill in for him."

Again—the hint of the heartaches and disappointments that were to come with dating a boy who was fast becoming an idol.

But I forgot my disappointment when I saw Ricky later that evening. We had dinner at the Nelson home, and everything seemed as it was before.

I wore Ricky's ring proudly. Ricky was sentimental when he was with me. But we'd both hide our feelings by kidding when we were with friends. Once, a friend asked, "Say, what's that R.N. on the ring stand for?"

"Oh," said Ricky, looking solemn, "that's for Registered Nurse."

We had lots of laughs when Ricky would call me his Registered Nurse, but we also had many long talks that were getting more and more serious. One evening we talked about what we wanted out of life and love and marriage.

Ricky looked thoughtful and said, "I'd like to get married, but not for another five or six years. I've got my career to think of now. I couldn't possibly think of marriage, while my career is building. I owe too much to my fans. . . ."

He went on to tell me the kind of girl he'd like to marry—a girl like his mother, understanding as well as beautiful, a woman who loved sports, as Mrs. Nelson did, and had many interests as well as raising children and running a home.

He was a little wistful as he added, "And I'd want to be sure the girl would like me for myself, not because I'm Ricky Nelson."

He knew that I liked him for himself, and not because he was Ricky Nelson, the favorite of teenagers all over the country.

In fact it was *because* he was fast becoming such a national favorite and belonged to a multitude of girls that finally led me to my heartbreaking decision to leave him.

By this time, I had moved out of the Studio Club and was living in the girls' dorm at the University of Southern California where I had enrolled in several courses. When the other girls there learned that I was dating Ricky they hung around me asking all about him.

It was flattering, sure, but more and more, the open adoration of the other girls began to make me tense and uneasy.

Once, when Ricky was making a stage appearance in a downtown theater, I was standing in the wings watching him. Suddenly, a teenage girl appeared. She had somehow sneaked backstage and was watching him with worshipful eyes. "Oh, I think he's wonderful—simply wonderful," she sighed.

Then looking at me she said, "You must be his girl. How I'd love to change places with you."

She spotted the bulky, gold ring with the initials.

"Ooooh," she said, "that's Ricky's ring. May I touch it—please?"

I let her touch it, and as she passed her finger over his ring there was a look of sheer ecstasy on her face.

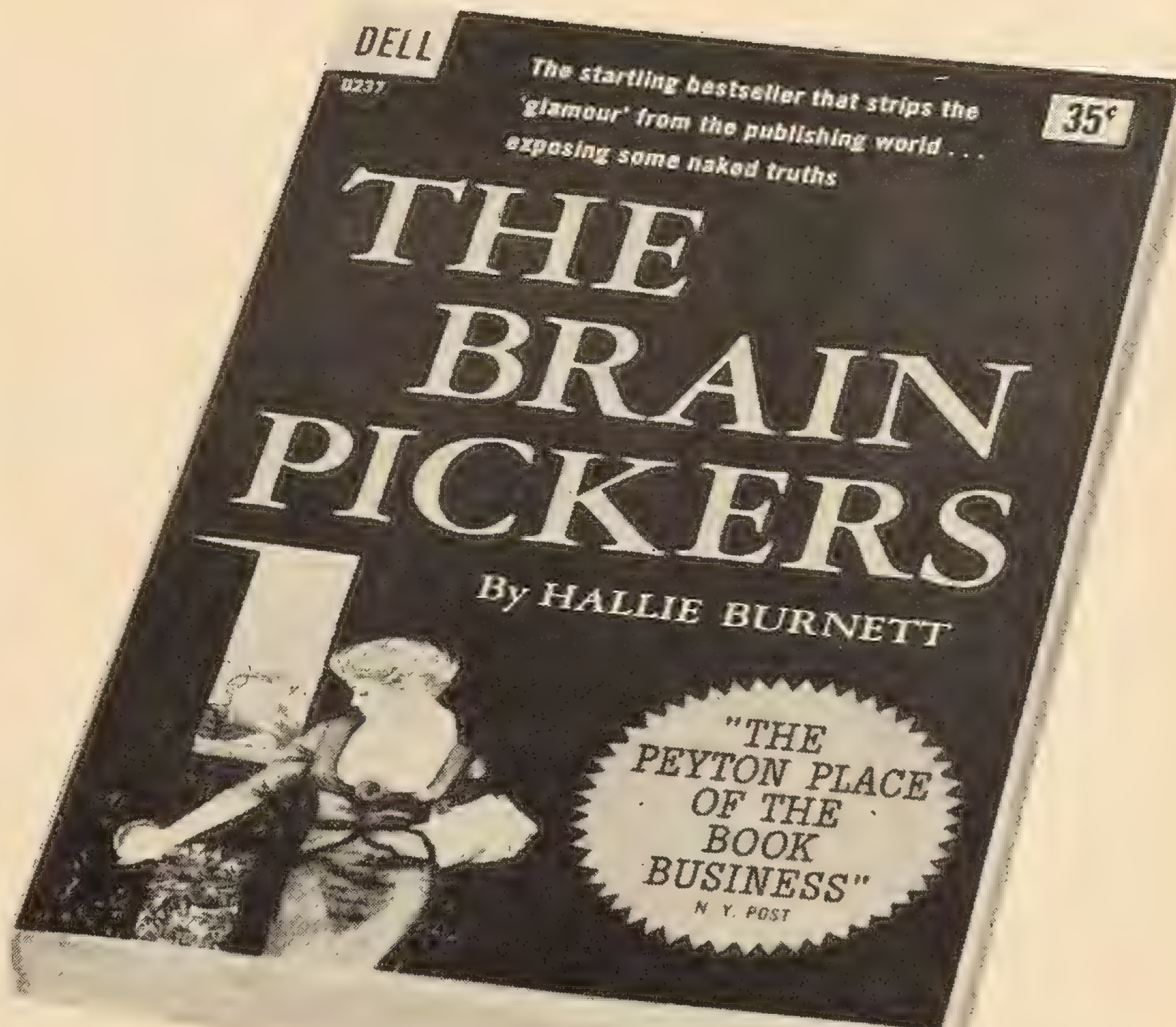
Flattering? Yes. But a friendship ring from a boy to a girl should be something private, and here was this girl getting the same thrill over it as I did. . . .

More and more girls

I had mixed emotions, too, when I was with him at the State Fair in Long Beach. I rode with Ricky to Long Beach. But as soon as we arrived at the auditorium I lost him. A crowd of screaming girls fell on him, and I was pushed aside. Later, a beautiful girl in a white bouffant formal, who was Queen of the Fair, was escorted to Ricky and she presented him with roses. Ricky flashed his warm smile at her and said, "Gosh, you look pretty." Was I beginning to feel jealous?!

EXPLOSIVE!

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As Ricky became more and more involved with his fast-zooming career, I began to feel more and more left out.

One Sunday, we spent the day at Laguna Beach where his family has a house. We lolled on the beach all afternoon, but Ricky barely spoke. I was miserable.

On the drive home he was silent.

"What's the matter, Ricky?" I asked. "Are you mad at me?"

He looked surprised. "Of course not. What made you think that?"

"You hardly spoke to me all day. Were you thinking of someone else?"

"I was thinking—but not of someone else. I've been thinking of the lines I have to learn for tomorrow's show, and of the personal appearances I have to prepare for and so many things that are beginning to pop. I used to work only with my family. Now I'm on my own. I wonder if I'm good enough."

I began to feel the stabs of doubt, too—doubt that my continuing to see Ricky would end in happiness for me.

It all came to a head when I returned after visiting my folks in Chicago for the Christmas holidays. While I'd been away, all I thought of was Ricky. But one morning, while I was at my parents' house, I read the movie column in the newspaper and I was stunned. It said that Ricky had been taking out one of the girls on the Nelson show, Lorrie Collins. That was all, but it was enough to send me to my room in tears.

I couldn't wait till I got back to Hollywood and Ricky. He was at the airport waiting for me. I started to run to him, but before we reached each other, a crowd of girls swarmed around him and he was busy signing autographs. . . .

We were alone at last in his car. We sat close, but there was something different now. Ricky was quiet; I was upset. All I could think of was the other girl. I never realized I would be so hurt if anyone else came into the picture.

Ricky must have guessed how I felt.

He said, "Is anything bothering you?"

"I read that you were going with another girl—Lorrie Collins. Are you dating her?" Then, before he could answer, I blurted out, "Are you in love with her?"

Ricky was quiet for a moment. Then he said, "I'm not in love with any girl now. I can't afford to fall in love."

Then he went on to tell me that his advisers had told him he shouldn't tie himself up with any one girl, that it might damage his popularity if he went steady or got married. He wouldn't let himself fall in love. He just couldn't.

What he said made sense, but I still felt hurt and bewildered. I may have been a seventeen-year-old—but when it comes to love, even a teenage girl can have the emotions of a woman.

As we said good-night Ricky said, "Why can't we still see each other? All this—about Lorrie and any other girl I see or take out—shouldn't make any difference. We can't get serious about each other anyway."

We made a date for the next night, and I ran inside the house.

Overnight, I had a chance to think. I could barely sleep. The joy I had known when I first began to go with Ricky had now turned to torment. I looked back and recalled how I'd felt when the Long Beach Queen had presented Ricky with the roses . . . the tinge of jealousy inside me when I saw him look at her admiringly . . . how I began to feel when I saw crowds of girls clamoring around him . . . particularly, how I'd felt when I read that he was dating Lorrie Collins and the thought that he would be dating other girls, too. And yet, why should I care? Ricky wasn't ready to go with one girl or to think of marriage. He'd told me that himself.

It was late at night as these thoughts tumbled around me. In the darkness I seemed to think more clearly. Suddenly, all my jumbled thoughts clarified into one: if I couldn't be the only girl in his life I

couldn't be in his life at all. I loved Ricky too much to want to share him—either with the world or with another girl. My mind was made up.

We went for a long drive the next night. Ricky's handsome profile was etched in the moonlight. I sat beside him and felt myself trembling.

"I can't see you any more, Rick," I said.

"Why not? That's foolish."

"It isn't, Ricky. I have to think of myself now. I haven't felt the same since I learned you were seeing Lorrie. It isn't your fault. It isn't anyone's fault. But I just can't go on this way any longer. I guess love is a different thing to a girl than it is to a boy. I can't take this any more. I hardly slept a wink last night. I don't want to have any more sleepless nights, wondering who you're seeing or what other girls you're dating. That's the way I am about you, I guess. This is going to have to be the end."

I wanted to give him back his ring. But Ricky wouldn't take it.

We talked some more, and that night we said good-night—for the last time. . . .

The other day I saw Ricky. He was driving along Hollywood Boulevard, and so was I. We found ourselves in lanes next to each other. He had on the same red shirt he wore the first day I'd met him—I felt a little funny. He waved and started to say something. Suddenly, the light turned green and we had to drive on. We lost each other in the heavy traffic.

I'm beginning to go out with other boys now. Although I don't compare them with Ricky all the time, the way I used at the beginning, I still think of Ricky a lot. Sometimes, when I think of him, the old pang returns, and I wonder if I did the right thing by walking out of his life.

I hope it was the right thing—it was the only thing I could do. . . .

END

Ricky can soon be seen in *RIO BRAVO* for Warners.

why nick and I are afraid to marry

(Continued from page 41) fresh and brash and quite a character.

He was doing a *Richard Diamond, Private Detective* show on the same lot where I am filming *The Real McCoys*. Richard Whorf was directing his film, and as usual when I have time and there is a fine director on the lot, I go over to watch him work.

When Nick and I were introduced, he played it cool, acting the part of a man-about-town. I couldn't blame him. My McCoy outfit—cotton dress, high buttoned shoes, and my hair long and stringy—is hardly designed to get me a glamour award. But his attitude burned me up anyway.

"So this is the great Nick Adams," I told Tony Martinez, a regular in *The Real McCoys*. "Who does he think he is?"

"Nick Adams," Tony grinned.

Three months went by before we met again, when Nick was making another telefilm. This time I happened to be all dressed up in a sheath dress, high heel shoes, with my hair nicely combed, and my face made up.

Nick's eyes lit up. "Haven't we met?" he burst out when I walked on the set.

This time I played it cool. "Could be—"

He choked a little. Obviously he didn't like my answer!

When I watched him work that afternoon, my opinion of him made a complete about-face. I've been in this business long enough to realize that he is a truly fine, dedicated, extremely capable actor.

All the clowning stopped the moment he stepped before the camera. I was impressed.

But he slipped back into his old attitude when he walked over to me after the scene. "You must be a fine actress," he grinned.

I didn't know what to make of it. And it showed.

"Only a great actress could get away wearing an outfit like you do in *The Real McCoys*. . . ."

I loved his sense of humor, and I liked something else. So many people in this town look anywhere but in your face when they talk to you. Nick looks straight at you. But I still played it cool. . . .

Apparently that didn't discourage him. Because the next afternoon I got a call from him in the middle of rehearsal.

First date

"How would you like to go to the Ice Capades with me tonight?" he asked self-assuredly.

"Who is this?" I came back.

There was a moment's silence. "Why—this is Nick. . . ."

"Nick . . . Who?"

I knew very well Nick. Who but I couldn't resist having a little fun.

"Nick Scheckenbrot," he mumbled. "Now how about the Ice Capades tonight?"

"Do you think you can call a girl you never dated at two in the afternoon and expect her to go out with you the same night?" I cried out.

Tony Martinez happened to be standing next to me while this was going on. "What do you have to lose?" he urged.

"A perfectly good evening," I whispered as I held my hand over the receiver. But curiosity won me over. I had to see what Nick was like.

"All right," I told him. "I'll go."

Usually when a date picks me up, I'm ready for him. I really have no choice since I live in a one-room apartment, with no place to change. But we worked late that day and Nick was on time. When I opened the door I'd just slipped on my dress, but I had a towel wrapped around my hair and no make-up on. I didn't look much improved from a McCoy.

Nick seemed startled. In fact he was speechless.

"You might as well see me at my worst!" I exclaimed. "Sit down on the couch while I get ready . . ." and I turned to go to the bathroom to fix my hair and put on make-up.

"Don't!" Nick called out before I had taken more than a couple of steps.

"Don't what?"

"Don't put on make-up. I like you this way. . . ."

So I just put on lipstick while Nick even insisted I fix my hair in the living room, so he could watch me.

Nick is a different kind of person when you're alone with him, with no one else around for whom he feels obliged to play a scene. He is nice, quiet—and very sincere. Sure, once in a while he starts acting up but all I have to say is "Slow down, boy . . . slow down . . ." and he'll grin and cut out the act.

When we arrived at the Pan Pacific, we ran into a number of people he or I or both of us knew. To my surprise, Nick kept telling every one about my show and how well I was doing. He never mentioned *No Time For Sergeants*, the film he had just completed, and in which—I later found out—he gave one of the most delightful performances I have ever seen on the screen. This was another tendency I hadn't expected—but which I liked. It's most unusual for an actor. . . .

After the Ice Capades we went to the La Scala restaurant for a bite to eat and with it set a precedent we've stuck to ever since whenever we're both in town. Every Wednesday night we have dinner there to celebrate another 'weeklyversary.'

Sometimes it takes weeks and months to get to know a person. Occasionally you can see someone for years, and still don't know him. I felt I knew Nick after our first date. And what I saw I liked.

The first thing that intrigued me was a certain helplessness on his part which is in stark contrast to the self-assurance he pretends to have when he is with a group of people. Nick needs to be reassured, be taken care of, looked after. He's the first person who brought out the mother instinct in me!

He asks for my opinion on clothes, and I give it to him. I remind him to eat properly and discard some of the foolish health-diet fads he's been trying. I remind him to send out his laundry and dry cleaning. He is a very sensitive person, who constantly worries whether or not people like him—which is one of the reasons he is 'on' so much of the time. I try to assure him that he's got enough to offer to be able to be himself.

At the same time, Nick can be very manly, very strong, very determined.

I found that out when I went through some difficulties with my agent. Nick insisted on driving me to his office and then stayed in the car while I discussed my problems upstairs. Knowing he was there helped. But later, when something had to be ironed out, Nick took it upon himself to come with me and speak in my behalf. And he made his point—to my advantage.

Nick has another tendency I like. He is a sentimentalist. Unlike a lot of men, he's not ashamed to show it.

A few days after we first met, we were invited on a publicity junket to Palm-dale. We were eating supper that night at a huge banquet table, with about thirty other people, all chattering away.

I don't know why I hadn't noticed the I-D bracelet he was wearing before, but when I did, I became curious about it. "It's from Natalie and R.J.," he told me. "It means more to me than anything I have. . . ."

Some special gifts

He hesitated a moment, then slipped it off and put it on my wrist. I had a hard time holding back my tears.

A few days later, while celebrating another weeklyversary, he studied the tiny antique cross I was wearing on a simple gold chain around my neck. It was given to me by a close friend a long, long time ago, and I was attached to it as much as Nick had been to his bracelet.

"I would like to have it," he said simply. I knew what he meant. It wasn't the value of it. He wanted it because of what it meant to me, and what it would mean to him if I gave it to him. He now has it.

What he didn't know was that I had something else in mind for him—a serpent ring with two rubies in it, a gift given to me when I was fifteen years old—and probably my most valuable possession. Trouble is, the night I wanted him to have it, I got so angry at Nick that I almost changed my mind. . . .

I had looked forward to an evening with him alone, eating dinner by candlelight in a small restaurant on Sunset Boulevard, and then just before we left, I'd give it to him. It didn't quite work out that way.

When he picked me up he announced, "We're meeting Natalie and Bob at Romanoff's."

Seeing my cross expression, he wanted to know, "What's the matter with Romanoff's?"

"Nothing!"

"Then why are you mad at me?"

"Because you could have checked with me before making any plans!"

We went, we had a good time, and I did give him the ring when we were alone again. He was so sweet when he thanked me. I couldn't have remained angry. . . .

And the following week I got my wedding ring. . . .

I was doubly touched by Nicky's gift because as far as I know, he has never bought anything on his own before. Even for the tiniest gift he would take someone else along to get an opinion. On the slightest doubt he'd exchange it. This time he knew just what he wanted—without any one's help. . . .

All day long I knew he was up to something because of the big production he made about it. He had taken me to his publicist's office—and left me there while he had 'something to do.' Since my car was at home, I had to wait.

The day had started badly for me, with a number of career problems that I couldn't get off my mind. I tried to hide them when Nick came back, all smiles.

"You know what day this is, don't you?" he grinned as we took off.

"Sure," I acknowledged. "Our weekly-versary. Are we going to La Scala?"

"You bet. . . ."

There was a mysterious silence before he blurted out, "Wouldn't you like a little more security than you have now. . . .?"

"What girl wouldn't!"

But somehow I switched back into my distressed mood till Nick snapped me out of it a second time. "I'll have something for you tonight that'll make you feel better. . . ." he promised.

The gift I couldn't accept

We stopped at the Spellings'—Aaron Spelling and Carolyn Jones—before we headed to La Scala. I could tell by the way Nick pulled Aaron aside and whispered to him that he got something off his mind that obviously concerned me. But he didn't speak loud enough for me to hear, and I tried to listen!

The usually long dinner stretched into an eternity with Nick ordering everything from antipasto to spumoni and wine for every dish. At last he asked me to close my eyes and give him my left hand. Then he pushed what felt like a much-too-large ring on my finger.

When I opened my eyes I saw it was a wedding band, with five sparkling diamonds mounted on it. "It's beautiful," I cried out, and hugged him.

"You like it?"

"Like it? I love it! . . . But I can't accept that!"

"Why not?"

"It's a wedding ring!"

"A wedding ring?" Nick gasped.

I nodded. Later I found out that he really didn't know what it was when he had purchased it. I think I knew what he meant it to be, though, and I knew what was going on in his mind—as any girl knows what's going on in her fellow's mind, under those circumstances.

Nick wanted to get married—and he also didn't want to. He wanted me to have a ring, but he was scared to be tied down.

"For the time being, let's call it a friendship ring," I suggested.

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"NO HABLA ESPAGÑOL VERY GOOD"

She was dressed in a very sophisticated outfit, the young and very chic Mrs. Robert Wagner, looking as though she had stepped from the pages of a fashion magazine. Natalie Wood, once a gay pixie, was now the picture of sophistication.

Carl Schaefer, head of Warner Brothers' Foreign Department, approached her with a black-haired, black-eyed stranger as she sat alone in the Green Room. Carl had introduced Natalie to a succession of these dark-haired, dark-eyed strangers who were invariably VIP's from the various Latin countries where Warners did business—statesmen, studio magnates, exhibitors.

"Natalie, here is an old friend of yours," said Carl.

Natalie extended her hand with friendly warmth. "*Como ha estado, Señor?*" she said, probing her memory all the while. Was this the Consul from Ecuador? Or perhaps a theatre owner from Barcelona?

The man smiled and took her hand—although a faintly puzzled expression crossed his face. "*Si, si, muchas gracias,*" he said.

So things were going fine! Natalie had progressed a long way since she first began the study of Spanish in order to sound convincing in her role of the young señorita in *The Burning Hills* with Tab Hunter. She had pursued her study with genuine interest, even after the picture was over, because one of her dreams is to go to Spain one day to make a picture. Everything Spanish has always fascinated Natalie.

So, preparing for the day when she will at last visit Spain, Natalie has made it a practice to converse in Spanish with every Latin she meets.

"*Favor de sentarse,*" she said, now. Carl nodded toward a chair, and the young man sat down.

"*Muchas gracias, señorita,*" he mumbled. "*Mucho gusto en verle,*" Natalie said. "*Si, si, muchas gracias,*" said he. "*Por nada,*" she replied.

The young man knit his dark brow. "Well, *hasta la vista,* and *muchas gracias,*" he said. And he added something in Spanish that might have meant most anything. It might have meant, "You are very beautiful."

But it didn't mean anything at all. It was strictly fractured Spanish, all the young man could remember from the ninth grade.

"What part of Spain are you from?" Natalie asked him—in English now.

"Me? I'm Andy Green from Brooklyn. Don't you remember? I met you at Schroon Lake when you were up there for *Marjorie Morningstar.*"

His face brightened. "That's a good idea. You can wear it on a chain around your neck . . ." He hesitated . . . "And when you get married, you can use it as a wedding ring. . . ."

It was serious, and it wasn't. We talked about it that night, and we've discussed it since then. I think we both feel pretty much the same way:

We love each other. We would love to be married to each other. But we're afraid, too. Marriage, difficult under the best of circumstances, is much more difficult in our position. We know the demands on us—the tensions, the frustrations, the ups and downs. Neither of us considers marriage on a trial-and-error basis, something to be rushed into and if it doesn't work out—who cares? We are serious, we want to get married only once, we want to have children. And so we have to be sure. . . .

Actually, we are opposites in more ways than we are alike. But this does not frighten us from getting married. It's these differences that make being together more fun.

Recently, we were on a publicity trip to Riverside, California. Shortly after lunch, a photographer had asked Nick and me to pose by the pool. As we precariously balanced on the diving board, I suddenly felt a shove and went into the water, head first. My beautiful hairdo!

"It was an accident," Nick screeched when I came up for air.

"I bet it was!" I snapped angrily. I got out of the pool and went upstairs to fix up my hair as well as I could.

I was still annoyed when I came down again. No sooner had I gotten close to the pool when Nick pushed me in. "This time I meant it," he cried out.

I couldn't help laughing. I'd never met anyone quite like him!

I have a temper. Nick doesn't. I feel that theater is the backbone of acting; Nick thinks there's nothing like movies. Yet we both feel there is nothing duller than two people seeing eye to eye on everything—professionally and privately.

I must admit that in looking at marriage—even in general terms—Nick has the typical male attitude. He is far more frightened by it than I am! "Acting is so unpredictable," he confessed one night when he brought me home. "I'd be afraid to have kids and not be able to take care of them. . . ."

"Don't you think everyone feels that way?"

"I wouldn't know," he said discouraged. "I'm not every one . . . how do you feel about it?"

"I feel that there is Someone to look after all of us, all the time. . . ." Maybe I have a stronger religious belief than Nick has. I don't know. We've never talked about it, and he's never gone to church with me. But I guess most girls feel more strongly about it than fellows do. . . .

Curiously enough, usually I'm the one who is discouraged more easily, while Nick can rationalize things. Everything, it seems, but marriage.

In addition, I don't believe in engagements. I want to be married, or I want to be single. I don't like the in-between status. That's why Nick and I have agreed to call the rings we have given each other just friendship rings. Although the few other people we've dated since we met have been no more than friends, I want Nick to feel as free to date others—if he really wants to—as I am.

At this time, neither of us can tell for certain what will happen. But I am sure of two things: that Nick would make a wonderful husband; and that, wonderful though he is—I am still afraid to marry him now. . . .

END

You can see Nick in NO TIME FOR SERGEANTS for Warners.

my sister kim

(Continued from page 44) "Who's taking a rest?" my sister laughed. "We've been playing Prince Charming for the past hour and a half, haven't we, Billy?"

My son nodded enthusiastically. I don't know when he's had so much fun.

Kim's whole relationship to Billy shows how much different she is here than in Hollywood. He has seen very little of his aunt since he was born, yet he not only took an immediate liking to her but formed a deep and sincere affection as well. He follows her around the farm like a puppy dog—and she loves it. Needless to say it isn't because he is in awe of her position. At his age he doesn't have the slightest idea of what a movie star is.

His feelings are more than reciprocated by Kim. She took him for long walks in the snow, roasted marshmallows for him over the open fire, and once, when I suggested we play a game of canasta in the afternoon insisted, "Impossible. I'm too busy!"

"Busy . . . out here in the country?" I wondered out loud.

She smiled mischievously. "I have a date to play traffic. . . ."

The date was with Billy as the two of them set up a traffic court in the living room where they played with remote-control cars. And Kim didn't participate like an indifferent grown-up pacifying a child. Her imagination made the game as real to her as to Billy. . . .

In fact I am convinced this make-believe attitude is the key to her professional success. She doesn't study her parts like a student. She lives them. She always has.

Kim's early drama

I can still see her as a twelve-year-old, when her girlfriend Francine came over to play house. The two of them got along splendidly till they disagreed on the number of rooms they were cleaning, or something like it. Each got more and more excited till Kim finally lost her temper. "If you don't like it, we don't have to play together any longer!"

"All right," Francine retorted, "I might as well go home. . . ."

Kim got up from the floor and dramatically pointed at the front closet. Then, in the best Shakespearean tradition, "There is your coat, Francine . . ." and as she turned a little, ". . . and there is the door!"

As usual, a few hours later she felt so sorry for her behavior that she walked all the way to Francine's house to apologize and ask her forgiveness. For the next two weeks she went out of her way to make up to her . . . till they had another argument and she threw her out of the house again just as dramatically! Fortunately they always made up quickly.

The biggest difference in the Hollywood Kim and the Chicago Marilyn is one of insecurity. She has always needed self-assurance, but never the amount she requires now.

I remember when she was in high school, and took a course in typing. At the outset she was about average—and that worried her. "I've got to be better. I just have to be perfect," she insisted whenever she came back from class, then sat up half the night practicing—till she became tops at it. Since she had no intention of becoming a secretary it shouldn't have mattered that much. But it did—which makes it easy to see why she has become so engrossed in her career. It means everything to her. And that includes every aspect of it, not just acting in front of the cameras.

Kim is not a vain person. Yet to an outsider she might have given just that impression at a premiere I attended with

her during my latest trip out to California.

Although she looked radiantly beautiful when we got ready to leave the house, she was seriously worried when she turned to me. "Arlene, do I look all right . . . ? I mean, really?"

"Of course you do," I assured her. "I've never seen you look more attractive. . . ."

I had to keep telling her this on our drive to the theater and practically throughout the evening as well. Not because she wanted compliments, but because she knew she was expected to be glamorous, and feared she might disappoint someone. Anyone.

I found this insecurity to be even more pronounced in her relationships with her Hollywood associates.

I have heard her described as haughty and distant, and having gotten big-headed by her success.

It isn't true. Honestly, it isn't. And I am not talking with the prejudice of a sister. Yet I can see why some people feel that way. Occasionally Kim is short-tempered, flares up, once in a while breaks into tears. But these outbursts only cover up her insecurity built up and expanded by the pressure and expectations of her phenomenal rise to stardom.

I was on the set a number of times when she appeared in *Pal Joey*. She was the only performer who had never danced before. All the others were professionals.

One day someone made a remark about Kim's being slow in catching on. Kim blew up. Yet she wasn't angry at the man—only at herself. She told me so at home that night, when no one else was around to hear her. And the next day she apologized to her surprised critic who had probably forgotten all about the incident. . . .

How Kim draws the line

This attitude even holds true toward her friends and acquaintances. She always feels people are nice to her primarily because she is Kim Novak. As a result she has built a wall of isolation around her that few have been able to scale. To some degree this attitude was even apparent in her last visit with us, in Chicago.

We had open house and invited a lot of relatives and old friends we hadn't seen in a long time.

To my amazement, she was charming to some, rather aloof to others. I didn't know where she drew the line—till I asked her, after everyone had left. "That's simple," she replied sadly. "I could tell who came just because I'm in pictures and who was glad to see me, Marilyn, again."

"But how?" I gasped.

"Those who barely said hello to you and ignored the rest of the family were obviously impressed only by what I had done these past two years," she explained. "But the ones who were as attentive to you as to me, they were my friends. . . ."

To a certain extent, Kim's relationship to others has always consisted of a mixture of wanting to please, of striving to be liked, and a fear that she wasn't accepted for herself. Particularly where boys were concerned!

Once she passed the stage where she considered them pesty and a nuisance—mostly when they were still pulling her long pigtails—she grew into the awkward stage where she noticed them all right but began to feel uncomfortable with them because she was so tall for her age. Curiously enough, her quiet, introvert-like attitude made her much more popular than she realized. She was a good listener, agreeable, a wonderful sport. . . .

One day we went on a double date with two boys who invited us for dinner to Chinatown. Kim and I knew very well why they had picked the place. Not because they were fond of chow mein, but

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because the food was more reasonable than at any other restaurant in town.

When they picked us up, my date suggested we walk to Chinatown—a two-hour hike if we kept up a good pace. “We’d love to,” Kim insisted before I had a chance to say anything.

She knew they had made the suggestion to save money. Just how broke they were became still more obvious when they offered to order for us, insisting they were well acquainted with all the specialties. Their choices were the cheapest items on the menu.

When Kim’s date suggested we hike back again, I was ready to protest. I would have gladly paid the bus fare for all of us, but Kim—fearing they’d be embarrassed—agreed so enthusiastically that I had no choice but give in. After a four-hour walk that night both of us were so exhausted we couldn’t get up till noon the next morning—luckily not a school day.

Kim had her first real big crush when she was fourteen, to an equally quiet, highly intelligent boy in her class. Theirs was never the typical high school romance with Cokes and dances, jukeboxes and moonlight rides. Instead they would sit on the front steps together in the evening and talk for hours, or write poems to each other. . . .

The kind of wife she'll be

With few exceptions, all her crushes since then seem to be with the same type of person. I think when she gets married she will pick a quiet, sensitive, intelligent man. . . .

And she will make a wonderful wife. First of all, she loves children, which is evident in her wonderful relationship with my boys, Billy and two-year-old Scott. The way she played with them, the care with which she selected their Christmas and birthday presents, the money she put into their bank accounts.

I can tell by the love for her own home, the joy she draws out of furnishing it, her pleasure in deciding on the color schemes, the dinner parties she hopes to give some

day—by all her hopes and aspirations.

It is apparent by her interest in cooking—which is anything but conventional.

She never cooks from a recipe book. That would be dull! Instead she dreams up concoctions which must sound strange, to say the least.

This dates back to the time we were both little and played house together. Or rather, on Kim’s urgings, restaurant.

Invariably she was the cook and waitress, while I ended up being the customer. When I tried to order she would never give me a menu. She simply described the specialty of the house.

In those days I used to giggle when she suggested salad dressing with cocoanut flakes, or steaks marinated in wine. But when she grew old enough to experiment in the kitchen, she fixed just that and many more dishes like it—and they tasted excellent! Her biggest weakness is still garlic, which goes into just about everything but the coffee. . . . I just hope that her husband-to-be is fond of strong seasoning.

His only real problem will be Kim’s lack of punctuality. And this time I can’t blame Hollywood for it! If anything, the necessity of being on the set at a certain time has tended to improve her.

When she was a teenager, her boy-friends who came over for dates would spend the best hours of their lives waiting for her. I especially recall one handsome young fellow—I think he went to Northwestern University—who came to pick her up for the first time. “It’s nice to meet you,” Mom greeted him. “Make yourself comfortable.” Then she looked around for some magazines and finally handed him a whole batch. “I hope you like these. . . .”

He looked puzzled. “But I have a date with your daughter at seven!” he exclaimed. “Isn’t she here?”

“Of course she is,” Mom assured him. “She is getting ready. . . .”

He turned out to be one of the lucky ones. He had to wait only forty-five minutes! The next time he brought along his own book.

All considered, Kim has remained the same person in more ways than she has changed. She is as generous as ever, even if she now shows it more in material things than she used to. When she was little and wanted to do something special for me, she’d lay out my clothes on the bed before I went out on a Saturday-night date. Today she gives me wonderful and expensive presents, like the leather coat and the single clear pearl beautifully mounted on a gold chain she brought me from California.

She is the same child about opening gifts that she used to be. From the moment she stepped into the house on her last visit she kept telling me she simply couldn’t wait till Christmas morning to open her packages, and when she did, tore them open with all the enthusiasm of a six-year-old.

Physically, she is as brave as ever. I remember how we used to go skating together on the nearby pond. Because Kim had weak ankles, she fell more easily and more often than the rest of us. She never complained.

And she doesn’t complain now when she is flying, even though her eardrums—punctured when she was little—bother her terribly when she has a cold. Yet she won’t even comment on it, no matter how miserable she feels.

Unfortunately, she is still as easily hurt as she used to be. If there is even a slight misunderstanding during a dinner conversation, she will freeze, say nothing. And the heavy silence will continue till she has worked things out in her own mind. She just cannot overlook the problem.

Fortunately, she doesn’t carry a grudge. As quickly as she gets into a mood she can throw it off again. Maybe that’s why she is so successful on the screen. I don’t know. I am not a professional. But sometimes I wish that for her own sake she were a little less imaginative, a little less successful, and a great deal happier. . . .

END

You can see Kim in BELL, BOOK AND CANDLE for Columbia.

natalie answers 28 questions

(Continued from page 46) you now have a butler at your house. Do you find it easy or difficult to have a servant? Does it take a little while to get used to it? (Merelee Willson, San Francisco, Calif.)

Natalie: No—it’s wonderful! But we were lucky to find someone like David. He’s an excellent cook, an efficient housekeeper and an interesting person.

Fan: How’s your cooking? (Lynn S., Montreal, Canada)

Natalie: Great—when I’m out of the house. I cook only on the boat and love it. And if I may be permitted to be immodest, I think I’m doing very well. But I don’t like to be domestic at home and since I don’t have to be, I see no point in pretending to be anything I’m not.

Fan: Every time my husband comes home he starts talking about wanting to buy a boat with an outboard motor. “Look what fun Natalie Wood and Bob Wagner have with their boat.” I know you have a great big one, but I wish you’d either convince me that Jim—that’s my husband—is right, or admit you only pretend to have fun because Bob seems to like boating. C’mon. Give. . . . (Carolyn Smith, San Diego, Calif.)

Natalie: I love it. It’s the greatest life in the world. And if I were you, I’d talk my husband into the boat. Believe me—romance on the high seas is the greatest! Look what it has done for me. . . . And by the way, I’ve always been enthusiastic

about it, even when R.J. still had the much smaller and much less comfortable twenty-six-foot boat, with the head in the bow where you had to back in to get there, and with few of the other conveniences we have now. They say that living on the water makes you feel ten years younger, and I believe it. (Signed, Your child-bride, N. W.)

Fan: My boyfriend says you and most actresses are stuck-up and he wouldn’t go out with you or any girl in Hollywood. I’ve always been a fan of yours and can’t believe that. If you can be objective on that point—is it true? (Anne McKinley, Shreveport, La.)

Natalie: You better ask my husband! Ed: We did, and this is what R.J. had to say: “No, she isn’t—but if she were, she’d have a right to be.”

Fan: A talent agent has asked me if I wanted Jessy—that’s my five-year-old daughter—in pictures. He said he could get her a contract. Jessy has done some modeling and through it gotten a number of offers to appear on tv and in the movies. From your experiences—and if I’m correct, you’ve been in pictures since you were four years old—would you say I should let her go ahead if the offer is legitimate? In other words—would you go through it again if you had the choice? (Mrs. A. Hochschaffer, Hollywood 46, Calif.)

Natalie: I would go through it again—definitely. But generally speaking, and specifically in your case, I would say it depends on how your daughter feels about it. In other words, leave it up to her, the way my mother did with me. Of course I was a

ham from way back. But although mother was quite sure how I felt about it, she discussed it with me in as much detail as she felt I might understand at that age. On the other hand I’ve worked with a lot of children who were forced into films, who would much rather have played with dolls or jumped rope or done a lot of other things, and I think their mothers were wrong. If I had a daughter I would encourage her to do whatever she would like to do most—whether it’s playing the piano or painting or whatever it is. And if it happens to be acting, that would be fine, too.

Fan: Who are you most like . . . your father or your mother? (Stanley M., Pittsburgh, Pa.)

Natalie: I would say about half and half. I think I’ve inherited my father’s temper and my mother’s persistence.

Fan: Do you feel more independent now than you did before? From what I read I was under the impression that your mother always made a lot of decisions for you. Is that true, and if so, has Bob taken over that role? (P. B., East Hampton, N. Y.)

Natalie: My mother has never made any decisions for me! She used to advise me, at least when I was little. But she never told me what to do. As for R.J., we talk things over. No one tells the other what to do.

Fan: Before you were married, you used to be very close to your family, particularly your mother. Are you still? (Dorothy Reardon, Albuquerque, N. M.)

Natalie: I still see or talk to my family almost every day and feel very close to them, as I do to R.J.'s. But naturally, there has been an adjustment on my part, as I'm sure there must have been on theirs. It's only natural now that we are living our own lives.

Fan: You used to be a pretty fast driver and if I remember correctly, you were in one or two pretty bad accidents. Have you slowed down in recent months? Have you gotten any tickets? (Shawlee Devins, Fort Smith, Ark.)

Natalie: The only tickets I got recently were for parking. Not so much since we moved, but when we still lived in R.J.'s old apartment we left our cars outside at night. Since there was a parking limit, we paid a small fortune in fines. And by the way, while I was in two accidents, I was behind the wheel only once—when I drove too fast along Sunset Boulevard. I slammed on the brakes to slow down when I approached a curve but it was too late and I crashed into a tree. The car was badly damaged and I had some bad cuts and bruises. Luckily, the only after-effect was a more cautious attitude when I was driving again. I don't think I've exceeded the speed limit since then. At least I've tried not to.

Fan: You can tell your beloved husband to go and drown himself for all I care! After two years I finally got enough nerve to propose to my girl and what does she say? "What makes you think I'm going to marry you? You're no Bob Wagner!" (Disgruntled fan, F. P.)

Natalie: My husband is an expert swimmer.

Fan: I read an article the other day in a fan magazine which was titled something like *Don't Hi-Hat Your Fans, Natalie*, and I became very upset about it. It accused you of being uncooperative and ungrateful to the fans and the press and a lot of other nasty things. If I were you, Natalie, I would tell them to go to the devil. Yes, I have to be that frank about it! I remember when you and Bob were first going together, and some of the fan magazines said you two would never be married; and then, when you got engaged, they said you should wait longer, and when you got married they said you waited too long! And now some claim it can't last. If you ask me—I think they are nuts! (Rosemary Engle, Philadelphia, Pa.)

Natalie: I agree.

Fan: You and Jimmy Dean used to be such close friends. Do you ever think of him now? (Tracey L., Wilmington, Del.)

Natalie: Very often.

Fan: I understand that your studio wants to put you into a lot of films you don't want to do and I think it's a dirty shame. I'm proud that you are standing up for your own rights. If you ever run out of money and need funds, I'll be glad, proud, to give you my savings of \$112.50 any time you ask for them. And you can pay me back whenever you are able to do it, at no interest. OK? (I. L., N. Y., N. Y.)

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Natalie: Thank you for your pep talk, kindness, and address. Will it be cash, check, or money order? Seriously though. You are very sweet and it's always wonderful to know you have a friend. Thanks.

Fan: My girlfriend read an interview in which you said that *Marjorie Morningstar* was your favorite role. The other day I read that your part as Monique in *Kings Go Forth* was your favorite. Which is right? (Jack Stern, Chicago, Ill.)

Natalie: It's Monique.

Fan: You have such a perfect smile. Tell me honestly, do you wear caps on your teeth like Ann Blyth does? And how do you get your fingernails to grow so long? Any special diet? (Bee Farnsworth, Denver, Col.)

Natalie: I don't wear caps on my teeth. And I don't use any special diet for my nails. They grow long during the week, but I usually break them on weekends when I pull the lines on board our boat. Then I let them grow again till I break them off once more the following weekend. It's quite a merry-go-round.

Fan: Do you still experiment with hair coloring, and styles? (Betty McAuliffe, New York City)

Natalie: I never experimented with the color of my hair, unless a role called for it. But I did and still do enjoy experimenting with new styles, although I never go to extremes.

Fan: Do you still have the same friends you had three years ago? (Howard B., Manchester, N. H.)

Natalie: Yes—the same two, Nick Adams and Barbara Gould.

Fan: When I read stories about you a couple of years ago, you often mentioned the books you read. But I haven't seen any reference to it in recent months. Don't you have time to read anymore or did you just happen to stop talking about it? (J.K., Tyndall, S. D.)

Natalie: People haven't asked me about it lately. I read more than I did before—an average of five books a week—first of all because R.J. and I are growing tired of television, and secondly because we are looking for properties for our newly formed production company. So far we haven't found anything we've liked well enough to buy. . . .

Fan: I don't know if Hollywood is the most moral or most immoral place in the world, but every time I pick up a paper I read about another divorce. Does the work in pictures make people so insecure? Are the temptations so big out there? (F. R., Cedar Rapids, Iowa)

Natalie: I'm not the right person to answer this, because I'm only interested in my life with R.J. and am not concerned with the rest of Hollywood. And we have a perfect marriage.

Fan: Why do you refuse to have pictures taken at home? We fans feel that we have a stake in your career because we've helped make you what you are today. So why do you want to shut us out now? I'm writing this because I like you, not because I'm mad at you. Let's say, just confused. (M. S., Boston, Mass.)

Natalie: I would like to repeat that I don't want to shut out our fans, that I am grateful to them and always will be for what they have done for us, but I'm sure that you can understand—can't you?

Fan: At twenty, you have a terrific career, a handsome husband, a Cadillac, a beautiful house, a butler and a pool. I'm happy for you because I think you deserve it. But tell me—what do you have to look forward to when you are twenty-nine? (F.N., Bronx, N. Y.)

Natalie: More of the same—and children.

Bob will appear in *LOVE AND WAR* for 20th-Fox.

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A burial at sea

■ Alan Ladd will be the first to tell you there's no telling what that boy of his, David, is liable to come up with.

Like that very morning. Alan and Sue—Mrs. Alan Ladd—had been fast asleep when all of a sudden they'd been awakened by a noise. It was a continuing noise, coming from down the hall and there could be no question after a few minutes that it was water being flushed, over and over again.

"Is that coming from David's bathroom?" Alan had asked.

"I think so," Sue had answered, groggily but at the same time wondering, too.

"Hope he's not sick," Alan had said.

"You'd better go see."

Alan got out of bed, grabbed a bathrobe and made his way down the hall.

"David?" he'd called out just outside the closed bathroom door.

"Yes, Daddy?" the clear ten-year-old voice had called back.

Alan had opened the door. And then he'd seen David, in his pajamas, kneeling on the floor, his face all serious and kind of sad, his hand reached over to the flush, flushing away for all he was worth.

Alan was relieved to see that the boy wasn't sick. But. . .

"I don't like to pry," he started to say.

"Oh, that's all right, Daddy," David had said. "It's a funeral. I hope it didn't wake you up."

"Funeral?" Alan asked.

"The fish you and Mommy gave me," David had said. "When I woke up this morning I went to feed them and they were dead. So I'm just burying them here—" he pointed with his free hand "—and now I'm saying a prayer for them and saying good-bye. I thought they would like to be buried in water instead of in the back yard."

Alan had nodded, said, "Oh, I see," and then went back to the bedroom, very quickly and very quietly.

And he thought, no telling what that boy of his is liable to come up with next. . .

Alan will soon be seen in U.A.'s THE MAN IN THE NET

the night I almost got killed

(Continued from page 49) and my mother was against it. No, not against the girl—she was a wonderful person and my mother liked her very much. But this was a couple of years ago, and Mom thought we were too young to be so serious. Her mother thought so too.

"So finally I had to give in and agree not to see the girl—at least not so often. But this was very hard to do.

"And one night I missed my girlfriend so much I just had to see her. We made a date for a movie. She told her mother, but I figured I'd better not tell mine. I figured I'd avoid a lot of trouble if I just said I had a rehearsal on. . . ."

How it all began

The evening started out pleasantly enough, this date Tommy had with the girl whose initials were M. H. He didn't want to have her name revealed in print because she may be married by now, and her husband might not believe the story any more than her mother did when Tommy tried to explain the bloodstains on her dress. . . .

They had gone to a show and stopped for a hamburger and milkshake at a drive-in. About ten-thirty they headed for her home.

Two miles from their destination, they had to stop at a traffic light. While Tommy waited for it to turn green, a car bumped into his, from behind.

They were shaken up a little but Tommy felt sure his rear bumper must have absorbed the shock and prevented any damage. He stayed in the car. The light was still red.

When he looked back into the rear-view mirror, however, he saw the other car pull back a few feet, and then jam right into him again. Obviously this time it was intentional!

Boiling mad, Tommy threw open his car door, jumped out, and squeezed through the narrow space between his car and another one parked to the left of him, heading for whoever hit him.

He'd taken less than three steps when he was hit over the head with a blunt instrument.

His vision blurred for a moment as he went down. But he quickly managed to get up and fight back at his assailant—when a second fellow attacked him from the other side. Two men must have jumped out of each side of the car, simultaneously. . . .

Now they fought him together.

Tommy shouted for help but the driver parked next to him pushed down on the accelerator. He didn't want to get involved.

M.H., ignoring the danger to herself, was out of the car now. Gripping her purse tightly she swung it with all her strength. The contents—lipstick, compact, keys and other paraphernalia—made the purse into a powerful weapon. The fellow who was hit cried out in pain and then shoved her back against the car. She kept on fighting while he pushed her back.

Meanwhile Tommy took the worst beating of his life. The instant one man relaxed or turned his attentions to M.H., the other would pounce on him again. Although they were older, taller, and obviously a lot stronger, he had one advantage in his favor. When he was a boy in Chicago, his father, Benny Sands, had befriended a lot of fighters who lived in the same hotel where he and his family stayed. One of them, an ex-heavyweight contender had taken Tommy under his wing and had shown him some pretty good punches. But he'd only taught him how

to fight clean. When the fight got dirty, Tommy was unprepared.

Finding themselves in more trouble beating up Tommy than either of them had anticipated, the taller one pulled a knife. Tommy saw it coming at him and ducked, but not fast enough. The blade cut his face, near his mouth.

Tommy got up and charged the fellow who was turning toward M.H. again. He grabbed his shoulder, tossed him around and hit him in the face. He thought he heard something break. It could have been the other man's nose. . . .

Again Tommy felt another sharp pain in his shoulder. He didn't know what caused it as he turned, swinging his right fist.

Tommy passes out

It never reached its mark. The first man had hit him across the neck. . . Tommy went down.

He doesn't remember much of what happened after that. He felt pains; he couldn't see; noises seemed faint and far away. The beating and kicking didn't stop. He was sure he was dying. . . .

And then it was very quiet. He had lost consciousness.

Hours seemed to have passed by before he came to again. Actually it was just a few minutes later. M. H. was leaning over him, crying hysterically, wiping blood from his face.

Tommy no more knew why the fellows had suddenly left than why they had attacked him in the first place. He thought he smelled liquor on their breaths which might have explained their insensible behavior. But he was not sure.

He was too weak even to lift his arms. It took all M.H.'s support to help him back into the car.

"Can you drive?" he asked her hoarsely. She shook her head. "No. I can't. I'm sorry. . . Oh, Tommy, I'm so sorry. . . ."

Gently she closed the door on his side, walked around the car and climbed in next to him. Tommy turned the ignition key. His arm hurt, but it wasn't broken. Blood was still gushing down his face, over his new suit, the upholstery, and clung to his hands, her hands, her dress.

"What are we going to do?" M.H. asked desperately.

The motor was running, but Tommy couldn't think straight. He didn't know what to do.

"Maybe you'd better see a doctor," she whimpered.

Tommy pulled away from the curb. A block away they saw a girl crossing the street. Tommy stopped next to her to ask for a doctor. When she got a look at his face, she let out a scream, and ran off.

The next pedestrian, a man in his fifties carrying a newspaper under his arm, was more helpful. He told him how to get to the emergency hospital, a mile away.

The doctor took eight stitches near his mouth and four on his head. Tommy was bruised all over, but there were no broken bones.

Groggy and weak, Tommy left the emergency hospital an hour later, leaning heavily on M.H.

If he thought his troubles were over, he was wrong. They had only started. . . .

What her mother thought

M.H.'s mother let out a shriek the minute she saw her blood-spattered daughter. For a moment Tommy thought he was going to get beaten up all over again, and at this stage he couldn't have defended himself against a five-year-old.

"What did you do to my daughter?" she screeched. "You monster. . . you terrible boy. . . I never wanted her to go out with you. . . ."

Tommy tried to explain. "We were sitting in the car. . . ."

"I bet you were. I just bet you were!"

"But Mommy. . . ." M.H. cut in.

"You be quiet!" the mother said. And, turning back to Tommy, "You were in a brawl, weren't you. . . ."

"But Mrs. . . ."

"Don't you 'But Mrs.' me," she shouted. "Look at my daughter. Look what you've done to her. I should turn you over to the police, you. . . . you. . . ."

Tommy couldn't fight back. He was desperately tired. Mainly he had wanted to explain for his girl's sake, because of what her mother had thought so far, and what she might come up with next!

Slowly and with much effort he turned and walked to the door while M.H.'s mother was still shouting and gesticulating wildly.

Tommy stopped briefly. "I'm sorry," he said weakly. "Honestly, I'm sorry. . . ."

And then he left.

It was only a ten-minute drive to his own home. Ten awful minutes in which Tommy worried what he could tell his mother. If M.H.'s mother didn't believe him, would she? Seeing him with blood all over him, there was no telling what she would think, particularly if she knew he'd been with a girl.

Suddenly he got an idea. He pulled into a gas station, got out of his car and headed for the pay-phone. A few seconds later he heard his mother's sleepy voice.

"I had a little accident, Mom. Nothing to worry about. . . ." he assured her.

Mrs. Sands pictured a dented fender or scraped side or something like it. Yet while she hadn't been prepared for bandages around his jaw and head, and blood spilled all over his new suit—his appear-

ance didn't come quite as much of a surprise to his mother as it did to M.H.'s mother. Then, in order to have more time to think instead of giving himself away by sputtering out all about the fight, Tommy told her he was exhausted and needed some sleep. Mrs. Sands could see that was true, and helped him to bed.

"The next morning," Tommy recalled, "nothing looked quite as black. I put my clothes into a suitcase so Mom wouldn't be reminded of what she saw the night before, and took them to the cleaners myself. The cut on my face, I told her, happened during the accident when the other car and mine collided—which in a way wasn't so far from the truth. I knew she'd worry a lot less when I went out thereafter if she didn't know all the details. . . ."

When Tommy finished his story, I asked him if I could write it up. I was sure, I told him, that his fans would be interested in hearing about the night he almost lost his life.

Tommy wasn't sure. After all, he hadn't told his mother. . . .

"Tell you what, Tommy," I said. "I won't write it unless you tell your mother first. Matter of fact, why don't you tell her anyhow? You've had it on your mind these last two years. . . ."

Next day I got a call from Tommy. He told his mom, and it turned out that she knew it all the time! She just didn't want to add to his misery.

"Maybe," Tommy concluded, "you shouldn't call the story *The Night I Almost Lost My Life*—it's more like the night I almost lost my mind!" **END**

Tommy will soon appear in *MARDI GRAS* for 20th-Fox.

why I keep my true love a secret

(Continued from page 37) in Hollywood, who looked so young that strangers talked to her as if she were a child—who on earth would be sending her flowers?

Breathless, Millie snatched the long green box out of the boy's hands. Shelley Winters, standing over her, noticed that Millie's hands were trembling. The next instant she wasn't looking at Millie's hands—she was gasping with surprise and staring down at the flowers.

For they were the loveliest she had ever seen. Long-stemmed roses, snowy white, nestled among green leaves with dew still trembling on them.

"Why, honey," Shelley breathed, "who sent you those?"

Flowers from no one

Millie Perkins looked up, her incredible thick black eyelashes making shadows on her cheeks. Her face was flushed, her lips smiled, her eyes shone.

"They—why, they're from—" Suddenly her voice faded away. She took a quick look around the set. George Stevens was smiling at her. Across the room a carpenter caught her eye and self-consciously turned back to his work. The glow faded from Millie's face. The smile disappeared.

"I don't know," she said faintly, in the voice she used when reporters' questions shocked her into shyness.

Shelley stared at her. "You don't know?"

Millie's lashes dropped. Now her face turned red. Her voice was fainter than ever. "That's right. See—there's no card."

Shelley peered into the box. "But Millie, no one gets flowers from someone

she doesn't know, not flowers like that. They can't be from a fan; they must have cost a fortune. Why, they're the sort of thing a guy sends to a girl he—he adores, or something. I mean, they're a love gift, you know? A—"

This time it was Shelley Winters who stopped talking suddenly.

Millie Perkins was crying.

Just for an instant. The next second she brushed the tear away angrily. She clutched the box to her, the flowers making wet marks on her blouse. And then she was running to her dressing room, the box in her arms.

For anyone who cared to listen, there was the sound of sobs coming from behind the door. But no one listened. The people left on the set were staring at each other in amazement.

They talked about nothing else for weeks.

But Millie Perkins, when she finally returned, dry-eyed, with her face set stiffly, never said a word.

Now it will be told

This then, will be for most of the people who stood bewildered on that set, the answer to the questions they asked so often—the eagerly awaited story never before told. The story of Millie Perkins, the little model making her movie debut in *The Diary of Anne Frank*. And most of all the story of the love she was forced to keep a secret.

It begins eleven years ago, when Millie was nine. It begins in a two-story brick house in Fair Lawn, New Jersey, on a Sunday afternoon. . . .

They had been up since 6:00 a. m., the whole family. At that ungodly hour they

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had been routed out of bed, blinking, sleepy, tousled—fourteen-year-old Janet, twelve-year-old Lulu, six-year-old Jimmy, baby Katherine, only three—and Millie, the in-between.

In the grey dawn Millie had pulled away from Janet's hands shaking her awake. "Go 'way . . . too early. . . ."

"It's six o'clock," Janet hissed. "Come on, Millie, you've got to get up and get ready. . . ."

"Ready . . . fo' . . . wha . . . ?"

"Why, you dope, don't you remember? Daddy's coming home today!"

Instantly Millie sat bolt upright in bed, her eyes wide open. "Oh! Of course! Oh, Jan—today!"

She threw back the covers. Janet was closing the window, turning on the radiator. "Listen, Mama's washing Jimmy up. Hear him holler?"

They both listened for a minute. Then Millie, slipping into her robe and pattering barefoot into the hall, shook her head in wonder and disgust. "What a dope. Doesn't he *want* to wash up for Daddy?"

But Jan was on her way back to her own room already, too busy to listen. There was so much to be done—so much. For Daddy was coming home—tall, blond, handsome Daddy who sailed the seas for the Merchant Marine and made it back to his family only once a month. And with him he brought into the house more than just himself, though that was enough. He brought excitement, romance, adventure. And he brought—authority.

For Daddy the house had to shine the way the glasses did on board his ship. For Daddy every dresser top, every table, must glow with polishing, every hairbrush must be lined up, neat, clean, orderly. The windows were washed, the house was swept, the bathroom and kitchen were scrubbed within an inch of destruction before Daddy came home. And that was not all.

On Daddy's children, not a hair must be out of place, not a button undone, not a lace untied. For Daddy clothes had to be brushed, shoes shined, faces scrubbed. So that wonderful, long-gone Daddy, would smile approval and love upon his adoring clan.

Of them all, Millie was the one who worked hardest to please. Maybe because she was the middle one—neither the oldest, who got the most privileges nor the youngest who got the babying, nor the boy who could grow up to be a sailor, too. She was only Millie, who got her fair share of love, to be sure, but was still to herself, just the middle child, the quiet one.

The great moment came at last. For an hour the children had been lining themselves up behind the door with its brightly polished knocker. And then suddenly, just as they were dying with impatience, certain it would never happen—the key turned in the lock. The next instant their mother was clasped in Daddy's arms and they were clutching him from all sides, laughing, half-crying, pulling at him, crowding closer to be kissed and hugged and smothered in his embrace.

"Now," said her father, freeing himself from them all, "let me look at you, all of you. Not bad. No, not bad. But if you really want your shoes to shine, you've got to do better than that. Here children, take them off. I'll show you how to polish shoes!"

And he did.

That was the homecoming. Today Millie laughs about it, reports cheerfully that they went through that sort of scene every month. But then—then it was just another case of being little Millie, who never quite managed to stand out from the crowd. In-between, nowhere-special Millie.

76 She might have felt that way forever if

that particular miracle hadn't happened.

When she was eleven she met The Boy, and he looked at her with special eyes.

If you've ever felt you were nobody and then suddenly you became somebody—then you know what Millie felt. You know a little something of the transformation that swept over her, of the joy that seemed about to lift her off her feet and carry her away, of the incredulous, shouting-out love that she could feel—even at eleven.

For this was not just any boy. This was a special, wonderful, brilliant, popular boy. This was the boy who led in everything—athletics and discussions, class plays and picnic plans.

It was magic. For she had been given by him the greatest gift of all, more precious than the envious eyes of the girls, the whistles the boys now bestowed upon her. She had been given herself!

And since that gift could never be revoked, that love could never die.

Busy improving

At home, she was still little Millie, still eager to please, quick to love. Her father liked to see the children busy with improving things, so whenever he was by, she would snatch up a book and pretend to be immersed in it. One day he walked past her chair and found her apparently intent upon a book on how-to-raise-chickens. This time she got the recognition she had longed for—her father was tremendously impressed with Millie's practicality, her varied interests. A year earlier it might have cut her to the quick that when she finally got praise it was for a lie—but now she was not alone, now she could no longer believe that that was the *only* way she could be loved.

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City.....Zone...State...

Didn't the boy love her for herself? Didn't he believe in her for what she really was?

When high school was over, the future seemed perilously near. Lots of the kids were getting married right after graduation, starting out in small jobs and smaller apartments.

"We could, too," the boy said to Millie. "But we won't."

If she was disappointed, she said nothing, trusting him. "Tell me—"

"I'm going to college. Then to medical school. It takes a long time to be a doctor, eight or nine years. It wouldn't be good for either of us to be trying to start out a marriage while I had to study and sweat over the books. We'll wait."

Panic hit her. "Where will you go?"

"Not far. You could go to college, too, you know. Your folks would send you."

She shook her head dolefully. Much as she wanted to be with him, lost as she would be without him, she was no student by nature and she knew it. The thought of a college campus, filled with brilliant young people expounding difficult theories was too much. "No. . . ."

He nodded, understanding that his girl had come far, but would never be filled to bursting with self-confidence. "Very well, then. You come to New York and get a job. We could see each other every week end. You could live with your sister."

"With Lulu? That would be great."

Millie thought it over. Lulu had a darling apartment, was easy to get along with. "But what would I do? I haven't got any training for anything."

The boy took her hands and looked into her eyes. He had an idea; he'd been saving it for the right moment. Now this was it.

"Honey, you could be a model!"

Millie's eyes positively bulged. For a moment she was utterly speechless.

"Me? A model? You're crazy. I—I know you think I'm—pretty—but nobody else—I mean—"

The boy waited till she ran down. Then he led her, still holding her hands, to a mirror. "Look!" he commanded. "Look at your eyes, look at your mouth—Millie, I don't know if you're pretty, really. But I do know people look at you. I do know you take a great picture. And I know—I know you can do it!"

Slowly, Millie turned to face the mirror.

And a year later, she was one of the top models in New York City.

Life in the big city

All week, she carried her model's hat-box, filled with make-up, clothing changes, skin lotions, from photographer to photographer, posing in glamorous clothes, collecting fabulous fees. Evenings she returned to Lulu's pretty apartment to eat Lulu's marvelous cooking along with Lulu's fascinating guests. All sorts of interesting people came over—writers and musicians and artists—many of them eager to meet Lulu's stunning little sister whose face peered so pertly from the pages of the fashion magazines. But to Millie they were a terrifying crew, full of confidence and grit and strong ideas. She admired them and envied them—but she was much too shy to talk to them. The life she herself was leading never struck her as really unusual and interesting.

As far as she was concerned, she lived for the week ends with her guy.

Life was good and easy and smooth. Until everything happened at once.

On the same day, she was asked to test for Anne Frank, and he received his draft notice.

All week end they argued it back and forth, over and over.

"But I can't act. I've never acted."

"If you can't act, you won't pass the

test. Let them decide that! Millie, dear."

"I'll make a fool of myself."

"Cary Grant flunked his first screen test. Clark Gable flunked his first screen test. Lana Turner—"

"She passed hers!"

"So will you!"

"That'll be even worse! I don't want to go so far away from you."

"Honey, I'm going into the Army. They might send me to Japan—how do we know?"

"Oh, they couldn't—"

"And just think—California's a lot closer to Japan than New York is!"

As always, his confidence in her won the day. She took the test. But it was not his confidence that won the role—it was the serious dark eyes, the shy smile, the delicate face, the hidden talent that made her be the sensitive little Jewish girl hiding from the Nazis.

By the time the tests were analyzed, by the time the part was hers and she had gotten the—to her—unmitigated gall to sign a seven-year contract for doing something she'd never done before, her fellow was indeed in the Army. He hadn't been sent to Japan but he had made sergeant and he was definitely—busy. So they were prepared, or almost prepared for separation.

When he put Millie on the plane for the coast, she was determinedly cheerful. "At least," she said, "we'll have plenty of money for your med school. We won't have to wait any more to get married."

The sergeant puts his foot down

Very seriously, he took her into his arms. "Millie, darling, maybe we won't wait any longer once I get out. God knows I don't want to. But we won't use a penny of your money. Not a penny."

Startled, she drew back. "But whatever is mine belongs to you. Just as yours does to me. It's always been like that."

"Not where it comes to that. I'll save my Army pay, sweetheart. I'll have a lot put away. I'm not going to live off you no matter how much you make. So buy yourself half a dozen assorted shades of mink, Millie. The money is all yours."

In her first interview with the big brass of the studio, she heard the words: "and then your next picture. . . ."

She interrupted shyly. "Well, you'll have to give me a little time off. For—for a honeymoon."

The silence fell like a lump of lead. "You're—engaged?"

She nodded. She always felt better when she could talk about her fellow. "Oh yes. Since high school. He's in the Army, but when he gets out we're getting married. Then he's going to med school."

She looked around the room, her eyes shining. But the men weren't looking at her. They were shaking their heads.

"What's the matter?"

"Look, Miss Perkins—Millie. This is hard to explain. But you're a newcomer, right? And actually, this picture rides on your shoulders. You'll make it or break it. So—we have to sell you to the public. Get them to know your name, wonder about you, want to see you. See?"

"Yes—"

"Well, the best way to do that is—well, for them to see your name in the papers. In the gossip columns. Millie Perkins seen at the Mocambo with So-and-So. Millie Perkins, out dancing with Joe Doaks, says her favorite joke is. . . . You know."

Millie's face was white. "But I can't. I can't go dancing with anyone at all. I'm engaged. And I don't want to. I haven't gone out with another boy for—"

They nodded, soothingly. "But he would understand, wouldn't he? That it was really just for business? Then after the picture is over, you could announce your

engagement. He'd understand, you know."

"Maybe he would," Millie cried out.

"But I wouldn't. I'm sorry. I can't do it. Not for anyone. I'll go home tomorrow, today. But I—"

They all talked at once then. In the end, they talked her down. Not on dating. She could no more do that than cut off her arm. But they persuaded her to let them pretend even if she wouldn't.

"Yes," poor Millie said miserably. "I guess. I mean—well—"

But she couldn't hold out against them. For the first time since she was eleven, she was alone again—and she had to please them, had to have their approval, their praise. Alone, she just wasn't strong enough to defend herself.

And so she set out to live a lie. Millie Perkins, whose face turned red at so much as an evasion, faced interviewers by the score with her lie in her mouth, burning with shame. Reporters found her shy, diffident, noted that as soon as they got onto personal topics, her voice seemed to fade away. If they pushed it further, she might stop talking altogether. Or, sometimes, an angry spark might finally flare in her cheeks and then they would go away wondering what Millie Perkins had to be so snooty about. The stories that went out to the papers contradicted each other over and over again.

Millie Perkins at the Mocambo with George Stevens, Jr., son of the director of The Diary Of Anne Frank.

Millie Perkins' favorite Hollywood dates are Nick Adams, Barry Coe, Tommy Sands, Gary Crosby, Dick Sargent.

Millie Perkins, new find, never dates; she's too busy studying her Anne Frank script.

Millie Perkins has never had a crush on a boy since a six-year-old intrigued her in grammar school. When that died out, she never found another.

Millie Perkins went steady with three boys at once in high school. . . .

And so on. Once and only once the reports were true: Dick Beymer, who plays opposite her, took her to a ballet.

"But that wasn't a date," she protested violently to a reporter.

"Why not?"

"Because he didn't ask me. I asked him. I wanted to go and so—"

Joseph Schildkraut, who plays her father, saw her tremendous embarrassment, came to her rescue. "I love this girl," he boomed to the reporter. "I love her!"

The reporter went away confused, but satisfied.

After that, because he played her father and because he was kind and she was too lonely to bear it, she told Schildkraut the truth. Later, as she grew closer to Shelley Winters and Nina Foch, losing her awe of them in the warmth of their kindness and affection, she told them, too. After that, things were a little better.

But not better enough. At night, after she has cooked, burnt, and eaten her dinner alone, after she has studied her lines and written her long, nightly letter to the Sergeant—after that, the tears still come. And because she is too bound by her love to date, too tied by her lie to seek friends, she remains alone and desolate.

Perhaps by telling this story for all the world to see, we have brought an end to loneliness for Millie Perkins. Perhaps it may even be seen that a love story is not duller than gossip, that truth is something more precious than a useful lie.

We hope so. We would like to see an end to the lie, an end to the loneliness. We would like to know more about Millie's guy, their plans, their future.

We would like to share their love. END

Millie will soon be seen in THE DIARY OF ANNE FRANK for 20th-Fox.

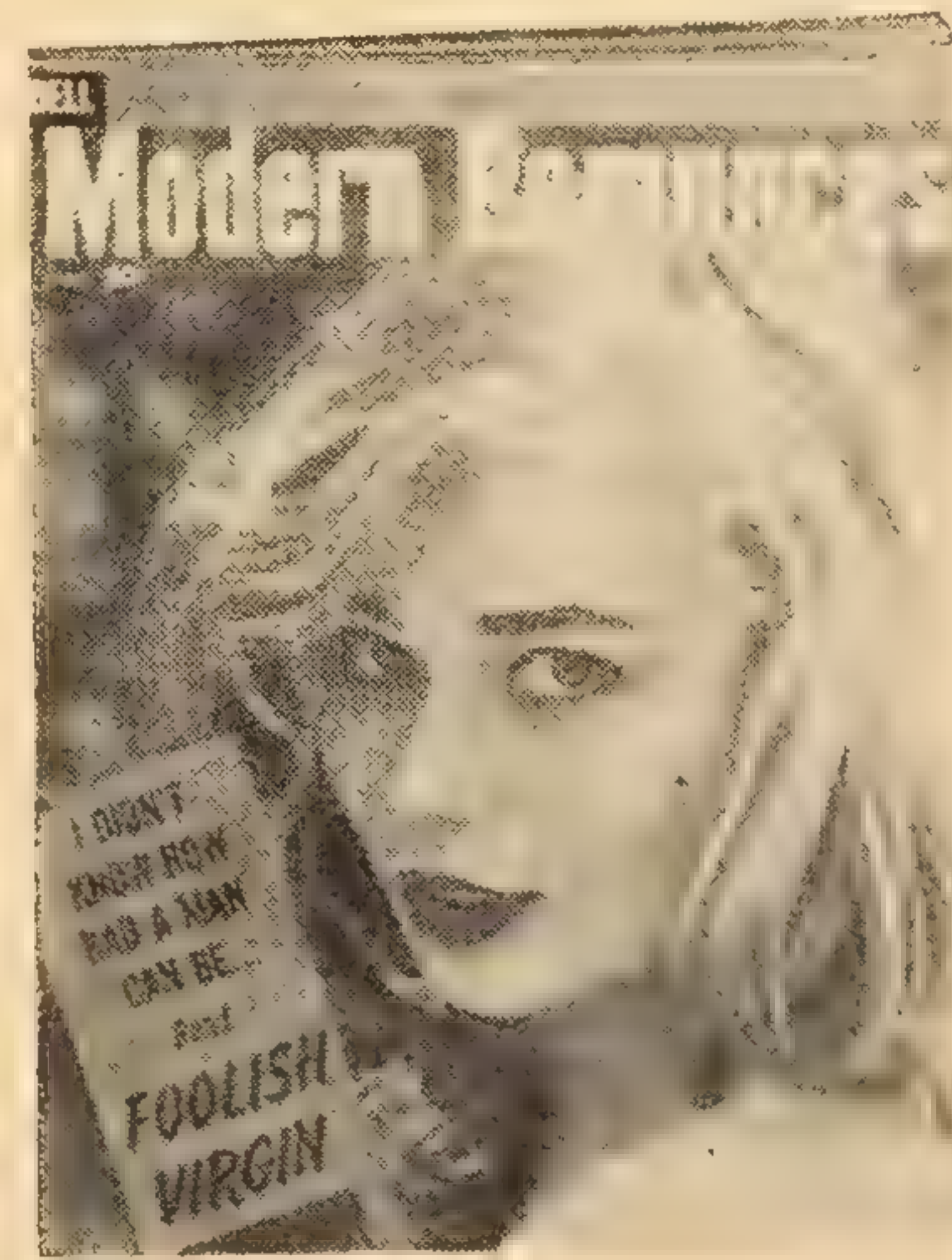


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that lives for you

why I posed for those phony romance pictures

(Continued from page 39) I'd ever met him. It had been about a month earlier, at a party following a big movie premiere at the Beverly-Hilton Hotel. I'd gone with my date, Floyd Simmons, and we'd sat at a table with six very good friends—none of them in show business, by the way. A couple of tables away sat a very good-looking young fellow and his date—a New York girl—alone. They'd come in a little while after most of the others. And as soon as the other girls at our table saw the newcomer (male!) they started going ga-ga-ga. To be truthful, I let out with a 'ga' or two myself—but I was about two years older than these other girls and felt I should act just a little more sophisticated.

One of the girls at our table, a very lovely, wide eyed-type girl, said to me, "Judi, do you know who he is?"

"I think," I said, "I think he's Barry Coe, the young 20th Century-Fox actor who played in *Peyton Place*."

"That's right!" the girl said, more and more excited. "Oh, Judi, do you think you could get me his autograph on this menu? I'm just crazy about him."

"Why don't you go over to him yourself and ask?"

"I'm ashamed," the girl said.

I tried to persuade her, but she wouldn't budge. "All right," I said, getting up, "I'll do it . . . And to show you that actors are really people—and Barry Coe over there looks like 'people,' I'll even get him to come over and say hello to you."

"Barry," I said, when I got to his table, very informal about the whole thing, "I'm Judi Meredith."

"Oh?" Barry said, as if he couldn't care less.

I told him about my friend and how she would like his autograph.

Without saying anything, he got out a pen and signed the menu.

Then I asked him if he'd mind, when he had a few minutes, coming over to the table to say hello.

"If it's all the same to you, I'd rather not," he started to say. "I . . ."

"Okay," I said, interrupting him, realizing I'd figured him wrong. I nodded, picked up the menu and began to walk away. "That's perfectly okay," I said.

And it was as I was walking away that I heard his date ask, "Who'd she say she was?"

"Judi Meredith," I heard Barry answer.

"Hmmm," I heard his date hmmm. "She acts just like all the phony ambitious glamour girls out here—piled into one."

I never got to hear what Barry said to that. But I was furious with him. *She'd* said it—that girl. And yet for some reason, I was mad at *him*.

And I stayed mad all that month.

And I didn't ease up on being mad when the MODERN SCREEN photographer suggested those lake pictures with young Mr. Coe.

"I'm sorry," I said, over and over, "but the answer is no."

The photographer caught on all right. But he gave one more try.

"Judi," he said, "there's not a girl in town who can stand on water skis the way you can. And without you, I'm sunk on this assignment."

"Well—" I started.

"Sunk!" the photographer repeated.

Suddenly I felt awful. "Well," I said again, "all right, I'll do it—for you. But let me warn you, I'm going to be having an awful time and you'll be lucky if you get one decent smile out of me."

The photographer said thanks. He told me that Barry would be around to pick me up at seven o'clock the next morn-

ing—that the two of us would drive out together and meet him, the photographer, at the lake.

Before I could object, he hung up.

And I realized that there was nothing for me to do now but go to bed, madder than ever. . . .

It was at exactly 6:00 a.m. the following morning when the car-beeps woke me up. Groggily, I got out of bed and walked over to the window. "It can't be *him*, already," I remember thinking to myself. But as I looked out the window I saw that it *was* indeed him. Mr. Barry Coe himself.

"Hey," he called up at me, still beeping away, "come on down and let's get going."

"But you're an hour early," I called back down.

"So what?" he said. "It's a great morning and we can spend some time driving around the lake before we meet up with the photographer."

At a recent stag dinner, Burt Lancaster started to say: "Ladies and gentlemen," then realized his mistake and said to the stags: "That'll show you what I'm thinking about."

Sidney Skolsky
in the New York Post

"Oh, fine," I muttered to myself. I was very tempted at this point to march back to bed and stay there for another hour and just make him sit there in that car and wait till the time this glorious day of ours was scheduled to begin.

But then I realized that I was awake already and I remember thinking that maybe the sooner we got this whole thing started, the sooner we could get it over with. So I said okay I'd be down soon.

When I got to the car I was very surprised. Barry Coe was actually smiling.

"We've met, haven't we?" he asked.

"We sure have!" I wanted to say. But seeing he didn't remember exactly where or when, I thought I'd have some private fun. "I think so," I said, very casually.

"Well, c'mon," Barry said, starting the car, "let's find a place where we can have some breakfast and then head for the lake."

The first half hour was very confusing. I mean, I'd expected Barry to be one way—the wrong way; and here he was now, smiling away, excited about this trip we were making, trying so hard to make all kinds of conversation.

But I had by no means gotten over being mad from that night at the Beverly-Hilton—that night he obviously didn't remember now. I spoke very little as we drove—saying yes and no and uh-huh and huh-uh to all his questions and nipping every start at any conversation right in the bud.

Besides, I thought to myself, *Why the nice-act all of a sudden, Mr. Coe? I remember how you acted one night, not nice at all. So why this energetic try at making a good impression all of a sudden? Why don't you just relax and act like your natural self? Annoying as that is, at least it's honest!*

When we got to the restaurant—a little diner just off the highway—I changed my tactics a little. Suddenly seeing Barry sitting there across the table from me, I remembered him sitting at the hotel that night with *that* girl. And her words—about my being a common, ambitious glamour type—came flashing back to my mind.

Ohhhhh—as always, I got so mad when I thought of those words. And now I really

felt like letting loose. I didn't know exactly what to do. So I thought, *I know, I'll act just like that kind of girl now and see how he likes it.*

For the next ten minutes, I was terrible.

The ambitious act

I began to talk and I talked only about myself. I bragged. I told Barry how I had been such a clever young girl back in Portland, Oregon, when I was little. And how I'd learned to ice skate so young. And how I'd been signed up by the Shipstad and Johnson Ice Follies people at fifteen. And how I'd toured all this country and Canada till I was seventeen. I didn't mention that at seventeen I'd been in an accident and broken my back and been laid up for a year—with everyone wondering if I would ever be able to walk again, let alone skate. No, I didn't say anything about this, because it was sympathy stuff and I didn't want any sympathy now. I just wanted to be gay and glamorous and ambitious sounding. Then I went on to tell about how I'd fallen into television acting and then movies. I made it sound so easy that it was ridiculous. And I ended up by saying, "But of course, *you* must have had it easy, too."

"Pretty easy, I guess," Barry said, shrugging. "But—" And then he went on to tell me a little about himself, about how he'd always wanted to be an actor, ever since he was a kid in Los Angeles, his birthplace . . . about how he'd decided somewhere along the line that no, acting wasn't for him, not after that school play fiasco, how then he'd gone in for business administration courses and had actually graduated from UCLA with a diploma in that subject a few years ago.

"What about that school play fiasco?" I asked, surprised that Mr. Barry Coe would admit to something in his life that wasn't exactly great.

"Oh," Barry said, "I was given the romantic lead in a production of *You Can't Take It With You*. I played Tony. And, believe me, I wasn't a very good Tony. And as a lover, I guess I stank. At least, that's what one of the critics said."

He'd been looking down into his coffee as he talked. And now he looked up. And I could see that he hadn't said what he'd just said so that I could say, "Oh, I'm sure you were very good!" or some such thing. I could see that he was just being very nice and honest about something that had obviously hurt him at the time and that he was telling me this because . . . because he kind of liked me . . . ?

I quickly gulped down the rest of my coffee.

And as I did I noticed that Barry was still looking at me—and I blushed.

"Haven't we better get going?" I found myself saying.

"Sure," Barry said.

And then I found myself getting up and looking up and smiling into this face I'd disliked so much for the past month.

And I wondered, *Could I have been wrong?*

I still wasn't sure.

But I did begin wondering. . . .

Up at the lake

The rest of the drive to the lake was fun. Barry talked, I talked, we turned on the radio, we hummed along with the music, we talked some more . . . and yes, it was really fun.

But the best part came when we got to the lake. I've always been partial to fellows who've liked what I like—the great outdoors I mean. I love Nature so much I could fall in love with a tree. And here was Barry now, showing me around this beautiful lake. He told me how he'd lived here one summer as a kid and all the

great things he'd done and how someday he'd like to come back and build a tiny cabin here. "A cabin with a tin roof," he said, "so I can hear the real sound of rain when it comes pouring down." And as he talked and as we drove I found myself liking him more and more and more. . . .

By the time the MODERN SCREEN photographer showed up—about an hour and a half later—the first miracle of the day had happened. Barry and I were friends.

The next six or seven hours were a ball. Just turn back to the pictures at the beginning of my story and you can see for yourself the great time we had—swimming, water-skiing, ice-skating.

And when the photographer, more pooped than we were, finally said, "Okay, kids, I think that's it for today!"—I felt suddenly very sad.

I found myself wishing Barry would say something like, "How about it, Judi, would you like to stick around for dinner?"

Well, he didn't ask me in quite that way. In fact, he hemmed and hawed over it for a while, as if he thought I might say no.

But, finally, I helped him along with the invitation and said, "Why yes, that might be nice."

Instead of going to a restaurant, Barry suggested that we drive back into town, buy a couple of steaks and fixin's and bring them back to cook over an old, abandoned stone fireplace in the woods.

I'm not exactly queen of the kitchen at home. But there at Arrowhead, that bit of cool green heaven on earth, I turned out to be pretty good. At least, the steaks didn't burn too badly, I mean. And the beans heated up fairly well. And the pineapple sliced nicely. And to hear Barry rave after we were all through, you'd have thought a caterer from Romanoff's Restaurant had come

and prepared the meal especially for us.

And then lying back against that big pine tree the way we did after we were finished and looking up at the sky! You'd have thought that we were back on some gorgeous make-believe movie set looking up at the most beautiful dusky-blue prop ever painted to the order of some high-paying producer who wanted things right, just right.

Hesitantly, he took my hand in his. "Like you," he whispered.

I wanted to say something back, right away. But I couldn't think of a thing to say except thank you, and how happy I was right now—happy that the day had turned out so wonderfully, happy that I was where I was right now.

But before I even had a chance to say a word, Barry bent over to kiss me.

Suddenly, I did say something. "No!"

I saw the hurt come into Barry's eyes, but I tried to ignore that hurt.

And when he asked me why I'd said no, I told him.

Suddenly, I told him about that first night we'd met. I reminded him of that night, of exactly what had happened when I'd gone over to him to ask him to sign the menu. I reminded him that he'd been rude and that somehow the image of his rudeness kept clinging to my mind—that I couldn't help remembering it, but I did.

"That night. . . ." Barry said, remembering now, too. "That night I was sick, Judi. Believe me. During the premiere I got an attack of something and by the time I got to the hotel I had a fever—and to get up from that chair. . . . Well, all I wanted to do when I got up was to go home, not to go over and introduce myself to some girl I didn't know and who I just didn't feel like meeting. Believe me, Judi, I was sick and—"

"And," I interrupted him, "that remark

your date made as I was leaving the table!" I gave him the details of the remark, word for word. "Were you too sick to laugh along with her after she'd talked about me like that?" I asked.

"Laugh along with her?" Barry said. He shook his head. "Judi," he said, "do you know what I told her after that crack of hers? Did you hear me say what I told her that night?"

I didn't answer.

"I told her, Judi," Barry said, "that I was embarrassed to hear a date of mine talk like that, that I didn't ever want to hear her talk like that again. . . . As it turned out, Judi, I never did hear her talk like that again. Because I've never seen her again, not since that night. Far as I know, she's gone back to New York and will never come back."

I've learned one thing in my life. I've learned that I can tell when somebody is telling the truth or lying.

I knew Barry was telling the truth.

I told him so.

And then I said nothing and waited to see if he would kiss me again.

He did.

And then the second miracle of that beautiful day happened. For then we fell in love. . . .

I don't know how to end this story of mine and Barry's.

I could tell you about the marvelous times we've been having together ever since that day at the lake. I could tell you lots of marvelous things.

But there just isn't the space.

And so I guess maybe the best way to end is to say—I hope it never ends. . . .

END

Watch for Judi Meredith in U-I's WILD HERITAGE. Barry is in THE BRAVADOS for 20th.

\$100 FOR YOU!

Fill in this form (there's more on the other side), or a reasonable facsimile thereof, as soon as you've read all the stories in this issue. Then mail it to us right away because the 100 readers who send us the questionnaires with the earliest postmarks will receive a crisp new \$1 bill. And even if you don't earn that dollar, you'll be glad you sent it in—because you're helping us pick the stories you'll really love. MAIL TO: MODERN SCREEN POLL, BOX 2291, GRAND CENTRAL STATION, N. Y. 17, N. Y.

Please circle the box to the left of the one phrase which best answers each question:

1. I LIKE SAMMY DAVIS, JR.:

- ☐ 1 more than almost any star ☐ 2 a lot
☐ 3 fairly well ☐ 4 very little ☐ 5 not at all
☐ 6 am not very familiar with him

I READ: ☐ 1 all of his story ☐ 2 part ☐ 3 none
 IT HELD MY INTEREST: ☐ 1 super-completely
☐ 2 completely ☐ 3 fairly well ☐ 4 very little
☐ 5 not at all

2. I LIKE LIZ TAYLOR:

- ☐ 1 more than almost any star ☐ 2 a lot
☐ 3 fairly well ☐ 4 very little ☐ 5 not at all
☐ 6 am not very familiar with her

I READ: ☐ 1 all of her story ☐ 2 part ☐ 3 none
 IT HELD MY INTEREST: ☐ 1 super-completely
☐ 2 completely ☐ 3 fairly well ☐ 4 very little
☐ 5 not at all

3. I LIKE ELVIS PRESLEY:

- ☐ 1 more than almost any star ☐ 2 a lot
☐ 3 fairly well ☐ 4 very little ☐ 5 not at all
☐ 6 am not very familiar with him

I READ: ☐ 1 all of his story ☐ 2 part ☐ 3 none
 IT HELD MY INTEREST: ☐ 1 super-completely
☐ 2 completely ☐ 3 fairly well ☐ 4 very little
☐ 5 not at all

4. I LIKE INGRID BERGMAN:

- ☐ 1 more than almost any star ☐ 2 a lot
☐ 3 fairly well ☐ 4 very little ☐ 5 not at all
☐ 6 am not very familiar with her

I READ: ☐ 1 all of her story ☐ 2 part ☐ 3 none
 IT HELD MY INTEREST: ☐ 1 super-completely
☐ 2 completely ☐ 3 fairly well ☐ 4 very little
☐ 5 not at all

5. I LIKE DEAN MARTIN:

- ☐ 1 more than almost any star ☐ 2 a lot
☐ 3 fairly well ☐ 4 very little ☐ 5 not at all
☐ 6 am not very familiar with him

I READ: ☐ 1 all of his story ☐ 2 part ☐ 3 none
 IT HELD MY INTEREST: ☐ 1 super-completely
☐ 2 completely ☐ 3 fairly well ☐ 4 very little
☐ 5 not at all

6. I LIKE MILLIE PERKINS:

- ☐ 1 more than almost any star ☐ 2 a lot
☐ 3 fairly well ☐ 4 very little ☐ 5 not at all
☐ 6 am not very familiar with her

I READ: ☐ 1 all of her story ☐ 2 part ☐ 3 none
 IT HELD MY INTEREST: ☐ 1 super-completely
☐ 2 completely ☐ 3 fairly well ☐ 4 very little
☐ 5 not at all

7. I LIKE JUDI MEREDITH:

- ☐ 1 more than almost any star ☐ 2 a lot
☐ 3 fairly well ☐ 4 very little ☐ 5 not at all
☐ 6 am not very familiar with her

I LIKE BARRY COE:

- ☐ 1 more than almost any star ☐ 2 a lot
☐ 3 fairly well ☐ 4 very little ☐ 5 not at all
☐ 6 am not very familiar with him

I READ: ☐ 1 all of their story ☐ 2 part ☐ 3 none
 IT HELD MY INTEREST: ☐ 1 super-completely
☐ 2 completely ☐ 3 fairly well ☐ 4 very little
☐ 5 not at all

8. I LIKE KATHY NOLAN:

- ☐ 1 more than almost any star ☐ 2 a lot
☐ 3 fairly well ☐ 4 very little ☐ 5 not at all
☐ 6 am not very familiar with her

I LIKE NICK ADAMS:

- ☐ 1 more than almost any star ☐ 2 a lot
☐ 3 fairly well ☐ 4 very little ☐ 5 not at all
☐ 6 am not very familiar with him

I READ: ☐ 1 all of their story ☐ 2 part ☐ 3 none
 IT HELD MY INTEREST: ☐ 1 super-completely
☐ 2 completely ☐ 3 fairly well ☐ 4 very little
☐ 5 not at all

(see other side)

the sammy davis, jr. story

(Continued from page 21) learned, in an hour of shame and fear, just how very much he had, after all, to be thankful for. . . .

It is the story of Sammy Davis, Jr., and of the town that suddenly seemed to remember that he was a Negro.

It was cool and brisk when Sammy Davis, Jr. walked out of the Moulin Rouge and into the late night air. His last show had ended around two; it had been a good audience and they kept him coming back for more and more songs until his tired throat just couldn't sing another note.

He finally raised his hands in a happy, weary gesture of good-bye. "Come back tomorrow night," he told his audience and they had laughed and given him a final burst of applause before they began to straggle home. Now, tired and content, he was leaving, too—but not for home.

Dean Martin was giving a party at his house, and Sammy had promised to be there, no matter how late. For a moment, breathing in the crisp fresh air, he thought of not going—of taking a long walk home, of getting some sleep for once. Then he shrugged and grinned. Sleep could wait—his friends couldn't. Besides, the best tonic for him had always been a good time with nice people. It would relax him, refresh him, take his mind off his troubles. For a couple of hours he would laugh and talk and forget to worry about the movie he had just finished, *Anna Lucasta* . . . and the one he wanted so desperately to make, was going to talk to Sam Goldwyn about tomorrow—*Porgy and Bess*. He'd forget about his separation from his wife, about the pressure of two shows nightly—he'd simmer down and enjoy himself.

Happily, he drove through the deserted streets to Dean's house.

The party was still in full swing when he got there. Hollywood parties usually began late and ended early—early in the morning. Now this party was getting to that time when everyone in the room was getting up to do something—sing, ham up a dance, tell a few jokes. For most of them it was the best part of a get-together, the time when they did their stuff for the hardest and best audience of all—show people. A well-known comedian, a good friend of Sammy's, had the floor when Sammy walked in; he had already pulled Gordon MacRae and Jimmy Durante up to the front of the living room for a song; and now he was launching into his own act—jokes and patter and a quick exchange of friendly insults with the laughing audience. Sammy stood for a moment at the entrance, getting his bearings. A head turned, someone noticed him.

"Hi, Sammy!"

Instantly, other faces turned to him, other voices called out. Up front the man with the jokes broke off a word, glanced over. Sammy put his finger to his lips, nodded to his pals, and started to tiptoe across the floor to Tony Curtis and Janet Leigh.

"Black and White"

He was halfway there when the comedian spoke up. "Sammy, shut up. I don't like a performer to be on when he's not on."

For an instant Sammy's jaw actually dropped with surprise. Then he shut his mouth firmly. *Don't be an idiot*, he told himself. *He's just doing his act. You're being over-sensitive again, boy.*

He went on picking his way across the room. Tony had his hand stretched out in greeting. Sammy reached out his own.

"Sammy, shut up!" There it was again.

This time he couldn't help himself. His head jerked up. "I haven't said a word," he started to protest. But he didn't get the words out. His friend's long arm had reached out for him, pulled him up front. For an instant he held Sammy there, cheek to cheek. "Black and White," he quipped—and waited for his laugh.

It didn't come.

In the silence, the dead, awful silence, Sammy felt his heart turn over. From far away somewhere a piece of his mind whispered, *Make it a joke. Make it a joke. . . .* He heard his own voice saying loudly, "Say, when I leave, someone please send for Mr. Lincoln." Dimly, he heard the faint, embarrassed laugh from out front. And then somehow, he was sitting down again with Tony and people were talking to him and an hour later Frank Sinatra was telling him to sing: "You close the show, Sammy. Nobody here has the guts to follow a guy with your talent. . . ." And so, of course, he was up front again, singing this time, and smiling.

And all the while, his mind was whirling and a voice was repeating over and over and over again: *Why, why, why? I thought he was a friend of mine. Why did he do it? What does it mean? Are they all thinking it behind their smiles, that I'm black and they're white? After all this time—is that what it comes down to after all? They're white. I'm black. . . .*

This voice went on whispering long after Sammy had said good-night to Dean and his wife. It whispered in his ear through the long drive to his place in Hollywood Hills; it kept him lying awake through the grey dawn.

Was it possible? His friends—they had to be his friends. After all the years they had known each other, worked together, eaten and partied and visited together. It

9. I LIKE RICKY NELSON:

- ☐ 1 more than almost any star ☐ 2 a lot
☐ 3 fairly well ☐ 4 very little ☐ 5 not at all
☐ 6 am not very familiar with him

I READ: ☐ 1 all of his story ☐ 2 part ☐ 3 none

IT HELD MY INTEREST: ☐ 1 super-completely
☐ 2 completely ☐ 3 fairly well ☐ 4 very little
☐ 5 not at all

10. I LIKE KIM NOVAK:

- ☐ 1 more than almost any star ☐ 2 a lot
☐ 3 fairly well ☐ 4 very little ☐ 5 not at all
☐ 6 am not very familiar with her

I READ: ☐ 1 all of her story ☐ 2 part ☐ 3 none

IT HELD MY INTEREST: ☐ 1 super-completely
☐ 2 completely ☐ 3 fairly well ☐ 4 very little
☐ 5 not at all

11. I LIKE JOHNNY SAXON:

- ☐ 1 more than almost any star ☐ 2 a lot
☐ 3 fairly well ☐ 4 very little ☐ 5 not at all
☐ 6 am not very familiar with him

I READ: ☐ 1 all of his story ☐ 2 part ☐ 3 none

IT HELD MY INTEREST: ☐ 1 super-completely
☐ 2 completely ☐ 3 fairly well ☐ 4 very little
☐ 5 not at all

12. I LIKE NATALIE WOOD:

- ☐ 1 more than almost any star ☐ 2 a lot
☐ 3 fairly well ☐ 4 very little ☐ 5 not at all
☐ 6 am not very familiar with her

I LIKE ROBERT WAGNER:

- ☐ 1 more than almost any star ☐ 2 a lot
☐ 3 fairly well ☐ 4 very little ☐ 5 not at all
☐ 6 am not very familiar with him

I READ: ☐ 1 all of their story ☐ 2 part ☐ 3 none
IT HELD MY INTEREST: ☐ 1 super-completely

- ☐ 2 completely ☐ 3 fairly well ☐ 4 very little
☐ 5 not at all

13. I LIKE GIA SCALA:

- ☐ 1 more than almost any star ☐ 2 a lot
☐ 3 fairly well ☐ 4 very little ☐ 5 not at all
☐ 6 am not very familiar with her

I READ: ☐ 1 all of her story ☐ 2 part ☐ 3 none

IT HELD MY INTEREST: ☐ 1 super-completely
☐ 2 completely ☐ 3 fairly well ☐ 4 very little
☐ 5 not at all

14. I LIKE TOMMY SANDS:

- ☐ 1 more than almost any star ☐ 2 a lot
☐ 3 fairly well ☐ 4 very little ☐ 5 not at all
☐ 6 am not very familiar with him

I READ: ☐ 1 all of his story ☐ 2 part ☐ 3 none

IT HELD MY INTEREST: ☐ 1 super-completely
☐ 2 completely ☐ 3 fairly well ☐ 4 very little
☐ 5 not at all

15. The stars I most want to read about are:

(1) _____
MALE

(2) _____
MALE

(3) _____
MALE

(1) _____
FEMALE

(2) _____
FEMALE

(3) _____
FEMALE

AGE NAME

ADDRESS STREET

CITY ZONE STATE

couldn't have been all a lie. And yet. . .

And yet—he had thought this comedian and his wife were his friends, too.

His pal Frankie

The sun came up over the hills. Bleary-eyed, unable to sleep, Sammy got up and put on a robe. He had to remember. He had to know. . .

And of course, the first guy who came to mind—was Frankie.

Frank Sinatra! Even through his fear, Sammy smiled remembering the first time he met 'The Voice.' That was in 1941. Frankie was with the Tommy Dorsey band; Sammy was part of a vaudeville act that played the same bill. Frankie was skinny even then, and getting skinnier. Sammy used to sit in his dressing room night after night and mutter, "I've got to try it on my own. I've got a beautiful wife; we're going to have a baby. I've got to make it. I feel it. I've got to try. . ."

That was in '41. The only way Sammy Davis could get near Frank Sinatra was by bucking the mile-long lines to get into the Paramount Theater. Frankie had made it, all right. Then the Army gave a whistle, and for a few years Sammy had more to do than stand on movie lines. In 1945 he got out and the first place he and a buddy headed for was the Hollywood Canteen. Like a couple of teenagers, they hung around waiting for a glimpse of the movie stars, even wearing their uniforms an extra couple of weeks. Man, that was the life.

One night some guy let them into the Hit Parade show even though they didn't have tickets. They sat in the sponsor's booth, and all the way through Sammy made a dope of himself, nudging people and pointing to Sinatra. "I know him. Sure. I worked with him once. He wouldn't remember, but—"

At the end of the broadcast, his buddy wanted to take off. Sammy hung back, watching Frankie sign autographs, joke with the kids. "Come on," his buddy pleaded. "He won't know you. What are you waiting for? Look who he is!"

Maybe it was the sound of his voice that caught Frankie's ear. He turned around and took off his sun glasses and looked Sammy right in the face.

"I know you," The Voice said slowly, "don't I?"

Sammy was shaking with excitement. "Yeah. We—we worked together once."

Frank nodded. "Sure. You look familiar to me, Charlie. . ."

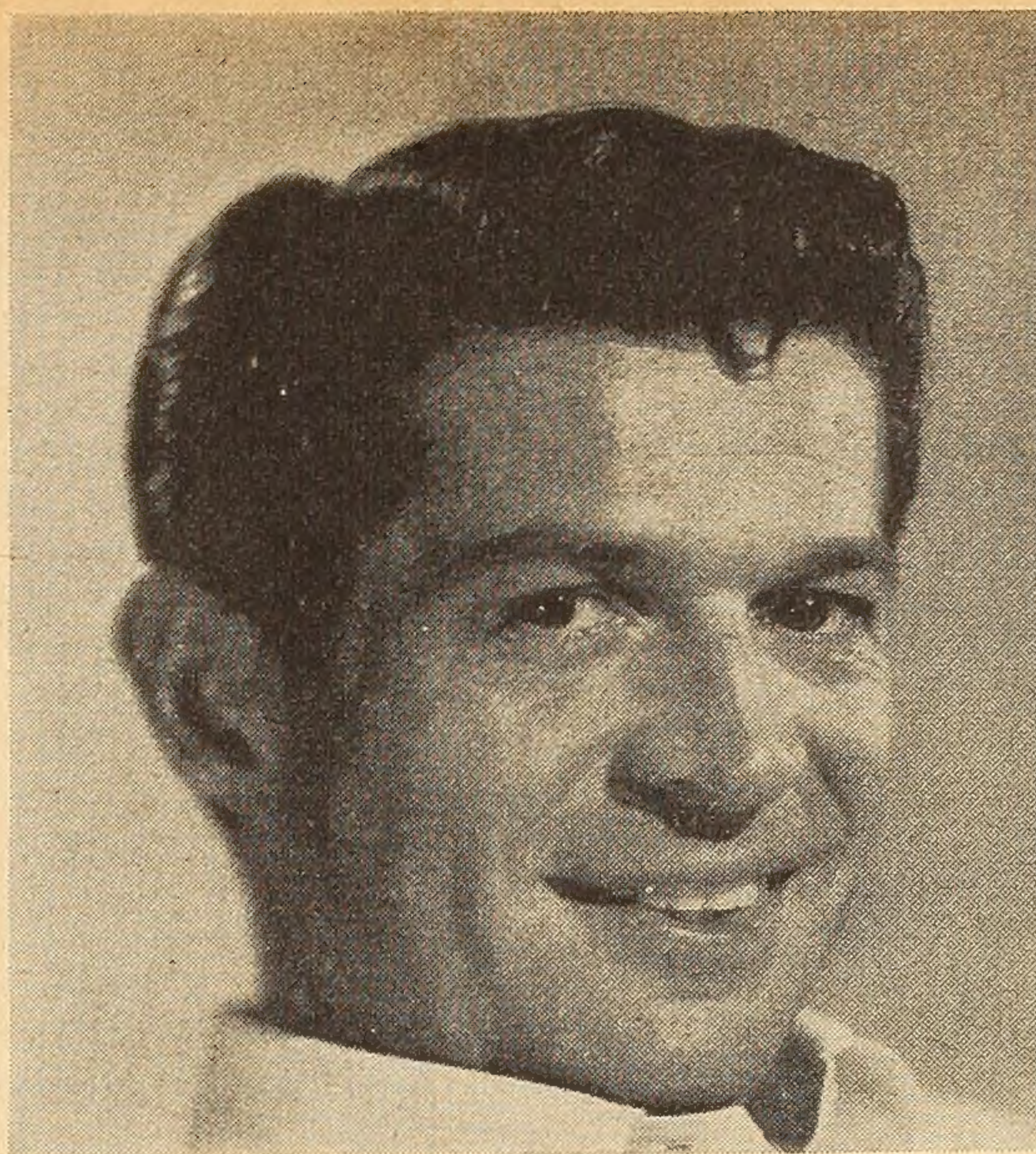
"No—my name—my name is Sammy."

Frank shook his head. "I hate the name Sammy. I'll call you Charlie."

After that, twice a week there were a pair of tickets at the box office for 'Charlie'. And after the show there would be a phone call from Frank. "How's everything going? You like the show? You want to come to rehearsal? There are some people I'd like you to say hi to. . ."

He never said a word about helping Sammy get back into show business. He didn't have to say anything. He saw to it that he met everybody who might possibly be interested in a guy who could do impersonations and dance and sing up a storm. He took Sammy with him to Humphrey Bogart's house and Judy Garland's place—everywhere. Through the lean years he was always there with a good word and a big laugh and a sawbuck if a guy ran a little short of luxuries like food.

And when Sammy lost his eye, Frank had been there then too, with more than sympathy—he'd swept Sammy out of the hospital and off to Palm Springs to recuperate. He'd picked up the bill all right—that was a kindness for which Sammy had long since paid him back. But the bigger kindnesses—the companionship, the comfort, the hope he held out when life seemed impossible—those were the debts



HE'S JUST AN AMERICAN, THAT'S ALL

When George Nader went to London to film *Nowhere To Go*, he knew that life there would be quite different from America. He was prepared for fog, formality, cockney accents, and tea instead of coffee. And an English friend had forewarned him, "You may have trouble understanding us. If so, just remember that we're a nation of characters, that's all."

In the huge, spread-out city, the trip from his apartment to the studio took two hours. "At least it was *supposed* to take two hours," George says, grinning. "But my driver made it every day in just under an hour and forty-five minutes. And never once dented a fender."

One late afternoon a real pea-soup fog rolled in. "You'd better stay out here tonight, George," the studio brass told him. "Can't take a chance on your having an accident . . . not when you're in every scene. We'll make a reservation for you at the local golf club."

When the car finally got through the fog to the Club there wasn't a light to be seen. The driver said, "Well, mate—'ere we are."

George barely had time to make out a huge heavy door before the car lights faded away. "I stood wondering for a minute," says he, "and then I knocked. No answer. I knocked again. Same thing. Finally I tried the handle—it worked and the door swung open."

"There were lofty beamed ceilings, a huge fireplace, a great staircase rising into the gloom, candle-light gleaming softly and reflecting in polished brass and copper, and the whole thing crawling with elaborately carved oak—like an old Boris Karloff movie."

George looked around and listened. There was no sound. He cleared his throat and said, "Uh—hello there." But no one answered.

George started hunting for a door. Finally, just as he'd begun to give up hope, he saw a small brass ring in the oaken paneling.

He grabbed it and pulled. Nothing happened. He pushed. Still nothing. Then he twisted the brass ring and heaved his shoulder against it. A door opened suddenly onto a room full of people.

"I was off balance," says George, "and so I went hurtling in. I landed in a heap. And the conversation stopped abruptly while about twenty-five well-dressed ladies and gentlemen paused to regard me with interest as I sat there on the polished floor."

The porter dusted George off. Then a tall woman with high-piled gray hair said, "Why, it's Mr. Nader! Oh, dear—we'd given you up for lost. Michael, get Mr. Nader's luggage and show him his rooms."

George mumbled that he didn't have any luggage. There was an awkward pause. Then the tall lady came to his rescue again.

"But of course not," she said brightly. "And it's *perfectly all right*."

As George left, an old gentleman by the fire put an ear trumpet to his ear and said irritably, "I *know* he's in the cinema, but why does he have to act like that?"

And his wife leaned forward to shout, "Dear—he's an *American*!"

"Apparently," George chuckles, "that explained everything."

Look for George in U-I's *APPOINTMENT WITH A SHADOW*.

a man was proud to owe all his life to his friend.

No, Frankie couldn't be prejudiced anywhere in his heart. He couldn't.

His pal Tony

There had been Tony Curtis, too. There was a guy who had to like Sammy all the way. He *had* to. Why, Sammy had been one of the first to hear about Janet when Tony was dating her. He could still remember the look on Tony's face when he drove up to Sammy's place one night in the used Buick convertible he was buying with his first movie checks. He'd babbled all night in that Bronx accent he hadn't gotten rid of yet: "Man I've been dating a chick that is the most wonderful girl in the world. I've been dating her too much, because I don't make enough money to marry, you know? But she is everything. I'm young, Sammy, and just starting, and everyone says I shouldn't marry. So I won't. But man, she is—" And so on, right up to the night he eloped with Janet despite his age and his money troubles.

A guy wouldn't talk to you about the woman he loved unless he really dug you, would he? He wouldn't confide in you when all the time in his heart he thought you were dirt. . . .

But, then—last night . . . Sammy shook his head miserably. If only there were some way to *know* why that had happened to him. Why, he'd never had anything but the most courteous, the most generous treatment in the world before an audience. Like, for instance, his opening night at Ciro's—the first time he had stepped into a spotlight with a patch over his eye and deathly fear in his heart. Would they hold still for him, a one-eyed colored man who had just barely begun to make a name for himself? Would the patch distract them so they wouldn't listen, wouldn't give him a chance? He was trembling with nerves; his face glistened with sweat as he walked out on stage.

And then—and then they had cheered. That whole roomful of people had stood up and cheered him till their voices were hoarse and their affection and admiration had seemed to enfold him in a pair of loving arms. His cheeks had been wet with something other than perspiration when the shouting finally died down and he began to sing.

His pal Jerry

And that wasn't all, either. When he began to tire toward the end because of the excitement and the singing and the weakness he still had from the long weeks in the hospital, when his breath began to run out—Jerry Lewis had come climbing up over chairs and feet to join him on stage, to clown like nobody else in the world could do, to kibitz around to the delight of the audience till Sammy could get his wind again. The next day Jerry was fined \$500 for it by the entertainers' union, AGVA—it was against regulations for an artist to appear, unpaid, like that. So what happened? The night after, he came back again and did it all over. It cost him a thousand dollars to do a favor for a friend—and he did it with an open, loving heart.

Oh, there had been so many who had befriended him. Jack Benny, who used to buttonhole producers and talk to them about Sammy. Elvis Presley whom Sammy scarcely knew—he'd been thoughtful and interested when Sammy asked him how it was to work the South. "People are just people anywhere," Elvis had said. "You've got good guys and bad guys all over. Me—I've got every record you've ever made, Sammy." He'd invited Sammy over to the set of *King Creole*, and Sammy'd brought his kid sister Sandy along to watch. El

introduced and then, worn out as he was from shooting a hard scene, he'd gone into his act for ten minutes just to give Sandy a thrill. And did she swoon! Man, Sammy'd been wondering how to tell Elvis that Sandy didn't really dig him so much—she went for Pat Boone. But when El was done, he didn't have to. Sandy was standing there with her mouth open and her feet glued to the floor. The next day she went out and bought half a dozen Presley records.

Yeah, Elvis had been great. And him a southern boy, too.

Slowly, Sammy got up from his chair and wandered about. This house—this wonderful house in a canyon, jutting its three stories out over the view—no one had tried to talk him out of buying this house. No one had told him a colored man couldn't live in a house Judy Garland and Sid Luft had once owned. Everyone had helped him find it and furnish it, and they were all thrilled to pieces when his father decided to build right next door.

Anyway, they *said* they were glad. . . .

Debbie Reynolds had said it with even more fervor than the rest. "Maybe your

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dad," she had added, "will be a sobering influence on you, Sammy. Make you put an end to those weekly poker games. . . ."

Sammy had shaken his head, laughing. "Why blame me? I didn't start this jazz."

"No," Debbie had admitted, "but the games are at your place after all. Eddie doesn't get home from them till three, four in the morning. I'm glad he has fun and all that—but when does a girl get to see her guy?"

Those poker games

She had had a point, Sammy had to concede. Tony Curtis' wife had objected, too. And Dean Martin's. He and Frankie were the only ones who didn't have to fight anybody over it. But in the end it *was* Sammy who called a halt, not because of the ladies, but because what had started out as a dollar game had suddenly sky-rocketed into big money. Sammy himself had dropped \$2,500 one night and won \$4,000 another. If anything, it made him feel worse to take that kind of dough from a pal than to drop a wad of his own. So the poker games were no more.

But had it really been because they just didn't want to play with him at his place? Had all his friends suddenly remembered that he was a Negro? And that they didn't like Negroes?

It was too late to go to bed now. In another hour or so he'd have to start getting ready for his appointment.

Four hours later, a trim secretary

opened a door, and Sammy walked into Mr. Goldwyn's office. What he expected, he didn't know.

And then, from behind a huge desk, a man was advancing to greet him. A hand was thrust into his and a voice was saying:

"So this is Sammy Davis, Jr. The richest man in all of Hollywood. . . ."

For a moment he thought he hadn't heard right. He cleared his throat. "Oh—no, no, I'm afraid not," he mumbled. "Most everything I make goes right off to Uncle Sam for taxes. . . . Why, I'm just buying my first home. . . ."

But Sam Goldwyn only shook his head and laughed. "No, Mr. Davis. I didn't mean money." He walked away, turned back. "Mr. Davis, a man like you doesn't *need* money. You have something more important. You have *friends*."

He sat down behind his desk. "I've been in this business a long time. But I have never known anyone to have as many friends as you—real friends, people who cared. From the minute I announced that I was producing *Porgy and Bess*, my phone hasn't stopped ringing. If I haven't had fifty calls telling me that you are the greatest talent in the country, the perfect person for Sportin' Life—then I haven't had one."

The richest man

Sam Goldwyn shook his head. "I never heard anything like it. Frank Sinatra. Jack Benny. Mary Benny cornering me at parties. Jeff Chandler. People I hardly knew, even. Incredible." He sighed. He grinned. "If all Hollywood is calling to tell me you should have the part—who am I to say no?"

And across the desk, into Sammy's hand, he pressed the contract.

Half an hour later, Sammy Davis, Jr. walked out into the sunny Los Angeles day. It was, he told people later, the happiest moment of his life. They nodded and clapped him on the back and told him how glad they were.

But they didn't know the half of it.

For again, Sammy's head rode high. He had more than the contract, more than the coveted role.

He had his friends back in his heart.

And it suddenly seemed so plain—and so foolish, his night of anguish. So his 'friend' the comic had made a crack. All right—the comic was famous for his occasional lapses from good taste. Everyone knew it—why had he, Sammy, forgotten it? It didn't mean anything—not a thing. It didn't even mean anything about his friend's heart, his true feelings—except maybe that he considered Sammy a good enough friend to take it, understand it—and forgive.

And he could. Indeed, he could. Out of the riches of his life, out of the wealth of love and friendship on which he could draw, out of the warmth given and returned honestly all these years between him and his friends—from that deep source, he could take understanding and compassion.

Yes, it was so plain. For years he had told Negro friends, "I have found no discrimination in Hollywood." And they, out of their many rebuffs and disappointments, had answered: "Wait and see."

Well, he had waited. He had seen. He had seen that his friends had come through for him even when he didn't know he needed them. He had seen that a fearful night like last night was never to come again.

He had seen, indeed, that he was the richest man in Hollywood. Maybe in the world.

Sammy will be in United Artists' ANNA LUCASTA.

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